7, July, 1979 US $1.50c (by air)/Canada 80c 20p

Aus 45c NZ45c Den Kr 5.85 Fr NF 5.00
Ger Dm 2.80 Malaysia $1.50 Spn 90 pts

NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

LOWELL GEORGE DEAD

Complete Report p. 11

BEATLES FLICK

Exclusive p. 19

JOHN COOPER CLARKE unzips zippo and lip / Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Heads Down No Nonsense Mindless Poetry

JCC by CSM p 31-33

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CHARTS

Week ending July 7, 1979.

uk singles

This Week			Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(2)	**Are Friends Electric?** Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	6	1
2	(3)	**Up The Junction** ..... Squeeze (A&M)	4	2
3	(1)	**Ring My Bell** ..... Anita Ward (TK)	6	1
4	(4)	**Boogie Wonderland** Earth, Wind & Fire with The Emotions (CBS)	8	3
5	(7)	**The Lone Ranger** Quantum Jump (Electric)	5	5
6	(9)	**Night Owl**.. Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	4	6
7	(15)	**Cavatina** ..... John Williams (Cube)	4	7
8	(14)	**Living On The Front Line** Eddy Grant (Ice Ensign)	3	8
9	(13)	**We Are Family**.....Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	5	8
10	(6)	**Dance Away** ..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	8	1
11	(8)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now** McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)	7	6
12	(10)	**Theme From The Deerhunter** Shadows (EMI)	8	5
13	(11)	**H.A.P.P.Y. Radio**.....Edwin Starr (RCA)	6	11
14	(5)	**Sunday Girl** ..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	1
15	(17)	**Light My Fire/137 Disco Heaven** Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	3	15
16	(19)	**Who Were You With In The Moonlight** Dollar (Carrere)	5	14
17	(—)	**C'Mon Everybody** ..... Sex Pistols (Virgin)	1	17
18	(25)	**Babylon Burning**..... Ruts (Virgin)	2	18
19	(23)	**Silly Games**.....Janet Kay (Scope)	2	19
20	(18)	**Go West**.....Village People (Mercury)	3	18
21	(12)	**Shine A Little Love** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7	6
22	(22)	**Lady Lynda**..... Beach Boys (Caribou)	2	22
23	(16)	**Masquerade**.....Skids (Virgin)	6	13
24	(20)	**Gertcha**.....Chas & Dave (EMI)	6	19
25	(24)	**Say When**.....Lene Lovich (Stiff)	3	23
26	(26)	**Space Bass**.....Slick (Fantasy)	3	26
27	(—)	**Maybe**.....Thom Paice (RSO)	1	27
28	(—)	**Do Anything You Want To Do** Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	28
29	(27)	**Old Siam Sir**.....Wings (Parlophone)	1	27
30	(—)	**My Sharona**.....Knack (Capitol)	1	30

UP AND COMING: Breakfast In America — Supertramp (A & M); **Good Times** — Chic (America); **Girls Talk** — Dave Edmunds (Swan Song); **Born To Be Alive** — Patrick Hernandez (Gem); **Baby Lay Down** — Ruby Winters (Creole); **Strangle Hold** — U.K. Subs (Gem).

years 5 ago

Week ending July 2, 1974

1 She ..... Charles Aznavour (Barclay)
2 Always Yours..... Gary Glitter (Bell)
3 Kissin' In The Back Row ..... Drifters (Bell)
4 I'd Love You To Want Me ..... Lobo (UK)
5 One Man Band ..... Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
6 The Streak..... Ray Stevens (Westbound)
7 Hey Rock and Roll..... Showaddywaddy (Bell)
8 Guilty..... Pearls (Bell)
9 The Wall Street Shuffle..... 10 c.c. (UK)
10 The Bangin' Man ..... Slade (Polydor)

10

Week ending July 2, 1969

1 Something In The Air ..... Thunderclap Newman (Track)
2 In The Ghetto..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
3 Ballad Of John And Yoko..... Beatles (Apple)
4 Living In The Past ..... Jethro Tull (Island)
5 Oh Happy Day..... Edwin Hawkins Singers (Buddah)
6 Time Is Tight..... Booker T & The MG's (Stax)
7 A Way Of Life ..... Family Dogg (Bell)
8 Proud Mary ..... Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
9 Break Away..... Beach Boys (Capitol)
10 Dizzy..... Tommy Roe (Stateside)

15

Week ending July 3, 1964

1 House Of The Rising Sun ..... Animals (Columbia)
2 It's Over..... Roy Orbison (London)
3 Someone..... Brian Poole & The Tremeloes (Decca)
4 Hello Dolly..... Louis Armstrong (London)
5 Hold Me..... P J Proby (Decca)
6 You're No Good..... Swinging Blue Jeans (HMV)
7 It's All Over Now ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
8 Ramona..... Bachelors (Decca)
9 Nobody I Know..... Peter & Gordon (Columbia)
10 I Won't Forget You..... Jim Reeves (RCA)

uk albums

This Last Week			Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	**Discovery** .....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	1
2	(8)	**I Am** ..... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	4	2
3	(4)	**Communique**.....Dire Straits (Vertigo)	4	3
4	(15)	**Back To The Egg** .....Wings (Parlophone)	2	4
5	(9)	**Replicas** Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	3	5
6	(3)	**Last The Whole Night Through** James Last (Polydor)	11	3
7	(5)	**Voulez Vous**.....Abba (Epic)	9	1
8	(2)	**Parallel Lines**..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	38	1
9	(6)	**Do It Yourself** Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	7	3
10	(7)	**Lodger** ..... David Bowie (RCA)	4	6
11	(10)	**Night Owl**.. Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	4	10
12	(11)	**Manifesto**..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	15	4
13	(13)	**Reach For It** .....Sky (Ariola)	4	9
14	(24)	**Rickie Lee Jones** Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	2	24
15	(—)	**Bridges** ..... John Williams (Lotus)	1	15
16	(14)	**Breakfast In America** Supertramp (A & M)	15	2
17	(17)	**This Is It** .....Various (CBS)	5	5
18	(20)	**Black Rose**..... Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	10	2
19	(12)	**The Very Best Of Leo Sayer** Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	14	1
20	(22)	**At The Budokan** ..... Bob Dylan (CBS)	7	8
21	(21)	**The Billie Jo Spears Singles Album** Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	7	10
22	(—)	**Monument To British Rock** Various (Harvest)	5	17
23	(30)	**Outlandos D'Amour** ..... Police (A & M)	8	9
24	(29)	**Manilow Magic**..... Barry Manilow (Arista)	16	2
25	(18)	**Fate For Breakfast** ..... Art Garfunkel (CBS)	11	3
26	(—)	**The Kids Are Alright** ....The Who (Polydor)	1	26
27	(28)	**Dire Straits**.....Dire Straits (Vertigo)	18	4
28	(—)	**Bat Out Of Hell**.....Meatloaf (Epic)	38	6
29	(19)	**Boogie Bus**..... Various (Polystar)	6	19
30	(—)	**Repeat When Necessary** Dave Edmunds (Swansong)	1	30

UP AND COMING: PXR 5 — Hawkwind (Charisma); **Queen Live Killers** (EMI); **Rust Never Sleeps** — Neil Young (Harvest); **Mingus** — Joni Mitchell (Asylum); **The B-52s** (Island); **The World Is Full Of Married Men** — Soundtrack (Ronco).

Anita Ward gets a helping hand from Brenda as 'Ring My Bell' goes silver.

us singles

This Last Week		
1	(5)	**Bad Girls**.....Donna Summer
2	(1)	**Ring My Bell**.....Anita Ward
3	(2)	**We Are Family** ..... Sister Sledge
4	(4)	**Chuck E's In Love**.....Rickie Lee Jones
5	(6)	**Boogie Wonderland** Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions
6	(3)	**Hot Stuff**.....Donna Summer
7	(8)	**She Believes In Me** ..... Kenny Rogers
8	(10)	**Shine A Little Love** .....Electric Light Orchestra
9	(12)	**I Want You To Want Me**.....Cheap Trick
10	(9)	**The Logical Song**..... Supertramp
11	(14)	**Makin' It** ..... David Naughton
12	(15)	**Gold**..... John Stewart
13	(7)	**You Take My Breath Away** ..... Rex Smith
14	(16	**When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman** ... Dr Hook
15	(18)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now** ..... McFadden & Whitehead
16	(11)	**Just When I Needed You Most**..... Randy Vanwarmer
17	(21)	**You Can't Change That**..... Raydio
18	(20)	**Does Your Mother Know** .....Abba
19	(26)	**Mama Can't Buy You Love** .....Elton John
20	(23)	**I Can't Stand It No More** .....Peter Frampton
21	(24)	**Heart Of The Night**..... Poco
22	(25)	**I Was Made For Lovin' You**.....Kiss
23	(13)	**Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy**..... Bad Company
24	(29)	**Days Gone Down**..... Gerry Rafferty
25	(28)	**Do It Or Die**.....Atlanta Rhythm Section
26	(22)	**Dance The Night Away** .....Van Halen
27	(—)	**Getting Closer** ..... Wings
28	(—)	**Shadows In The Moonlight** .....Anne Murray
29	(17)	**Minute By Minute**..... Doobie Brothers
30	(19)	**Reunited**..... Peaches & Herb

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

us albums

This Last Week		
1	(1)	**Breakfast In America**..... Supertramp
2	(2)	**Bad Girls**..... Donna Summer
3	(4)	**At The Budokan**..... Cheap Trick
4	(3)	**Rickie Lee Jones**
5	(6)	**I Am** ..... Earth Wind & Fire
6	(9)	**Discovery** .....Electric Light Orchestra
7	(7)	**Desolation Angels**..... Bad Company
8	(8)	**The Gambler**..... Kenny Rogers
9	(10)	**Monolith** .....Kansas
10	(5)	**We Are Family** ..... Sister Sledge
11	(15)	**Dynasty**.....Kiss
12	(12)	**Songs Of Love** .....Anita Ward
13	(21)	**Back To The Egg**..... Wings
14	(11)	**Van Halen II**
15	(17)	**Winner Takes All** ..... The Isley Brothers
16	(23)	**Teddy** ..... Teddy Pendergrass
17	(13)	**Minute By Minute**..... The Doobie Brothers
18	(—)	**Candy O**..... The Cars
19	(27)	**Where I Should Be**.....Peter Frampton
20	(20)	**Spirits Having Flown**..... Bee Gees
21	(14)	**State Of Shock**..... Ted Nugent
22	(—)	**Communique**..... Dire Straits
23	(30)	**Night Owl**..... Gerry Rafferty
24	(18)	**Sooner Or Later**..... Rex Smith
25	(26)	**Look Sharp!** ..... Joe Jackson
26	(29)	**Lodger**.....David Bowie
27	(—)	**Million Mile Reflections** .....Charlie Daniels Band
28	(19)	**2 Hot!**..... Peaches & Herb
29	(16)	**Flag**..... James Taylor
30	(—)	**Bombs Away Dream Babies**..... John Stewart

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

DISCO CHART
All 12". * denotes import

(1) **Life Is Like A Samba**..... Dave Benott (White Label)
(2) **I'm A Sucker For Your Love**..... Tina Maria (Motown)
(3) **Sexy Cream** ..... Slick (Fantasy*)
(4) **I'm Never Going To Leave You** ....Gotham Flasher (Key Records*)
(5) **Baby Baba Boogie**.....Gap Band (Mercury*)
(6) **Space Bass** ..... Slick (Fantasy)
(7) **Motown Review**..... Philly Cream (Fantasy*)
(8) **Feel The Real** ..... David Bendeth (Inter. Global/Epic*)
(9) **Put Your Body In It**.....Stephanie Mills (20th Century*)
(10) **Love Story/Where Do I Begin** .....Andy Williams (Columbia*)

Chart Courtesy: DAVE QUICKSILVER SOUL SOURCE, 36 HANWAY STREET, LONDON W1

reggae

All 12" singles, all imported.

1 **Babylon** ..... Levi Williams (Federal)
2 **The Way It Is** .....(Original) Ricky Storme a.k.a. I. King Top Ranking
3 **Gimme Little More Parts I & II** Franky Jones & The Nazarine backed by Soul Syndicate (Freedom Sounds)
4 **World Of Confusion, Sylvan White** ..... (Freedom Sounds)
5 **Music Maker** ..... The Congos (Congo Ashanti)
6 **Jah Love Is Sweeter** .....Lacksley Castell (Orchid)
7 **Meet Me At The Corner** .....Leroy Brown (Tesfa)
8 **Three Mile Skank** ..... Lone Ranger (Studio 1)
9 **Someone Has Stolen My Girl Parts I & II** Phillip Fraser backed by Soul Syndicate (Stone)
10 **Young Generation/Version** ..... Bongo Pat/A. Pablo (Rockers)

Compiled by Observer Station.

NEWS

RAMONES, CHEAP TRICK FOR READING: Page 5

Two major open-air events in August, both the subject of widespread speculation in rock circles for a month or more, have finally been confirmed officially this week — a second Led Zeppelin concert at Knebworth, and The Who's show at Wembley Stadium.

ZEP

WHO

Knebworth 2 on August 11 is confirmed

LED ZEPPELIN, who announced six weeks ago that they are returning to the concert platform at Knebworth on August 4, have now confirmed a second open-air show at the same venue for the following Saturday — August 11. Rumours of an encore performance have been rife ever since the original gig was announced, but promoter Frederick Bannister said this week that the band had only recently made up their minds to do it, prompted by the overwhelming response to the first show.

The August 4 concert has now completely sold out — in fact, it did so in record time for an outdoor event — and it is impossible to buy a ticket over the counter for that date, although about 2,000 have been retained for sale at the gates. Also, many hundreds of postal applications could not be fulfilled, and these will now be carried forward to the second show.

The delay in announcing the rest of the bill is largely due to Bannister's desire to feature the same acts at both shows — and many bands who are available on one of the dates are not free on the other. But at press-time, he was in the final stages of completing the line-up, and all will be revealed next week.

The admission price for August 11 has been pegged at £7.50, the same as for the first gig — despite the increase in VAT since the August 4 show was announced. Bannister revealed that Zeppelin have decided to absorb the extra tax themselves, to save the public from additional expense.

Postal applications for the second show should be sent to Knebworth Concert, c/o Harlequin Records, 201 Oxford Street, London W.1. Make cheques and postal orders payable to "Knebworth Concert" and enclose SAE. The same box-offices as last time — all 112 of them — are open from today (Thursday) selling tickets to personal callers. And in view of the great overseas interest, Bannister is also opening 26 box-offices in Europe, two in the United States and one in Canada!

Zep's ROBERT PLANT

NILS LOFGREN

Wembley is set: Lofgren, Beck sought

THAT'S RIGHT, it's The Who for Wembley Stadium — just as everyone knew it would be, despite all the official denials and put-downs. And the date is Saturday, August 18 — just as NME first said it would be back at the beginning of June. Under the banner of 'The Who And Friends Roar In', the concert takes place at the world-famous North London venue — which, as is usual for rock events of this kind, will be limited to an attendance of 80,000.

The concert has taken some time to confirm because of the Greater London Council's delay in granting permission — not a deliberate hang-up on their part, simply that the Licensing Committee was not due to meet until about ten days ago. And there were further problems in getting together an acceptable support bill.

On August 18, gates will open at 2 pm, with the show starting about an hour later and scheduled to end at 10 pm. Readers are reminded that there are ample car parking facilities outside the stadium — and, for those so inclined, licensed bars within it. The venue is easily accessible from Central London by Tube — Jubilee Line or Metropolitan Line to Wembley Park.

At press-time, the support bill was still being finalised, and promoter Harvey Goldsmith was making frenzied efforts to firm up the details. Several names were being bandied around, but it's believed that NILS LOFGREN and AC/DC are confirmed, JEFF BECK is likely, and STEPHEN STILLS is among other acts being sought.

Advance tickets cost £8 including VAT and, to overcome any risk of forgeries, genuine tickets have a lion's-head watermark which should be checked for authenticity. Any remaining tickets will be sold on the gates at £8.50, although availability cannot be guaranteed.

Postal applications may be made immediately to The Who Box-Office, PO Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — postals orders only, made payable to "Who Box-Office", and enclose SAE. For personal callers, tickets go on sale this Saturday (7) at 10am at the Wembley box-office, the Harvey Goldsmith Box-Office (c/o Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W.1), and at all branches of Virgin and Harlequin Records throughout London.

Provincial box-offices open at the same time. They are at Virgin Records in Brighton, Bristol, Cardiff, Croydon, Leeds, Liverpool, Southampton and Swansea — plus Cyclops Sounds of Birmingham, Leicester De Montfort Hall Box-Office, Piccadilly Records and Apollo Theatre Box-Office of Manchester, Oxford New Theatre Box-Office, October Records of Portsmouth, Wilson Peck of Sheffield and the four Mike Lloyd Music Shops of Stoke.

It begins to look as though The Who won't now be playing a string of outdoor concerts around the country, although at least one major provincial gig is still a possibility. It's believed that open-air shows in Manchester and Scotland are on the cards to follow Wembley, plus a couple on the Continent — but a final decision won't be taken until the position is clarified regarding the availability of suitable support acts, plus Roger Daltrey's commitments in his starring role in the film 'McVicar'. We shall know, one way or the other, in a week or two.

● Pete Townshend, The Who's principal composer, has signed a long-term worldwide solo recording contract with the Atco label (distributed in Britain by Atlantic). He goes into the studio shortly to start work on his first solo project for the label. He has previously released two albums under his own name — 'Who Came First' and, in collaboration with Ronnie Lane, 'Rough Mix'.

● The Who are planning a string of major U.S. dates in the autumn, but still intend to play selected pre-Christmas concerts back here in Britain.

Tubeway Army in route march

DESPITE REPORTS, elsewhere, suggesting that Gary Newman has decided not to take Tubeway Army on the road in the foreseeable future, it was learned this week that they will be undertaking a major tour of concert venues in September.

Currently one of the hottest properties in the business, with their album 'Replicas' and single 'Are Friends Electric' both enormous, they'll be headlining at a dozen or more leading halls around the country. Full tour details will be announced in a few weeks.

A spokesman for their record company Beggar's Banquet explained: "They haven't toured before, because their stage set is far too big for the club circuit. But now they're in a position to play major venues, so they've decided to take the plunge."

Apart from drums and bass, all the sounds on the 'Replicas' set were provided by Newman himself. But for the third Tubeway Army LP, currently being recorded, a slightly bigger band is taking some of the load off Newman's shoulders — and this is the band being used on 'Top Of The Pops' sessions for their hit single. This same band, plus a lead guitarist (which they don't have at the moment), will accompany Newman on Army's September tour.

Squeeze & Adam set for Lyceum

SQUEEZE, Adam & The Ants and Wild Horses are among latest bookings for London's Lyceum Ballroom, which is to continue its current policy of Sunday rock concerts at least until January — "and possibly indefinitely thereafter", say promoters Straight Music, who are also pegging the admission price at £2.50 until the New Year (except for American bands) despite the increase in VAT.

Bills for the next six weeks include The B-52s, Fashion and The Delta 5 (this Sunday); UK Subs, Pure Hell and Vermillion & The Aces (July 15); Wild Horses, Girlschool and Sansom (22); The Pretenders (29); Adam & The Ants (August 5); and Squeeze (12). A Mod night is being lined up for later in August.

Said a Straight spokesman: "It's been a highly successful season, even more so than last year — although, of course, the 1978 shows were presented by another promoter."

BLONDIE CONFIRM IT

BLONDIE sent a message to NME's News Desk this week, confirming our item on the band in our last issue. They say: "We're definitely coming over in the second half of September, and we'll be doing a theatre tour of principal cities." It's understood that their itinerary, currently being lined up by promoter Harvey Goldsmith, will include at least three nights at London Hammersmith Odeon — and probably some matinee shows there as well. Other venues on the agenda include Glasgow Apollo and Newcastle City Hall.

B-52s BOMB OUT

THE B-52s have been forced to postpone their two provincial gigs this weekend — at Liverpool Eric's (tomorrow, Friday) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (Saturday) — although they are still going ahead with their show at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday. Reason is that their drummer Keith Strickland went down with hepatitis last week, and doctors told him he mustn't work until July 10 — though he's decided to advance this by two days in order to fulfil the Lyceum date.

However, promoters Straight Music have already rescheduled the Liverpool gig for July 21, and Birmingham for the following day (22). These will take place after the band return from Europe, and further provincial shows are also being lined up for the latter part of this month.

Skids, Kwesi for Edinburgh event

THE SKIDS and John Cooper Clarke are among the first names confirmed for this year's Edinburgh Rock Festival, which runs concurrently with the Edinburgh International Festival from August 17 to September 8. Initial bookings include Linton Kwesi Johnson at Clouds (August 17), Joe Jackson at Tiffany's (20), a week-long season by John Cooper Clarke at a still-to-be-named new theatre (September 2-8) and The Skids at the Odeon (7).

Many big names have still to be announced — for instance, last year's event included Patti Smith, Sham 69 and Siouxsie & the Banshees. And this year's programme will feature a major open-air concert on September 1 at a site just outside Edinburgh (Could this be The Who?) as well as the world debut of a new supergroup at Tiffany's on September 3.

Full details are promised in a week or two.

DEAD AT CRYSTAL PALACE?

THE GRATEFUL DEAD are strong favourites to top the bill in this year's Garden Party at the Crystal Palace Bowl in South London, to be staged on a Saturday in late August or early September. NME reported exclusively last week that they were in line to top an open-air event "not far from Central London", deliberately omitting references to Crystal Palace, in order to prevent premature ticket enquiries. But now the venue has been revealed by a Fleet Street newspaper, we can confirm that this is what we were hinting at!

WINGS MOVIE

PAUL McCARTNEY's plans to star in a major cinema film, previously reported, have been given a boost with the news that the film he envisaged is to be made by the giant EMI Organisation. All the members of Wings will have acting and singing roles in the picture, which will be called 'Band On The Run' after their best-selling album.

The story line concerns a top rock star who leaves his band in order to set up an unknown group. Although this has a certain parallel with the Beatles split and the formation of Wings, it's stressed that the film is not based on McCartney's own life, neither will he and the other Wings members be portraying themselves.

Screenplay is being written by William Russell, who wrote the stage musical 'John, Paul, George, Ringo ... And Bert'. No date has yet been set for the movie to go into production — it's unlikely to be until next year, and it won't affect Wings' plans for a stage return later this year.

Capital gigs at Q.E. Hall

CAPITAL SUMMER is the title of a series of six concerts, to be staged on successive nights at London Queen Elizabeth Hall. They feature the Swingle Singers (July 30), the Gordon Giltrap Band (31), Kevin Coyne with Zoot Money (August 1), Joe Egan supported by Catherine Howe (2), Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames (3) and Clifford T. Ward (4). They're promoted by John Martin in association with Capital Radio.

● **Wreckless Eric's** new single, produced by Nick Garvey of The Motors and issued by Stiff this weekend, is 'Hit And Miss Judy'. Featured on the flip side are a new number 'I Need A Situation' and a re-recording of 'Let's Go To The Pictures'. It comes as a 12-inch in Dayglo orange vinyl, with a full colour label and two-tone sleeve, and sells at the regular Stiff seven-inch price of 96p.

● Rockabilly band **Matchbox** have their debut single issued by Magnet on July 20 — coupling the oldie 'Black Slacks' with an original by the band's lead guitarist Steve Bloomfield titled 'Hi-Fi Woman'.

● Out later this month on Pye is the compilation album 'Oh Boy!', featuring the resident artists in the new ATV series. And **Shades,** one of the acts in question, have their debut single out on the label this weekend titled 'Rock'n'Roll Is Good For The Soul'.

● Due out this weekend on Bridge House Records is the debut album from **Dog Watch,** with their name as its title.

● **The Merton Parkas,** featured in Record News last week as having newly been signed by Beggar's Banquet, now have their first single rushed out. Titled 'You Need Wheels', it comes in a picture bag with a free Merton Parka sew-on patch.

RECORD NEWS

● **The Mighty Diamonds** have a 12-inch disco mix issued on Virgin's Front Line this weekend, comprising 'Bodyguard' and 'One Brother Short'. An album titled 'Deeper Roots (Back To The Channel)' follows on July 27.

● Four-piece South London band **The Monitors** are the latest signing to RSO Records, who issue their single 'Telegram'/'Compulsory Fun' this weekend.

● This week sees the launch of Harlow-based No Wonder Records with the single 'Hypocrite'/'You Said No' by **Newtown Neurotics.** A second single 'Sean & Henry' by **The Arabs** follows next week.

● **Ian Matthews** has returned to London from Japan, where he's been touring with his band, to finish his new album 'Siamese Friends'. It's due for September 14 release by Rockburgh Records.

● **Hot Gossip** have signed with Atlantic, who this week release their picture-disc single 'Super Casanova'. The record is pressed in a new technique whereby, when it's revolving, the images of the group actually appear to be dancing. Price is £1.60.

● Out this week on the Asylum label is the first-ever single in a "banger bag". Titled 'Bang Bang' by **B. A. Robertson,** it's packaged in a two-coloured card sleeve that converts into a "banger bag", and it retails at £1.10.

● Logo Records have signed disco artist **China Burton,** who has previously written material for such artists as Tina Charles, Biddu and Jimmy James. His debut single, out this week in seven and 12-inch versions, is 'You Don't Care About (Our Love)'.

● A new **Racey** single 'It's Up To You' comes out on Rak Records on July 13, with 'Girls Girls Girls' by **Kandidate** issued simultaneously by the same label. Other singles due on that date include 'Lovedrive' by **The Scorpions** (on Harvest) and 'Get Ready' by **Smokey Robinson** (Motown).

● Issued by Stiff this week is the first album from **Lew Lewis Reformer** titled 'Save The Wail', and including a special offer enabling the purchaser to buy a Hohner American Ace harmonica at cut price. There's also a picture disc now available of **Kirsty MacColl's** first single 'They Don't Know'.

● A new **Gregory Isaacs** album 'Soon Forward' is out this weekend on Virgin Front Line. It consists of ten tracks all written, arranged and produced by Isaacs.

● Five-piece band **Roses Are Red** have their debut single 'Can't Understand'/'Your Love Is Like A Ballistic Missile' available by mail order — price £1 (including p&p) from Posthumous Petal Records, 58 Delancey Street, London N.W.1.

● **The Monks** have signed with EMI Records — which means their previously-announced new single 'I Ain't Gettin' Any' is on the EMI label instead of Carrere.

● Coinciding with his current extensive UK tour, Stiff release a new **Ian Dury** single on July 20. It's a brand new track called 'Reasons To Be Cheerful — Part Three'.

● BPM Productions is a new label operating out of Hounslow, and their first release is the debut single of Slough band **Gratis,** coupling 'Downtown' and 'Please Call My Number'.

● A new seven-piece outfit called **Thieves** — formed by Jerry Donahue and Gerry Conway, and featuring three girl singers — debut on the Arista label this week with the single 'Four Hundred Dragons'. Their album 'Yucatan' follows on August 17.

● **Barry Manilow's** 1975 recording 'I Write The Songs', which has sold over two million in the States and is featured on his 'Manilow Magic album', is reissued by Arista this week . . . And **Showaddywaddy**— who've just signed a major new deal with Arista after selling over six million with their last 16 singles — also have a new one out this week, a revival of 'Sweet Little Rock'n'Roller'.

Speed-O-Metors signed

SPEED-O-METORS, the five-piece London band who've built up a considerable following on the club circuit during the past year, have signed a long-term deal with Acrobat Records (distributed by Arista). Their first single 'Tonight Tonight' comes out on July 13, with their album 'Hit The Highway' scheduled for September. Promotional tour dates are being lined up for the outfit, who comprise Robbie Watson (lead vocals and bass), Martin Finlay (rhythm guitar and vocals), Ian 'Toose' Taylor (lead guitar and vocals), Lee Dallon (keyboards) and Paul Spencer (drums).

Beach Boys: big reissue bonanza

THE BOXED set of all 25 Capitol singles by The Beach Boys covering the period 1963-70, plans for which were reported by NME last month, is now available priced £23.95. All are available individually (priced £1.15), though the boxed set contains an extra bonus single which can't be obtained separately — this is the rare 'Pamela Jean', which the group recorded in 1964 under the name of The Survivors. Also this weekend, Capitol reissue the million-selling album 'Beach Boys 20 Golden Greats', with a limited edition of 20,000 copies pressed in blue vinyl (£4.69).

SINGLE FROM DIRE STRAITS

● **Dire Straits'** new Phonogram single, released worldwide on July 13, couples two tracks from their current 'Communique' hit album — 'Lady Writer' and 'Where Do You Think You're Going'.

● Pimlico band **Sneeky Feelin's** have their first single 'Private Mail'/'Only The Rain' out on Warped Records, available through most independent record shops. The band say that, to promote the record, they're going on holiday!

● Independent label Reliable Records, who have just issued **The Stickers'** single 'Shake Me', have signed New York band **New Math.**The North London company is currently preparing their single 'Die Trying'/'Angela' for rush release through the usual independent outlets.

● GHM Productions have put out a single called 'Like A Dream' by **Freda Gothenburg** which plays from the centre outwards! If you happen to start from the outside by mistake, you'll hear Freda telling you provocatively that you've got it in wrong!

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RAMONES & CHEAP TRICK FOR READING

CHEAP TRICK

THE RAMONES and CHEAP TRICK have been added to the bill of this year's Reading Festival (August 24-26), as the two major American acts promised last week. These will be their only British appearances at this time.

Other additions confirmed this week are The Tourists, Root Boy Slim & The Sex Change Band (currently touring here with Ian Dury), Yachts and Australian band The Cobbers. And festival organiser Jack Barrie has announced the following provisional running order:

FRIDAY(3-11.15pm): The Jags, Punishment Of Luxury, Doll By Doll, Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders, The Members, Motorhead, guest band to be confirmed and The Police.

SATURDAY (12.15-11.15pm): Fame, Yachts, Root Boy Slim & The Sex Change Band, The Movies, Bram Tchaikovsky, Gillan, Steve Hackett, Cheap Trick, Inner Circle and Thin Lizzy.

SUNDAY (12.15-11.15pm): The Cobbers, After The Fire, Speed-O-Metors, Zaine Griff, The Tourists, Climax Blues Band, Molly Hatchett, Wild Horses, The Ramones, Whitesnake and Peter Gabriel.

As announced last week, advance season tickets for the whole festival (including parking and camping) cost £10.95 and can be obtained by post from NJF/Reading Festival (to whom cheques and postal orders should be made payable), P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ. No cash applications, and please enclose SAE.

As indicated above, a guest band has still to be named to precede The Police on Friday night. This spot was to have been filled by The Undertones, but they now appear to have pulled out. Although promoter Jack Barrie had received no word from them at the weekend, they issued a statement through their record company saying they won't be playing at Reading. Commented Barrie: "I couldn't care less, there's plenty of other people wanting to do it. I'll probably put on The Skids or a similar band."

● To preview their visit, Cheap Trick have a new single issued by Epic on July 13, titled 'Surrender'.

ROD IN SCOTLAND

Autumn gigs replace outdoors in summer

IT NOW SEEMS that Rod Stewart's plans to play a massive open-air concert in his native Scotland this summer have been dropped — and that he will instead perform a string of indoor concerts there in mid-autumn.

The outdoor gig was originally envisaged as compensation for omitting Scotland from his British tour last autumn — but it now looks like being a string of shows, at such venues as Glasgow Apollo and Edinburgh Odeon, from mid-October through to early November.

A spokesman for Riva Records told NME: "Rod finished his extensive American tour at the weekend, and he now wants to rest for a couple of weeks before taking a final decision on what to do. But after his recent marriage, and with the baby coming, I doubt if he'll want to do any more live work in the summer. Plans are nearly completed for him to play Germany in the autumn, so it would be convenient to fit in Scottish dates at the same time."

Commodores set August concerts

THE COMMODORES return to Britain next month, for the first time in almost a year, to headline four major concerts — including two Bank Holiday shows at Wembley Arena. Their visit is part of a massive world tour, taking in 13 territories — from the UK to Japan, and from South America to the Philippines. And it's preceded on July 20 by the release of their new Motown album 'Midnight Magic'.

The group headline at London Wembley Arena on Saturday and Sunday, August 25 and 26, then appear at Stafford Bingley Hall (29). The final show is at Glasgow Apollo and, although the precise date hasn't yet been confirmed, it's expected to be August 30. Please note that tickets are not yet available, and details of booking arrangements will be announced shortly, together with the name of an American support act.

The Commodores were last here in September last year, at the time of their chart-topping 'Three Times A Lady', Motown's biggest selling single ever. Their new stage show includes material from their upcoming album, as well as from their last LP 'Natural High' which is now treble platinum in the States.

UK SUBS: FILM, TOUR, MAJOR AGENCY DEAL

UK SUBS' show at London Lyceum on Sunday, July 15, is to be filmed for inclusion in a 20-minute cinema documentary about the band — it will go on the circuit on September 21 as support to 'Scum,' the BBC film about Borstal which has now been turned into a movie.

The Subs will follow their current 'Stranglehold' hit with a new single in mid-August, and their first Gem album is scheduled for early September release. They will also be undertaking their first major tour in September, as the result of having signed with the giant MAM Organisation.

Meanwhile there have been a few changes in their present gig series, reported two weeks ago. They now play Ashford Stour Centre on July 28 instead of this Saturday, York Pop Club (10 instead of 11), and Leeds Fan Club (24 instead of 12). They have extra gigs at Nottingham Sandpiper (tomorrow, Friday), Halifax Good Mood Club (Saturday), Hull Wellington (July 19), Sheffield Penthouse (23) and Port Talbot Troubadour (26). And their Barnsley date on July 27 is now at the Civic Hall instead of the Technical College.

Penetration top festival

PENETRATION, newly returned from a month-long U.S. tour, interrupt recording sessions for their second Virgin album to top the Peterlee Festival in County Durham on Saturday, July 14 — supported by two local bands, White Spirit and Sick Note. There are two shows at Peterlee Sports Centre, tickets are on sale at Listen Ear Records in Newcastle, and coaches will run from surrounding areas. Despite it being Penetration's home group, one local councillor has resigned in protest at a "punk" band's appearance!

THE ZONES have added a further string of dates to their UK tour, reported three weeks ago — at Glasgow Mars Bar (tonight, Thursday), Manchester Mayflower (July 26), Carlisle Wigton Market Hall (27), Plymouth Fiesta (30), London Camden Dingwalls (31), Chesterfield Fusion (August 2), Swansea Circles (6) and Sheffield Limit (7).

THE WALL top the bill in a day-long festival at Manchester Mayflower on July 28 titled 'Stuff The Superstars Special'. Among many other acts set are Joy Division, The Frantic Elevators, The Distractions, The Liggers and Gordon The Moron, with two guest bands still to be named. Tickets at £1.50 from Discount Records and Virgin Records of Manchester.

UPCOMING DATES FOR WOOD'S BARBARIANS?

RON WOOD flew out of London last week, after discussing the possibility of playing British dates with his band The New Barbarians, following their highly successful spring tour of the States. He has now joined the rest of The Rolling Stones in Paris, where they are busy recording. A spokesman told NME: "Ron wants to do some British shows with the band, but much depends upon how long he's tied up in Paris. The timetable should be clarified in a week or two, and then we shall know whether or not to fix some dates."

Hot Rods going out

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS are being lined up for a three-week summer tour next month opening with two nights at London Camden Music Machine on August 10 and 11. The only other date confirmed so far is St. Albans City Hall on August 18, but it's known that most of the other venues will be at leading coastal holiday resorts. Full details are expected in a week or two. Meanwhile the band are currently finalising a new recording deal, following their departure from Island, though their first album for their new outlet isn't likely until early October. Above: BARRIE MASTERS.

LONDON GIGS FREE: TODAY & SATURDAY

IF YOU work in London's West End, then hurry along at lunchtime today (Thursday) to the Empire Ballroom in Leicester Square, where Metro are performing a free show at 1 pm. And be sharp, because the first 800 people to arrive will be given a Metro folder which includes a flexi-disc sampler of their current EMI album 'New Love' — consisting of three tracks, among them being the band's current single 'Girls In Love.' Object of the exercise is to film the event for promotional purposes.

THIS SATURDAY there's a free concert (3-10pm) in West London featuring the Carol Grimes Band, Here & Now, The Good Missionaries, Vermillion & The Aces and 39 Steppes. It's under the Westway in Bay 66, near Portobello Road (nearest tubes Westbourne Park and Ladbroke Grove), and the site can accommodate 2,500 people. The event has the co-operation of the local police and, if successful, similar free concerts will follow.

LATE FLASH: STUFF OFF

Stuff, the U.S. band comprising six top session musicians, have called off their European visit this month — which means their Hammersmith Odeon concert on July 24 is cancelled. Ticket-holders should claim cash refunds.

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1	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.31	4.06
2	DIRE STRAITS — COMMUNIQUE	5.30	4.05
3	WINGS — BACK TO THE EGG	5.49	4.24
4	DAVID BOWIE — LODGER	5.49	4.24
5	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.78	3.53
6	BLONDIE — PARALLEL LINES	4.78	3.53
7	NEIL YOUNG — RUST NEVER SLEEPS	5.00	3.75
8	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75
9	WHO — THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT	9.04	6.54
10	CARS — CANDY O	5.00	3.85
11	TUBEWAY ARMY — REPLICAS	5.00	3.85
12	SKY	5.25	4.00
13	NILS LOFGREN — NILS	4.78	3.53
14	BOB DYLAN — AT BUDOKAN	7.98	5.98
15	IAN DURY — DO IT YOURSELF	4.78	3.53
16	JONI MITCHELL — MINGUS	5.00	3.75
17	DONNA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75
18	ROXY MUSIC — MANIFESTO	5.31	4.06
19	STEEL PULSE — TRIBUTE TO THE MARTYRS	5.00	3.75
20	DAVE EDMUNDS — REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75
21	ROBERT PALMER — SECRETS	5.00	3.75
22	POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.78	3.53
23	BUDDY HOLLY — 20 GOLDEN GREATS	5.29	4.04
24	ABBA — VOULEX-VOUS	5.10	3.85
25	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.10	3.85
26	PETER TOSH — MYSTIC MAN	5.69	4.44
27	NICK LOWE — LABOUR OF LUST	5.00	3.75
28	THIRD WORLD — THE STORY'S BEEN TOLD	5.00	3.75
29	SQUEEZE — COOL FOR CATS	4.78	3.53
30	DIANA ROSS — THE BOSS	5.29	4.04

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32	JOE EGAN — OUT OF NOWHERE	4.80	3.55
33	THE KNACK — GET THE KNACK	5.29	4.04
34	SPYRO-GYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.78	3.53
35	SISTER SLEDGE — WE ARE FAMILY	5.00	3.75
36	CREEDANCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL — 20 GREATEST HITS	5.29	4.04
37	THIN LIZZY — BLACK ROSE	5.30	4.05
38	GIBSON BROS — CUBA	5.00	3.75
39	THAT SUMMER — VARIOUS	5.00	3.75
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43	PETER FRAMPTON — WHERE I SHOULD BE	4.78	3.53
44	RICK WAKEMAN — RHAPSODIES	5.31	4.06
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52	PETER GREEN — IN THE SKIES	5.10	3.85
53	RENAISSANCE — AZURE D'OR	5.00	3.75
54	METRO — NEW LOVE	5.29	4.04
55	STEVE HACKETT — SPECTRAL MORNING	4.99	3.74
56	EMMYLOU HARRIS — BLUE KENTUCKY GIRL	5.00	3.75
57	PATTI SMITH — WAVE	5.00	3.75
58	ALBERT LEE — HIDING	4.78	3.53
59	UNDERSTONES	5.00	3.75
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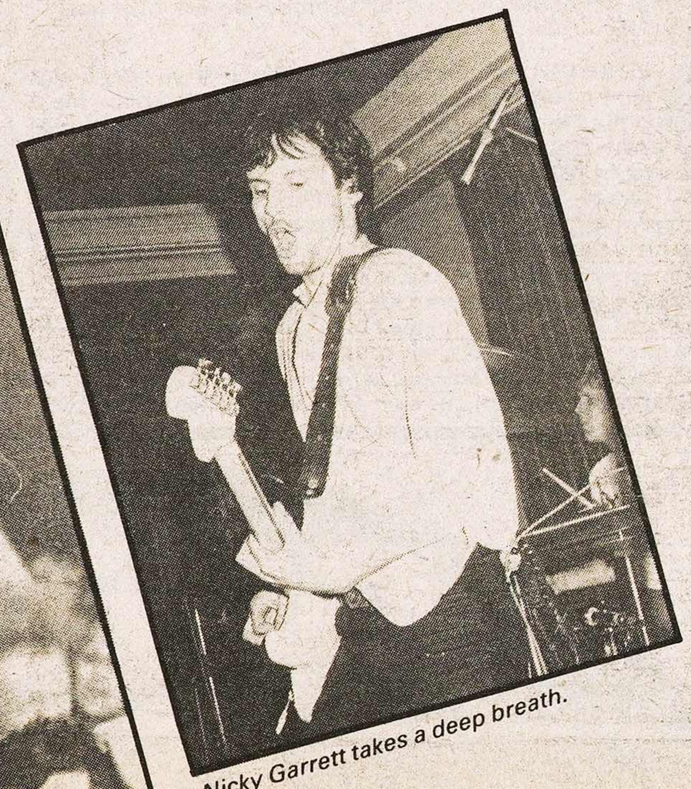

Nicky Garrett takes a deep breath.

Britain's Zippiest Bunch of Bums Exposed By ADRIAN THRILLS

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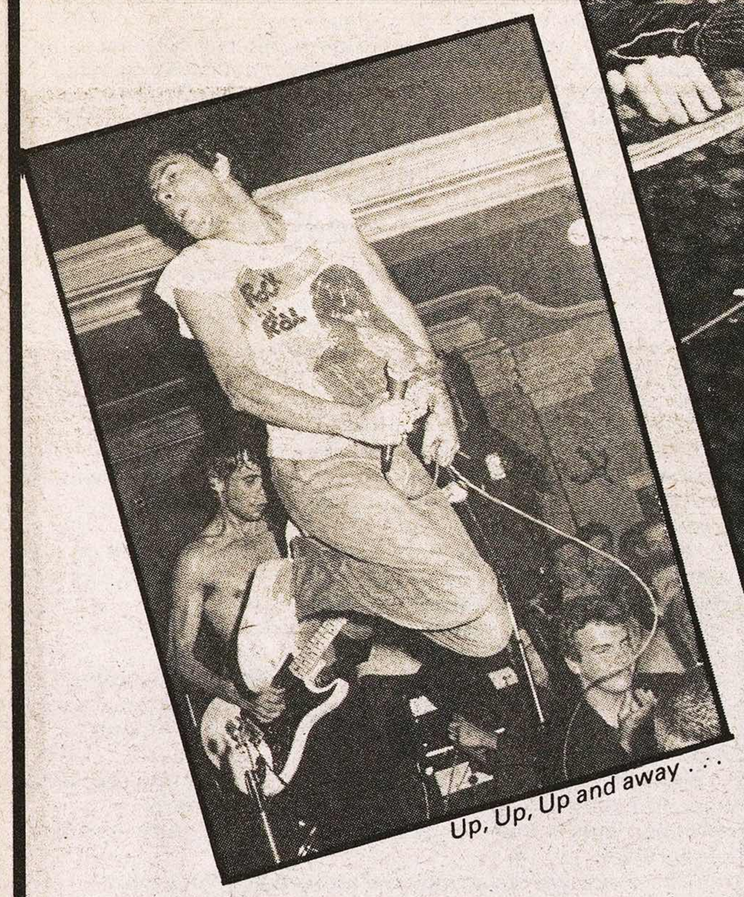


Up, Up, Up and away . . .

Charlie Harper gets talkative with the crowd.

VIOLENCE grows. UK Subs guitarist Nick Garrett had intimated in the van on the journey out to High Wycombe that we could be in for a few ugly scenes that night. Unfortunately, he was only too right.

The rumour was that a phalanx of Lurker fans from Kingston were bound for the same gig with a score to settle: their heroes had apparently been dumped offstage in the same sleepy dormitory town the previous week.

Now the time was ripe for London's revenge on the locals. The hapless Subs were to be the innocent victims of a grudge match that had nothing to do with them in the first place.

The day had already been exhausting enough. A radio interview at the crack of dawn was followed by a strength-sapping stint recording a *Top Of The Pops* spot. After that, a 60-minute motorway dash had landed them smack in the middle of rural Buckinghamshire for a gig they could probably have done well without.

The Subs are newcomers to that sort of hectic schedule but, to their credit, they are taking things very much in their stride. Celebrated vocalist Charlie Harper was in his customarily benign high spirits for most of the day, but the look of resignation that crept across his face in the dressing room after the Wycombe soiree told its own story. The gig had been mashed up by audience trouble and Charlie was probably wishing that he was back giving crimps and curls to the trendies of Tooting in the hair salon he runs as a sideline to his more animated occupation.

A couple of isolated scuffles had escalated into a mass brawl. The band had attempted to cool things down and tried playing on longer but promoter Ron Watts, the man who first put on the Sex Pistols at the 100 Club, decided to call it a day.

"It's a real pity, but I suppose it's just one of those things," shrugs Charlie. "I feel really bad about it but it just erupted like a whirlwind. It totally ruins the gig. I feel really sorry for the kids who just come along to enjoy themselves. They're the ones that suffer."

CHARLIE Harper is old enough to be the father of half the kids who go to UK Subs gigs, but he's still very much the heart and soul of the band. The veteran of countless South London rock-cum-R&B combos from Charlie Harper's Free Press, his first endeavour, to The Marauders, the band that grew into the Subs, he's been around long enough to see as many changes on the capital's music front as Kevin Keegan had corkscrew perms.

He met guitarist Nick Garrett in August 1977, just as the Marauders/Subs transition from '60s-orientated R&B to a more contemporary hard-edged populist Punk approach was being made.

"In The Marauders, we were glad enough to be able to play anything anyone called for," he recalls, "but Nick didn't want to play any of the old rock 'n' roll songs and I was getting to the stage where I just wanted to go on and play all my own songs.

"The songs haven't really changed much since then . . . we play them a little bit better I hope, we've got a lot more equipment, but the group itself hasn't really changed much."

Apart from the fact, that is, that they're now raising more than the odd cool eyebrow here and there with the surge of 'Stranglehold', their second single, up the national chart alongside such other Punk worthies as The Ruts and The Upstarts.

How does Charlie explain such unheralded success for bands that some — and I don't number myself among that sorry breed — would say are just a throwback to 1977.

"With bands like us and The Ruts, The Upstarts and Stiff Little Fingers, you never know what's going to happen next. That's what keeps the audiences coming again. One show is never the

Continues over page

UK SUBS

From previous page

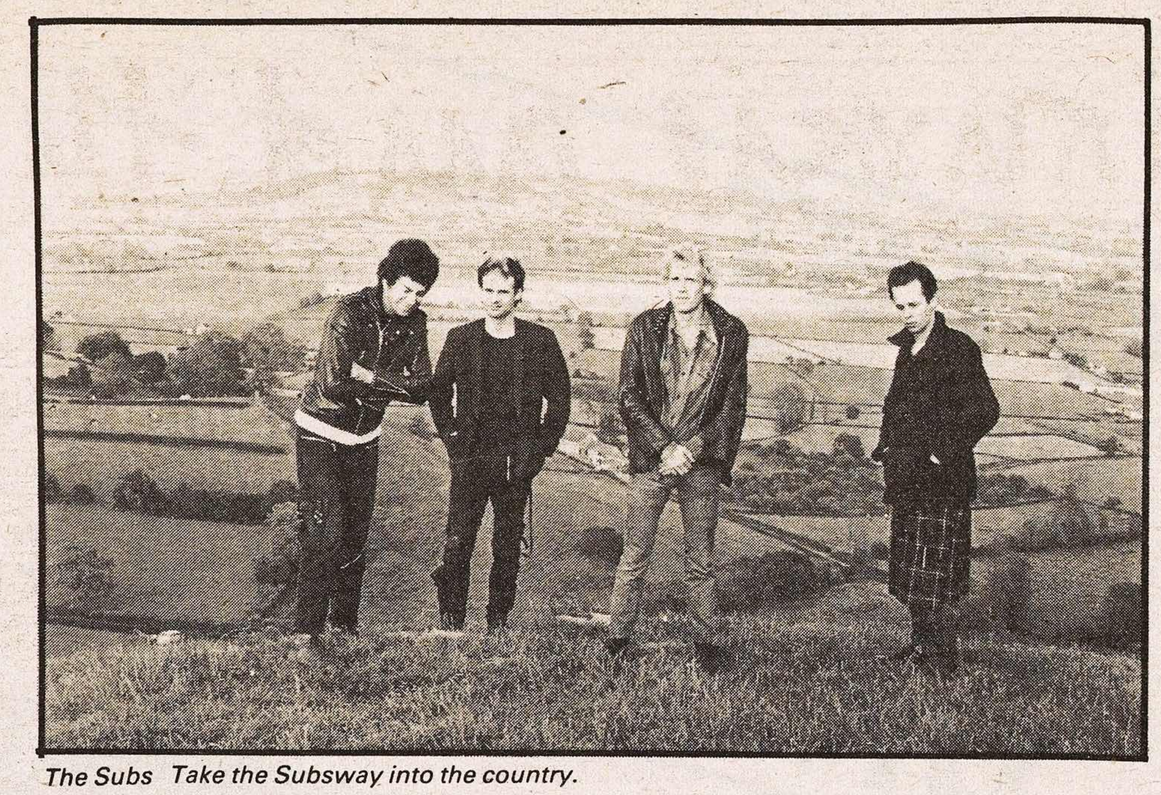
same as the next one. "We also seem to be playing to much younger audiences. We're even finding ourselves playing to 10 and 12 year-old kids. We've always had a lot of young kids coming along to our gigs, right from the start.

"Now when we play up in Scotland, we have to play some youth club gigs, just so the younger kids can come along."

"The other thing," butts in Nick, "is that you can't force people to like bands that they're not going to like. Some of the bands that I read about in the press, I know that I'm never going to like, even though they're getting rave reviews all the time. I think it's the same with a lot of the kids who come to see us.

"I think we're one of the few bands carrying on the original excitement of 1977. At the end of 1977, the trouble was that everyone was getting so worried about what was cool and what Johnny Rotten said was hip. Too many people just shitted out completely."

"We just got on with it as we had been doing and we're still getting on with it now . . . next thing, people will be wondering whether or not the UK Subs think something is cool or not!"



The Subs Take the Subsway into the country.

ALTHOUGH their first gigs were regular three-sets-a-night jobs around the publand circuit South of the river, the United Kingdom Subversives' first real break came with their debut appearance at The Roxy Club in Covent Garden in September 1977.

That was folowed by two tracks on the forgettable 'Farewell To The Roxy' album, a series of personnel changes that brought in current bassist Paul Slack and drummer Pete Davies for the original rhythm section, and a phone call to John Peel.

"Peel was really plugging the two Roxy album tracks," explains Charlie. "So a mate of mine suggested that we should give him a call to try to arrange a session on the show.

"He wanted to meet us and so we went along to a pub and he suggested that we got our own single out. So we tried raising the money by hook or crook, recorded the single ourselves once we had raised about £150, and took the tapes along to City Records who agreed right away to put it out."

The resultant 45 'CID' remains as one of the all-time great anthemic punk chants, worthy of a place alongside 'White Riot', 'What Have We Got?' or Menace's 'GLC'. It's also one of the best police songs of last year and, quite easily, the best thing the UK Subs have recorded to date, well ahead of the decidedly weak 'Stranglehold'.

"The song 'CID' was basically an extension of the old R&B theme of cops and robbers," explains composer Charlie.

"It's about going down Soho where you're always liable to get picked up and frisked by the law. You're always looking around to see if there's any police. You just have to keep your eyes open for them."

Do you get much trouble from the law then?

"We seem to bump into them enough. We get our fair share and perhaps a bit more and really we're just innocent bystanders. I mean, we don't go out of our way to attract them . . ."

'CID', despite not having any large-scale distribution or big promotion, still managed to chart at 63 and sold well over 30,000 copies, this in turn leading to the band's present deal with RCA subsidiary label Gem and 'Stranglehold'.

Surprisingly, the Subs were quick to agree with my observation — in a singles column of a couple of weeks ago — that 'Stranglehold ' definitely lacked something. And it's true. There could hardly be a worse introduction to this gritty, obstinately entertaining little band than their current chart single.

"Let's face it. It's not up to standard," admits Charlie candidly. "That single is wrong somewhere. We wanted to make a serious attempt to do it again, but by then it was too late."

"That song has always been a bit of a worry," adds Nick. "It just doesn't record well, although we have done it better in the past. It's a funny rhythm. I'd like to re-do it as a single to give away to some of the kids who come along to our gigs."

MISTAKES, however, can sometimes be learnt from and the band are much more optimistic about their forthcoming album, now finished but for a few final mixes and due for September release.

"The album was done in the same studio and with the same producer as the single," continues Nick, "but it's a whole lot better. It's more like the sound of the first single. It's a bit tidier but it's got that same punch.

"But mixes are a funny thing. What's good to someone is rubbish to someone else. People have been suggesting that we do an American mix for the album — take the vocals right up high and have everything sounding really clear, but that's just not us."

What then, I asked Charlie, was his idea of how a band like the Subs should sound on record?

"The band should be somewhere between the sound of 'CID' and the sound of 'Stranglehold'. All we're interested in really is that we get the energy across. After that, we can think of tidying it up a little bit so that everything can be heard. But if we don't get the energy across, we're sunk.

"It's difficult in the studios beacuse we have to turn everything up fully or it doesn't come across. And then, when we come to mix it, we get all our problems 'cos of tape hums and squeaks.

"It's a real struggle. We take days to mix our stuff. We do the actual recording really quickly, but we have trouble with getting the guitar sound and the mixing afterwards."

Musically, the Subs work within the strict and effective framework of their short, speedy, rabble-rousing songs. Their earlier efforts — like 'Live In A Car' and 'Telephone Numbers' from the Roxy album — were very straightforward thrashes with a few of the R&B undertones of Charlie's past still lurking discernibly in the background.

Since the establishment of the current, regular line-up over a year ago, they have moved gradually towards more arrangements in their songs without losing the gritty rush of the earlier stuff.

"The songs we're writing now are getting structurally stronger," says Nick, who writes most of the music. "But we're trying to keep the speed and the energy in there. We're trying to progress, not by lengthening the numbers or slowing them down but by structuring the verses and choruses better."

I wondered whether Charlie felt in any way duty-bound to his audience to keep on playing the same stuff, particularly as the Subs are branded in many corners as the last true punk band.

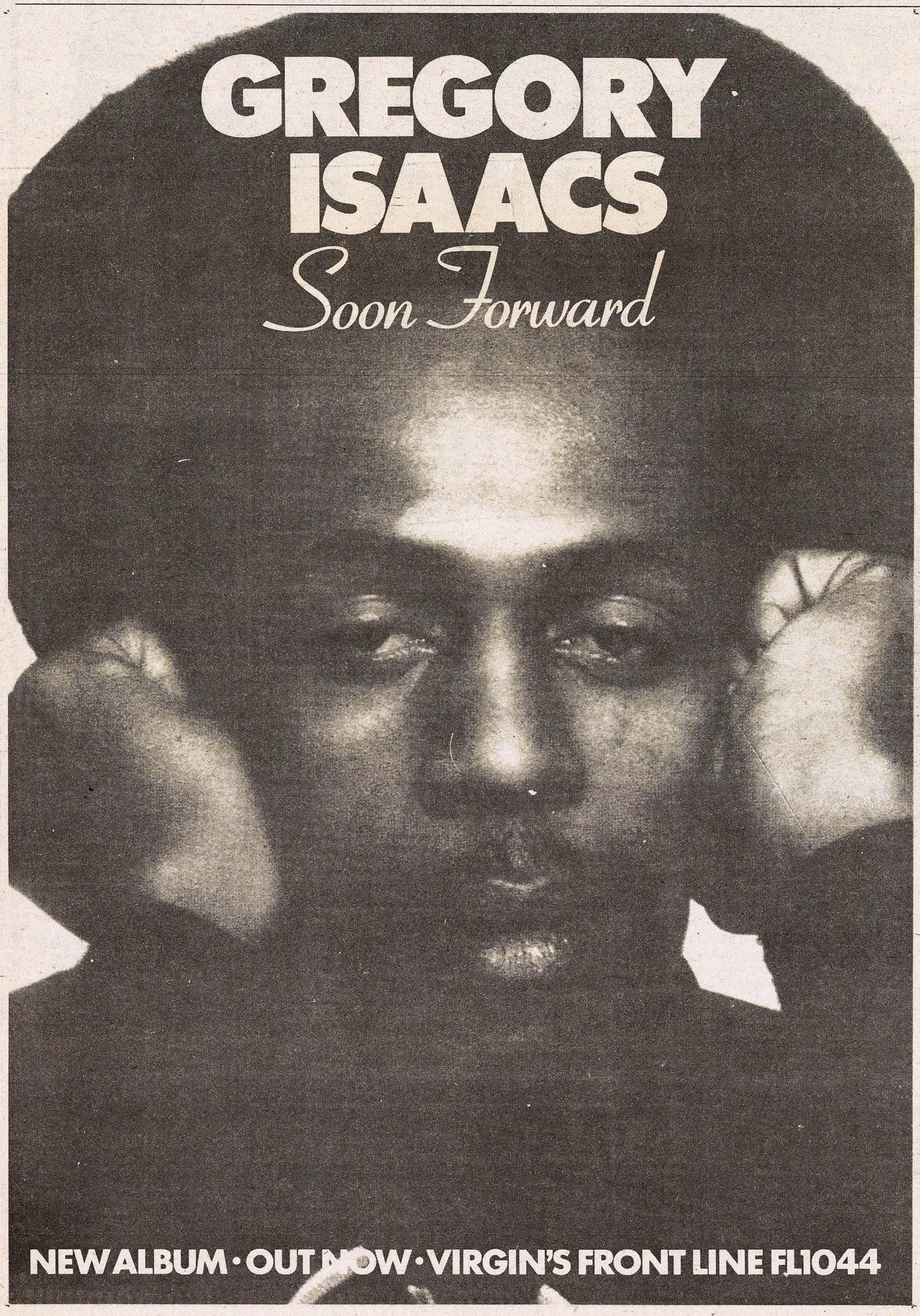
"We can't really write in any other way that we do at the moment," he says. "Our songs all stem from an idea that usually comes quickly and you have to play them just like that. We could never spend ages writing a song. That's why most of our songs probably do sound pretty fresh.

"If we did think about it like you're saying maybe we would feel some sort of duty to those fans. But we just don't need to really because that's the way we play anyway. We only play the stuff we ourselves like to hear."

Alas, it's not all spontaneity and bliss in the rock and roll world of the Subs. Although it had been one of the most exhausting days of their career to date, the band kindly agreed to drop me off at King's Cross station in time for my last train home on our arrival back in London from High Wycombe.

But as we stopped at traffic lights in the Marylebone Road, the engine of their trusted Transit spluttered to a very definite halt, leaving all and sundry the thankless task of pushing the van through the traffic in the vain hope of locating a nearby all-night service station . . .

But take heart, Subs. At least the audiences don't gob at you on *Top Of The Pops.*



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TI-IRILLS

A Day In The Early Life

BEATLES FILM FUN

"JUST ROUGH and ready lads, The Beatles." That's what the taxi driver tells me on the way to the Atlantic Tower Hotel, Liverpool. As we pass Temple Street he points to where The Cavern used to be: "It's just a bloody hole in the ground now."

The press office for *The Birth Of The Beatles* overlooks the Mersey, and somewhere off the corridor they're playing 'Please Please Me'. It's a small room, with Hunter Davies' *The Beatles Authorised Biography* sitting on a table like the Bible.

A Mr. Gordon Arnell comes off the phone: "Did you know 16 million prints were taken from one of Peter Kaye's original Beatle negatives? He sold it to an agency years ago for 20 quid."

I'm on location in a graveyard at Liverpool Cathedral — just south of here — where I'll be meeting Dick Clark, legendary presenter of ABC TV's *American Bandstand* for 27 years. *The Birth Of The Beatles* is his second rock documentary. The first was 'Elvis: The Movie'.

The film set turns out to be an area some 100 feet below the base of the Cathedral. There's a bitter wind and everybody's wearing those silly plastic rainproofs they use in the ski season.

Right now a scene is being shot. Three copies of the Fab Four are running this way, while American producer Tony Bishop cranes his neck and fidgets with his brolly.

With the exception of the producer and supervising editor, the crew and cast are British. Director is Richard Marquand who made *The Legacy*. The script traces the formative Beatle years from 1959 to their appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show* in 1964.

Suddenly all hell breaks loose. A photographic stills man crashes through the technicians towards a mock-up of Eleanor Rigby's tomb (her actual gravestone was buried 10 years ago when the council landscaped the place). John, Paul and George clones begin tossing a bottle around, apeing vintage Beatle poses for the camera.

These principal actors are unknowns, chosen more for their resemblance than any box office magnetism.

Age has caught up with Lennon's double, Stephen MacKenna, who appeared in the stage play *John Paul George, Ringo And Bert* with Brian Jameson — who's playing Epstein in the picture — but Rod Culbertson looks OK as McCartney and John Altman is a passable George.

Ryan Michael will play Pete Best, the drummer they sacked in August 1962 to make way for Ringo. Stu Sutcliffe (The Beatles' bassist who died in Hamburg) is portrayed by David Wilkinson — who's been avoiding me like the plague on Dick Clark's orders.

Clones (John, Paul and George) apeing Beatle poses *Lennon and McCartney. Yes, that's right.*

Lennon's surrogate crouches behind an upright stone slugging British sherry.

On the third take we break for lunch. The clone McCartney vanishes into a caravan to pig some braised steak and two veg while George Harrison mulls over a chicken supreme.

Dick Clark makes do with a 'Captain and Tenille' anorak. Short, sandy haired, and in his late '40s, he steers me towards a waiting Mercedes.

"You know they've been building this cathedral for 75 years? There's a guy who's been working on it since he was 14!"

You don't say, Dick?

We lunch at Dick's hotel because there's a rush on tables at the Berni Inn.

This is his 12th rock film since 1958. He started on radio and in '55 first hosted a local TV programme, *Bandstand* which the ABC network ran as *American Bandstand* in 1957. Thereafter he became Mr. Showbiz, a Yankee Doodle Bernard Delfont.

Clark is as shrewd as he is confident. 'The Birth Of The Beatles' is produced by his company in England, meaning he'll pocket a healthy percentage of the box office gross. It will cost a bargain $2½ million to make.

The film promises to be a musical but heavy on story line — a rags to riches story. In Dick's own words it's "the *Saturday Night Fever* syndrome — a story with which anyone in modest circumstances can identify. It's very romantic."

Unfortunately because of the American censors the TV version will lack all the juicy bits when the group were in Germany and John Lennon used to piss over the local clergy.

"In the United States you have to be very careful. In the '60s I had a TV show that came from the beaches of California. I couldn't show a female navel, but I could show a male navel."

The locations? Well, with the exception of The Cavern, the Liverpool sites still survive — which is more than can be said about Hamburg, where the night clubs are now sex clubs and bear no resemblance to what they were like in the '60s.

How easy was it characterising The Beatles?

"Easy. Pete Best is the most interesting because he's the one who got lost. They closed the door in his face."

The *real* Pete Best has been grafted from a Civil Service job in Liverpool to act as technical supervisor.

Says Clark: "Pete's role with us is to say, 'He wouldn't have worn his hair that way,' or 'Lennon wouldn't have spoken to him like that.' He's caught us up on a lot of incidental problems."

Beatles' manager Brian Epstein was responsible for tidying up their act — introducing the cutie haircuts and mohair suits. Clark has a lot of respect for Brian.

"We deal with his homosexuality in a matter-of-fact way. He was homosexual — so what else is new? He idolised Lennon and had more than a casual interest in this group. He had a vicarious thrill of living his life through theirs. Later on in life he became unhappy."

He explains his decision not to consult the real ex-Beatles by using an anecdote about Col. Tom Parker's reaction to the Presley film:

"After he saw that he said it was very well done and the actor was magnificent but that his own part was too small!" I retorted that it was the *Elvis Presley Story*."

Wouldn't it have been better to settle for an intelligent documentary

■ *Continues over page*

Apres Jim, le deluge

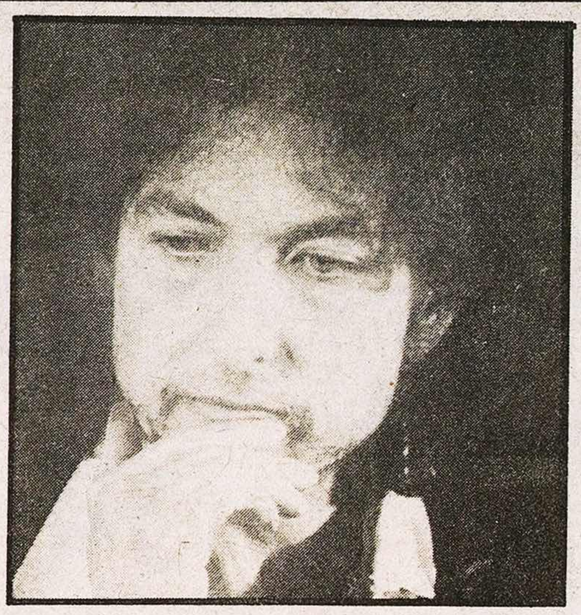
James Douglas Morrison — Born December 8, 1943. Died July 3, 1971.

JIM has been under the sod for eight years but he refuses to lie down and shuddup. Last year the posthumous, 'An American Prayer' album was released. Later this year Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* will open — the most touted war epic since *The Green Berets*. Coppola has staked his entire livelihood on its success. The Morrison connection, you ask? Well, *Apocalypse Now* begins with a vista of Vietnamese sky and jungle, and the voice of Jim Morrison intoning the lines of his song poem 'The End'.

Morrison, a former film student at UCLA, had experimented with similar themes 12 years earlier.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Dylan henchman astounds radio station



Zim: after Roger Scott's job? Pic: Koh Hasebe.

NEVER mind God moving in mysterious ways, check this out for weirdness. On Tuesday (June 26) Bob Dylan's American attorney turned up, unannounced, at the offices of London's Capital Radio with the tape of the next Dylan album ('Slow Train Coming') and a personal message from The Zim himself.

The said attorney introduced himself to the station's surprised programmers, played them the master-tape of the album and stated that he'd return the next afternoon with an unrefusable offer!

Seems that during his last visit to London, aside from hitting the local hot-spots, Dylan took a liking to Roger Scott's intelligently presented afternoon show and the gist of his personal message was that he'd be obliged if, immediately following the Wednesday 4 o'clock news break, Scott would premiere 'Precious Angel', one of the tracks from 'Slow Train Coming.'

An extended medium-paced strummer based around the 'Sweet Jane' riff, sung in a 'Blonde On Blonde' voice and sounding like a 'Communique' out-take, it features an ambiguous love lyric which could be directed to either a woman, God or both.

However, in granting both Capital Radio and Roger Scott this world exclusive there was just one small proviso. In return Dylan asked for a taped segment of the Scott show featuring 'Precious Angel', so he could personally judge how the track scanned within the context of a regular British radio programme.

That's The Zim's story as put forward by his attorney. However, we here at *Thrills* reckon the Man is after Gerald Harper's *Sunday Affair* slot on Capital.

Just for the record 'Slow Train Coming' is produced by Jerry Wexler and features Dire Straiters Mark Knopfler (guitar) and Pick Withers (drums) with Barry Beckett (keyboards), Tim Drummond (bass) plus The Muscle Shoals Horns and a few back-up singers. It is scheduled for a worldwide September release.

ROY CARR

■ *From previous page*

on The Fab Four?

"Naah, it's been done to death in the States.

"At one time it was my burning desire to do the definitive four-hour documentary on the birth of rock. I've got the world's largest collection of music tapes and films. But no film company was interested. We wanted to make it a concert experience with an intermission in the middle and a book, but nobody would give me the financing. Then American television began to cannabalise that period."

I meet Pete Best briefly before I leave. He still looks a lot like the shots in the early *Mersey Beat days* — dark, reticent; The DA is blow-waved now.

We discussed The Beatles' early days in Hamburg in 1961 and the origins of the Mersey sound; how they'd play in the Kaiser's Keller seven hours a night with a 15-minute break each hour.

"At weekends you'd go from six at night to four o'clock in the morning. I guess it was something we brought back to Liverpool. It was a different sound from what most groups were playing at the time — commercial rip-offs of the Top 20, Cliff Richard and The Shadows type stuff."

It was a standing joke in the '60s that *everybody* in Liverpool had gone to school with The Beatles. Twenty years later they're all Rene Cutforths, arguing about who put who on the map.

Since the recent publication of Allan Williamson's book *The Man Who Gave The Beatles Away* (a yarn about the seamy side of success) Merseyside Council is split yet again into pro and anti-Beatle factions.

On one side Ron Jones, city tourist officer, is pushing the 'Pool as a tourist attraction while his opponent, hardliner Cyril Carr claims the city should now disown its famous sons.

So, will there be a Beatles monument in Williamson Square? Will the council welcome the ex-Beatles back for their centenary next year?

GTO records will release *Elvis: The Movie* this summer and Dick Clark hopes that *Birth Of The Beatles* will be on worldwide TV screens in late 1980. Will it coincide with a Beatle revival? Will Liverpool City Council give John, Paul, George and Ringo the keys to the town?

Do the ex-Beatles really care?

Join us again — after the break.

DAVID BRITTAIN

THRILLS

Mac extract the digit

FLEETWOOD Mac, Giorgio Moroder, Stephen Stills, Ry Cooder, Randy Newman and Bonnie Pointer are just some of the artists who have sampled a new recording technique hailed by engineers, producers and performers alike as the next big thing — a change equivalent to the innovation of stereo. They call it digital recording.

In the conventional recording system the physical energy of sound waves is converted via the microphone into an electro-magnetic model — or analog — which is stored on the oxide surface of the master tape. This model is then transferred to another physical model, the wiggling grooves of the master disc.

Any damage to the tape's surface, or irregularities in speed, however slight, will degrade the accuracy of the sonic image.

In digital recording tape is still used, but not to store such a complicated image. Instead the digital recorder rapidly samples the sound — as fast as 40-50,000 times per second — and converts it into an electronic shorthand of binary numbers. Because the tape is now storing a much simpler image, none of the original information is lost, and, when duplicated, tenth generation tape is indistinguishable from the master. . .

Stevie Nicks and Mick Fleetwood listen to playbacks of their new digital watch err record type thing.

Lee Herschberg, Warner Bros. director of recording and engineering comments: "The quality of playback seems to be exactly what comes out of your board, which artists like very much — they hear their performances played back with a clarity they've never heard before."

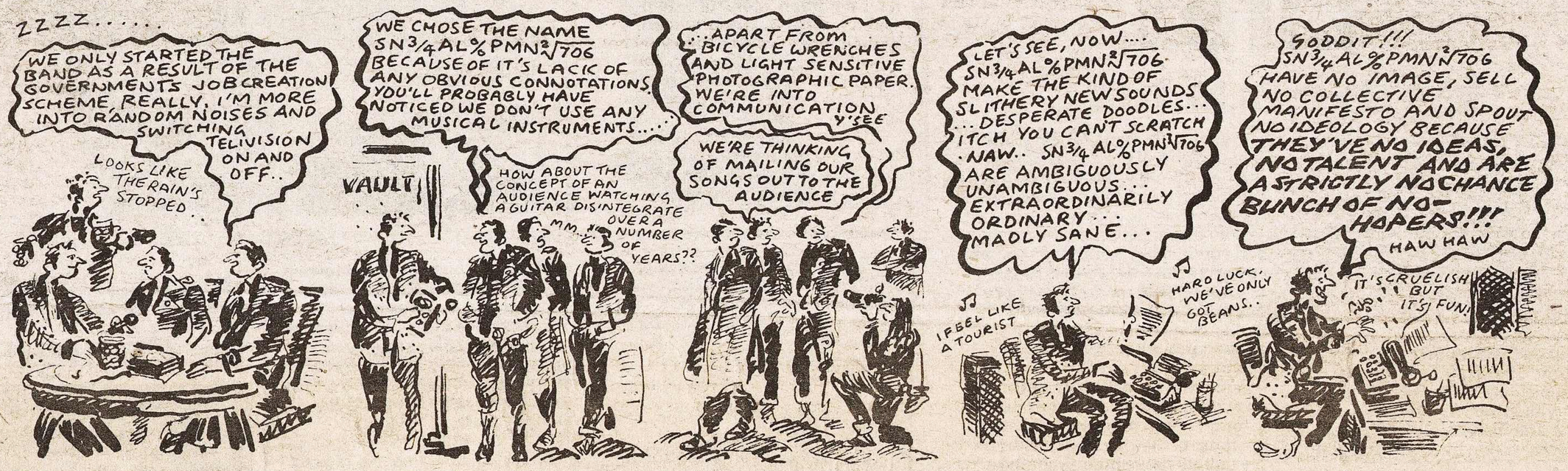
The new Fleetwood Mac album will be the system's mass-market baptism; only then will it be clear whether digital recording's advantages are noticeable on conventional playback equipment to the consumer ear.

However, Mac have come up against one of the big problems of digital recording. In a conventional system you can edit a tape with a razor blade; with the digital system you need a special editing machine. Some of the editing sessions may have to be carried out at Salt Lake City, where Dr Thomas Stockham, one of the pioneers of this new technology, is based.

The other basic problem is cost. The system is expensive to install. A 32-track machine costs between $75-100,000 while an all-digital control room, still a thing of the future, would set you back around $20 million.

DICK TRACY

Not Only Rock'n'Roll. . . — LOWRY



★★★★★
Jane Aire and The Belvederes
"Call Me Every Night".
Virgin VS273
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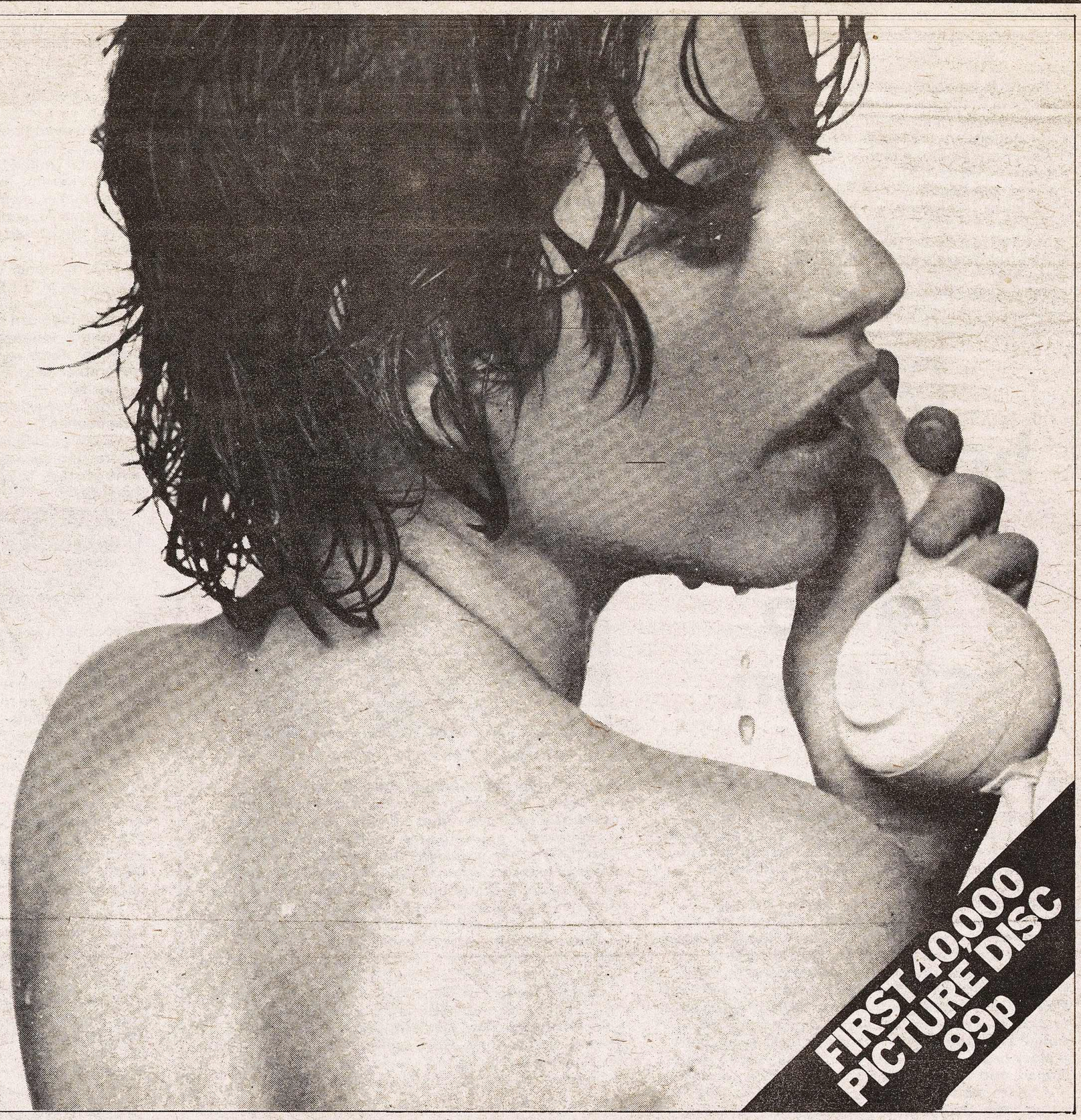


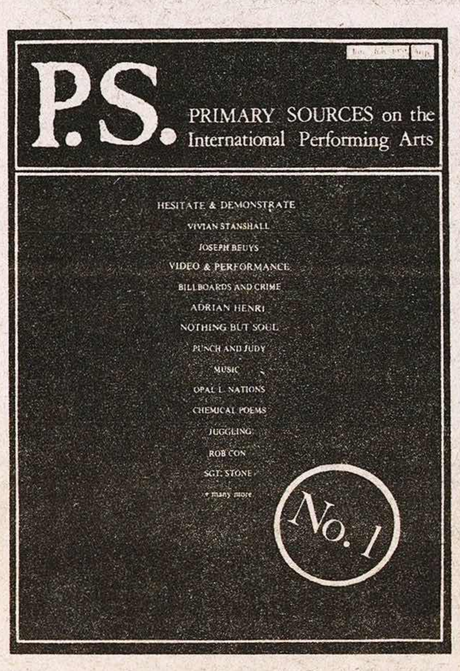
Alternative Pulp Probe

SUMMER 1979 . . . and everything is C/conservative again. You're fed up with the usual subscription media — *Daily Mirror, NME, Radical Philosophy,* and so on — and some alternative print would be favourite, yes?

Summer 1976 notions of the 'fanzine' unfortunately got locked into a long-term parody of the straight rock press, unhealthy interest in lists, star-gawping and mystery won out over youthful wrath and righting rock's wrongs; fanzines weren't meant to be exactly *critical,* but then, neither were those Sex Pistols, and look how many score cards they wiped clean.

Independent print — especially the slickers like *ZigZag* — plays itself into a second-best niche it needn't occupy, moving with the times instead of at them, plotting fashion instead of tripping it up every so often.

Alternative Anarchy and *V Sign* keep to the formal verge of fanzinery, but within it pull out a fair bit of worthwhile working-through. Although both suffer from a mid-adolescent kind of naive



arrogance, and whatever graphic or grammatical shortcomings are parcel-party to the amateur production budget, there is an encouraging vitality and revolutionary perkiness skipping about; their approach into the myth-eaten beat music marketplace is infinitely more workable than most of their rivals. No intermittent bubbles of pompous commonsense

reportage or diary trivia here.

Slogan contradicts slogan (*Alternative Anarchy* is 'not political' but is 'anarchistic') Individual articles on such as TV Personalities, Desperate Bicycles, Scritti Politti and Independent Recording are valuable.

Viewed together, though, a question — or suggestion — that does seem appropriate is: if people have common interests — and getting print out *is* harder than getting records out — then why not collaborate / communicate a bit more? Get the goods even further out of the 'zine-form rut, reshape and re-quarrel.

After Hours has managed to do that better than perhaps any other Xerox project. Well laid out, there's a challenging lack of scribble and superfluous scrabble! Indignation with big record companies does crop up in an overheated manner where a slower cut with a better scalpel would have stitched the buggers up tighter, but at least the blood is rushing.

Elsewhere in *After Hours* (first issue) you can locate Sunderland band Soubrette Perverse, a long interview with The Raincoats and Scritti Politti.

Still, a gold star for keeping things discursive and not cynical, eh what!

Other publications which distinguish themselves from the mass tend to fall between Art and Trash. Some combine the two elements.

Take *P.S.,* a new Arts Council assisted, flashy looking conceptualists's *Ritz,* pretty typical of the coffee table art rag sector. 'Primary Sources on the International Performing Arts,' it sez, and they're interested in rock music too!

Well, there's a pressureful piece on Scritti Politti in their next issue — and otherwise, it's a good laugh.

Performance Art is gonna be big — remember, you read it first here.

A more interesting note to finish on is *State Research.* A small format, professional bi-monthly, *State* deals with every state repressed mechanism and information under the sun, and the Ministry of Intelligence. A rivetting read — as one would say on *Read All About It* — taking you from Special Branch surveillance to telephone tapping.

The writing is neither stuffy nor scaremongery (all the information is supposed to be available to the public anyway). A paranoid's *Which.*

Is there a bug in you local jukebox?

IAN PENMAN

Archive Fun

ARE FRIENDS eccentric? Once again we open *NME* files and hold up a famous celebrity to public ridicule and shame.

You gotta admit this frightful face is vaguely familiar. So who is this rubber-lipped angry young man about to bite the head off the microphone?

Tubeway Army ticket collector Gary Numan before he stumbled upon Bowie's make-up kit? Tom Robinson before he had his locks permed? Mick Jagger's little-known twin brother Eric?

Stand up (if you can), George Melly — bawdy blues singer, noted film critic, TV personality, former surrealist, acknowledged autobiographer and jolly good egg — revolting into style during the gay daze of the '50s.

THE INVADERS and fan: "Pursey just thought we'd sell records." Pic:Chris Horler

What's A Band Like You Doing On A Label Like This?

"WE WERE *ultimately* naive", Howard Wilson reflects — while I compute the number of bands I've heard whistle this selfsame tune recently.

Since they formed a year back in Bradford, what with managerial pressures, a line-up change, and the dubious joys of riding pillion with JP Productions, The Invaders have had their share of duff dealings.

Resilient to a man, they've emerged unshaken as one of the most absorbing, competent bands currently making waves on the pub circuit.

They play sensitive, invariably catchy pop music, but carefully check its sentiment with a sinister, hard-edged rock tone. They're a band in the sense that they integrate perfectly as a unit, which gives them the flexibility to create a whole range of moods without having to resort to the thoughtless dischords and garbled time signatures that have lately served to identify 'modern pop'.

And also — the shame of it! — they can actually play their instruments. Such rare technical skill stems from a past of doing time with the various local jazz/rock outfits that were at large in '77.

For Howard their drummer, then an avid admirer of the Bruford/Hiseman school, it gradually dawned that something was severely out of order.

"It became more important to have a band that sounded like a band and not just a complete mess. It was good to get down to playing songs with feeling, instead of going up on stage and showing how clever you were."

Slavko 'Sid' Sidelnik, a Bradford native of Ukranian blood, was also inspired by the early punk packages that were starting to ransack the metropolis. He enlisted Howard, bassist Martyn Taylor, and after road-testing a guitarist, chose Phil Manchester to play keyboards and called it The Invaders.

The first move was to get shot of home territory, which — by all accounts — is hardly the Fun City of The Midlands.

"We had to move out of Bradford to be able to play there really," explains a disparaging Sid. "You find that in most provinces if people are told by the press that something's good, they'll probably get into it. So we had to prove that we could play in London before we started to get accepted. In places like York and Sheffield you get a lot of bands who have a good following, but Bradford's super-critical, you know, still heavily into bondage gear — knees-tied-together-with-a-shoelace jobs."

Last summer they scraped a support slot with The Rezillos which suitably impressed Sham's tour manager, Tony Newman, and a demo tape found its way through to Jimmy Pursey. Pursey was knocked out, signed The Invaders to his newly-formed JP Productions, and shortly launched them on the Pursey Package Tour with their loveable labelmates The Angelic Upstarts.

I hardly need mention that it seemed like the kiss of death.

"If we'd been an Upstarts or Sham-styled band", admits Howard, "then it would have been a different thing altogether. That's what made it so awful on that tour. It was just a mismatch and there was nothing we could do about it.

"We were doing a slightly more commercial thing than the Upstarts, and their aggressive approach — which was naturally winning over the punk audiences — started coming over to us. So by the end we were really influenced by it, and were putting over our music far more aggressively, which was completely false."

Sid adds: "A lot of people I've met think that if your associated with Jimmy Pursey then you're either a heavy punk or a trouble maker or something. So in that respect the tour did us harm. But it also did us good as it gave us an opportunity to analise ourselves. At the time when we signed up with JP we were experimenting a lot and I think possibly we fell into the trap of being a bit pretentious. We were trying too hard to be different."

Sid lets drop the faintly stunning fact that, although he mixes their master tapes, Pursey has never seen the band perform. Had they ever asked him for a reason?

"Yeah," says Sid, "I asked him once, and he said 'cos I know what you'll be like."

Howard explains: "He'd already made his mind up that we'd be a very poor live band. He just thought we could sell records. It's turned the other way now — The Angelics are selling records, and we've become a really tight live band."

"He said we'd *got* to do some press and talk about *relevant* things, and that I should start writing songs about computers — you know, anti-this, anti-that, social comment, intrigue — and, basically, all I used to write about was relationships and things like that. We were naive enough to actually take this seriously."

It's proof enough that Sid did actually pen a contemporary classic entitled 'Computer Executioners', which he sums up curtly as "a complete load of bollocks" and has since sunk without trace. "I'm not a crusader," he adds, "I'm just an observer. I observe situations; I can't give solutions to people."

He attributes much of the intensity of his lyrics to the fact that at the time he was writing them the band were under a lot of outside pressure. He admits, 'I'm always aware of pressure, possibly because I welcome it."

If nothing else, the band's clarity of direction more than compensates for the insecurities of their JP signing.

"There's a lot of stories going round about JP packing up, and we're just hanging around really, and seeing what happens. If JP winds up then they'll have to get the money back that they laid out on us; if it doesn't wind up, we'll be the only band left on the label."

Just remember, 'Girl's In Action', the single they released when the world wasn't looking, could — at this very instant — be in the clutches of your neighbourhood disc dealer.

Cheap at twice the price.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

All dates booked by Martin Hopewell Cowbell Tel No. 262 7253

PRETENDERS

NEW SINGLE
KID
AVAILABLE NOW

PRETENDERS TOUR DATES
July 9th Chester — Smartyz
July 10th Blackburn — King Georges Hall
July 12th Port Talbot — Troubadour
July 13th Sheffield University
July 14th Cromer — West Runton Pavilion
July 15th Jacksdale — Grey Topper
July 16th Purley — Mecca
July 18th Bournemouth — Village
July 19th Portsmouth — Mecca
July 20th Liverpool — Erics
July 21st Blackpool — Norbreck
July 22nd Dumfries — Stagecoach
July 23rd Edinburgh — Tiffanys
July 24th Ayr — Pavilion
July 26th Chesterfield — Fusion
July 27th Scarborough — Penthouse
July 28th Aylesbury — Friars
July 29th London — Lyceum
July 31st Norwich — St. Andrews Hall
August 1st Newport — Stowaway
August 2nd Birmingham — Barbarellas
August 3rd Newcastle — Mayfair
August 4th Manchester — Factory

NME Photo Comp Results.

OK all you hopeful young snappers. The *NME* Photography Competition results have all been taken off the juggernaut and exhaustively scrutinised by a hand-picked panel of experts. The following five lucky people will all receive a Kodak EK 100 instant camera plus films toot sweet, God and the GPO willing.

Congrats and smile please to: John Bushell, 25 Hargrave Rd., Shirley, Solihull. R. E. Baker, 71 Beresford Ave., Skegness, Lincs. Graham Duff, 1 Maple Drive, South Wooton, King's Lynn, Norfolk. Trevor Heaton, Digbyhall, Stoughton Drive South, Leicester. Robert Hudson, 78 Wrosk Rd., Bradford, Yorks.

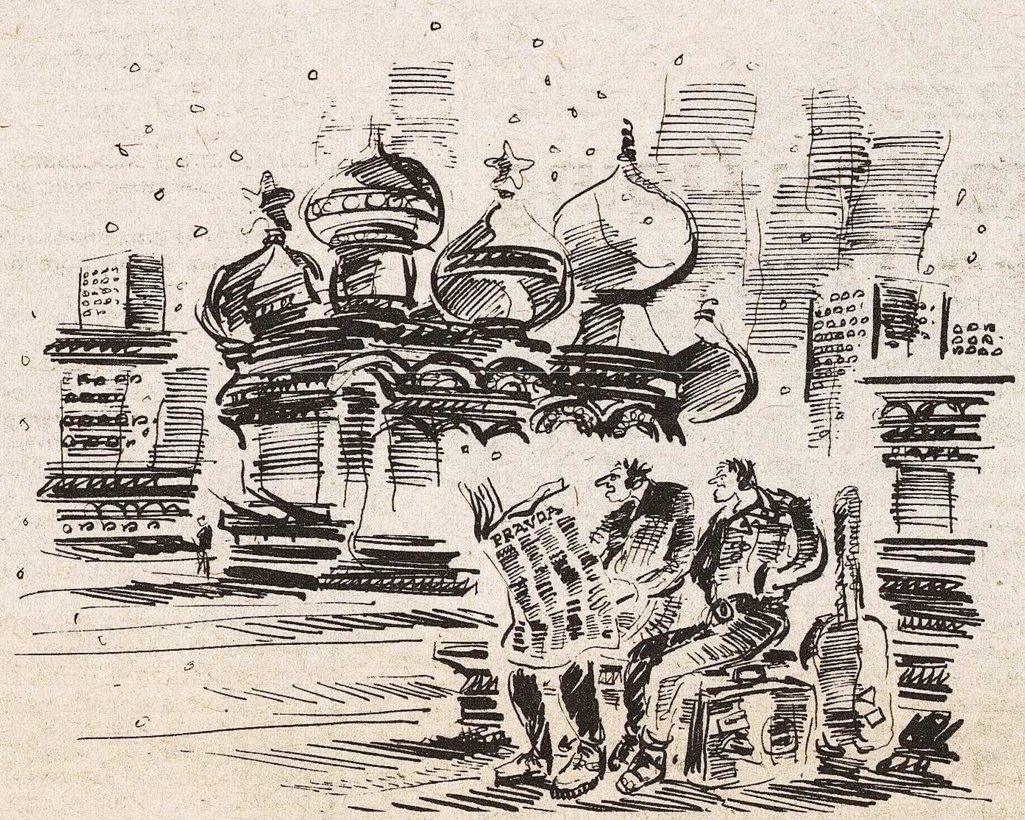
Sex Pistols at dawn? Whisked hither by reader Ian Ramsell. (From 'Wes Slade', Sunday Express 24/6/79.

MEMBERS HAD TO RADIO FOR HELP

IT was a busy day for the I

That'll teach them to go off shore banking. From Eggy, Stapleford, Notts.

LOWRY



"It says here that rock and roll is a degenerate and debased cacophony perpetrated by feeble-minded illiterates and parasites on the body of the State. They're just a bit kinder than the British music press.

THE RADIATORS

Let's talk about the weather

Production and String Arr. Tony Visconti

An excerpt from the album Ghostown
Cat. No. CWK 3003

And
Special double feature
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Try and stop me

Chiswick
CHIS 113

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The JAGS

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Back Of My Hand
Double Vision

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What Can I Do?

4-TRACK 12" EP
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LEAVING THE SEVENTIES BEHIND

Tea break.

Coke adds life.
REGD. TRADE MARK

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"COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY THE SAME PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

The Congregation Wore Pink

"GIMME a 'G' " — "GEEE!!!", "Gimme an 'A' " — "AAAY.....", "Gimme a 'Y' " — "WHYYY!!"

"What's that spell?" — "GAAAY!!!"

"What is 'GAY'?" — "GOOD!!!"

"What else is 'GAY'?" — "ANGRY!!!"

" 'Ere", shouted the old dear at the bus queue, "Are you lot Liberals?".

An estimated 6,000 Gay persons paraded through Central London last Saturday in a 2½ mile trek from the Temple to Hyde Park.

They were celebrating the end of the first Gay Pride Week in the U.K., which included numerous gay meetings and fringe events. Significantly, this year is also the tenth anniversary of the infamous Stonewall riots in New York, in which Gays first asserted their strength en masse by fighting police harrassment.

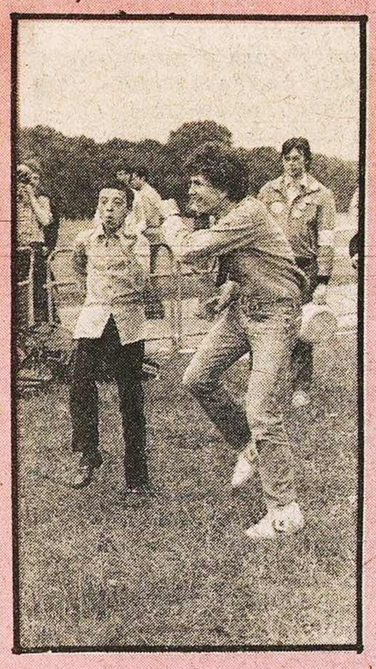
The GPW committee expected the largest ever gathering of Gays in Europe and though the turnout was nowhere near the 10,000 predicted virtually every gay-related group from Brighton to Aberdeen (who incidentally brought a gay bagpiper) turned out, including nationwide branches of CHE (Campaign for Homosexual Equality), Women Against Rape, The National Union of Journalists(!) and the more esoteric Gay Vegetarians.

T-shirts declared 'Sodom Today, Gomorrah Tomorrow'

All the nice boys love a soldier.

All pix: Mike Laye

Tom Robinson and friend do the Hyde Park skank.



and 'I am one of the people my parents warned me against.' Toddlers too young to know the difference were festooned with Gay Pride stickers. Placards ranged from the predictable 'Glad to be Gay' to the ingenious 'Get Your Filthy Laws Off My Body'. The predominant colour was pink; the GPW badges, the pink triangle for Gays against Fascism (the Nazi symbol for homosexuals, as dreaded as the yellow star) and even magenta-headed punks.

At 1.30 the show hit the road, Metropolitan Police leading the way, escorting the procession on both sides at every few yards.

There was a Gay Roller Disco float, the Brixton faeries (who'd presented 'Minehead Revisited' a gay version of the Thorpe case), and a Zupper Magazine float bedecked with Village People lookalikes singing 'Y.M.C.A.' and 'Yes We Are Homosexuals' to the tune of 'Yes We Have No Bananas'.

Gays & Gals have fun.

The tail end of the procession, separated by traffic, reached the park later than expected and the break-up was symbolic of the petty quarrelling that was to mar the initial Gay solidarity.

The main bone of contention was Tom Robinson's co-presenter, Polly Perkins, a brusque blonde. Dressed in 'tarty' satin shorts and sequinned decollete waistcoat, she quickly alienated drably attired lesbians stage front who were so incensed by her 'sexist image, straight out of male pornography' and her latest single whose chorus ran, 'I Love girls with hairy armpits and legs', that they lodged a formal complaint onstage.

Then Ova, 'two lesbian women who have chosen to stay out of the commercial, patriarchal, sexist music industry', took to the stage. Listening to their propogandist lyrics, and competent guitar/clarinet, I couldn't imagine them ever having been in a position to 'choose' (*Bitch!* Thrills Ed.)

Soon, it was confirmed that New York Disco Queen Sylvester wasn't available, a great pity since transexuals, still a minority amongst gays, were hardly represented. His flamboyant wit would've been a welcome respite from the prevailing lack of humour.

Kokomo testify.

That left Kokomo with twenty minutes to get everybody to their feet, which they accomplished with Sister Sledge's 'We Are Family'. They sizzled until the plugs were literally pulled out at six.

Tom never got the chance to perform himself though his mere presence showed that it's possible to be Gay, militant, proud and keep your sense of humour. Sadly, he conceded that not much had changed in ten years. He's not about to give up.

But, there was no organised opposition and now the Law is on their side. As Tom put it, 'We'd like to thank the enormous number of gay policemen who turned up.'

ELISSA VAN POZNAK

THRILLS

Horrible But True Dept.

SOME things are as regular as clockwork. Wimbledon, bread shortages, that rotten two hour Fiat ad, the Monday Morning visit of Jock MacDonald and assorted punks into hectic press day *NME*. Usually he'll strafe the collective ears with news of some unlikely event and leave it with us to see what happens. This Monday, however, the pressing Scot wasn't hustling, he was quite ashen faced infact.

"Listen," he said not even entering the office, "I know you think I'm here to chew your ears but something important has gone down . . ."

Waiting to be confronted with yet another 'Punk Olympics' MacDonald in fact surprised us all by relating a tale of some substance. List.

It appears that down in Kings Cross, the natives have been granted a collective permit for the cull of all 'out of line' citizens, a canopy which covers those of dyed hair and zipper leanings. Following their appearance on the *Thames at Six* London magazine programme, a group of punks were spotlighted as harassed squatters at the premises they occupied in the said area. They ran through the hardships which their appearance can still bring upon themselves and this, apparently, fell upon the deaf ears of their 'neighbours'.

On the day after the broadcast their house was attacked. The clutch of punks present claim that almost forty 'straight looking' blokes forced their way into the home, axeing down locked doors and assaulting all inside with an array of tools from iron bars to hammers and screwdrivers. Neither sex was spared the ordeal, a pregnant girl, allegedly, being kicked in the crutch and hospitalised. In all seventeen found their way to Emergency Ward Ten; the collection of broken arms, busted faces and damaged flesh visible on the gathering that came to Carnaby Street suggest that the story is horribly true.

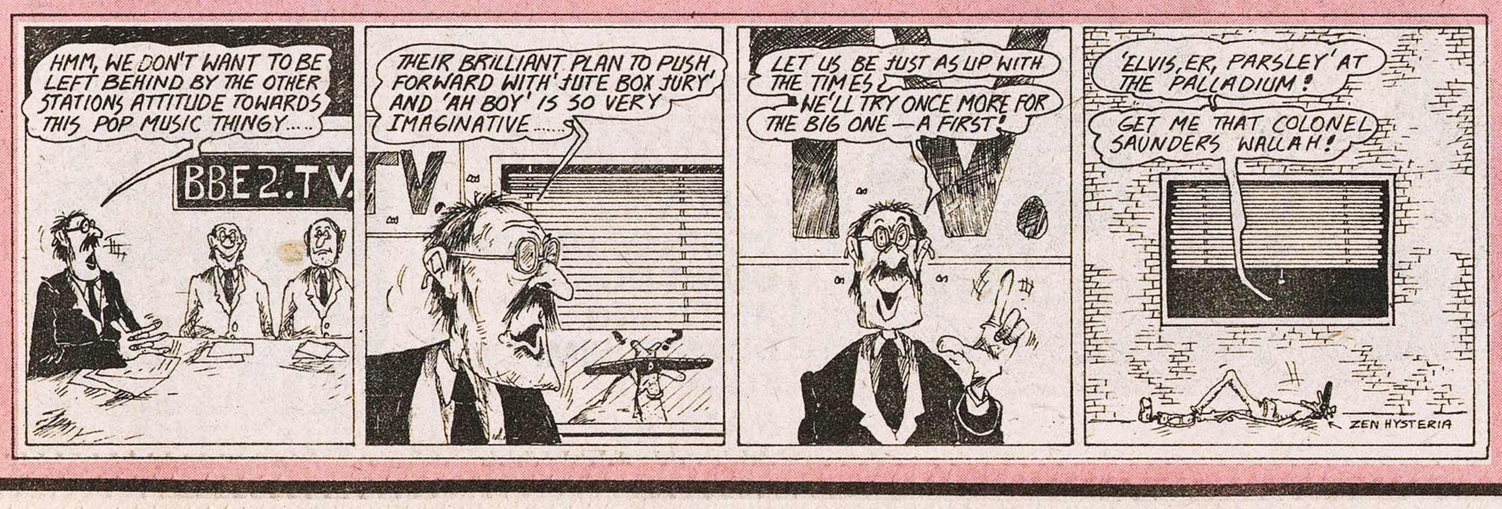
The crew were off to register an official complaint of ABH and GBH with the police, MacDonald was less than hopeful of action.

"I wanna see if they'll help us nail these lunatics, but if I get nothing . . . well there's a lot of Scots in London . . ."

JOHN LAW

THRILLS

— The Lone Groover — Benyon —



THE BIGGEST gay celebration ever seen outside the USA takes place in Britain next week: Gay Pride Wee 1979.

Among the hundreds of events planned in London and elsewhere, Tom Robinson is set to play five nights at the Collegiate Theatre, and

Quite a piss up we hear. Spotted (gulp) by Dave James, Wembley, in his NME. *We all make mistakes.*

If you would like to help or have further information, write to:- Nicholas Lowe, Appeals Director, Dr Barnardo's, Tanners Lane, Barkingside, Ilford, Essex.

From a crisp packet
Ta to the Sandoe Twins, Dave Edmunds, Jake Riviera and the rest of you crisp eating fiends. Munch, munch.

REG KIHN BAND
REG KIHN BAND
REG KIHN BAND
NEW ALBUM
WITH THE
NAKED EYE
THE SINGLE
MOULIN ROUGE

Boarding "Home of the Hits"

The Parka's on set Pic: Mike Laye

Gosh, '65 already!

WHILE filming in Battersea for 20th Century Fox, this weekend, The Merton Parka's ran into some bad luck with the law. *Comin' Out,* an hour long B feature film is about London Youth, and The Merton Parka's are included as part of the Mod contingent.

The Parka's star part revolves around their new single, 'You Need Wheels', a film of their Saturday night gig at The Wellington, plus a short clip of them on Lambrettas, which was when the trouble began.

The famous four, seated on two '60s scooters, met with disapproval from the police for riding around Battersea without helmets, insurance and licence, following a red Chevrolet Convertible.

Comin' Out will accompany *The Alien* on general release from September 6, opening at Leicester Square. It will feature changes in the past London scene, and what is going on now; it hopes to show that the smoke is not 'dead and forgotten'.

Comin' Out also includes roller disco, 'Wild West Night' at The Embassy disco, and 'Come As Your Favourite Blonde Night' at The Blitz nightclub. The soundtrack includes some familiar Ian Dury, some disco music, and a short commentary on respective scenes.

ADELE-MARIE CHERRESON

THRILLS

No Censorship Please — We're British

THANKS a lot Christopher Columbus! Wipe that smirk off pronto Leif Erickson! Trembling in righteous wrath *Thrills* holds up before your eyes the missive known as a Van Halen Photograph Approval Letter. This dastardly and insolent document, seeks to censor the lawful business activities of the much put upon rock (and roll) photographer. Before a pix person can submit his or her work to their publication they are presented with this absurd legal banter and requested to sign on the line.

The letter details the conditions under which the photographer must work, for example: "Any and all photographs taken by me shall be presented to you (Van Halen Productions c/o Noel Monk, 6565 Sunset Boulevard, LA, California) for your review and approval". Or try this: "I agree to comply with all requests made . . . to cooperate fully with you so as not to interfere with your concert or other activities" (sic).

The gist of this is that the photographer can only submit one shot to be used once only in any one publication. Or else? "I agree that the privileges granted to me may be revoked by you at any time. Since it is impractical or impossible to calculate the damages which a breach by me would cause you, I agree that in the event of any breach by me of any of the foregoing provisions, you shall be entitled to liquidated damages in the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars ($100,000.00)."

We don't know whether American photographers put up with this sort of thing, but *NME* photographers certainly don't. Back to Hollywood, boys.

F. STOP FITZGERALD

VAN HALEN PHOTOGRAPH APPROVAL LETTER

Dated: June 25th, 1979

Van Halen Productions
c/o Noel Monk
6565 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90028

Gentlemen:

You have granted me permission to photograph individual members of the group Van Halen in certain specified concert and/or other circumstances. In return for you granting me such permission, I hereby agree to the following legally binding terms and conditions:

1. Any and all photographs taken by me shall be presented to you for your review and approval. Provided that you in your sole discretion approve any of the photographs, the approved photograph(s) may be utilized by me for the sole purpose indicated below and no other commercial or non-commercial purposes whatsoever. One picture only may be used one time only in the following publication: NME

2. Under no circumstances shall I authorize or permit the use of any photograph taken by me for any merchandising or other commercial purposes.

3. I agree to comply with all requests made or directions given by your representatives and to cooperate fully with you so as not to interfere with your concert or other activities.

4. Duplicate or original negatives of all photographs taken by me shall be promptly forwarded to the following address and may be utilized for promotional use without restriction: Ms. Annie Shand, Warner Bros. Records, 4000 Warner Boulevard, Burbank, California 91522.

Late news from the Hard Rock Cafe

ONE of the latest leading lights on the West Coast scene is Jim Carroll, the author of three volumes of street verse, one of which, *Living In The Movies,* was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize (didn't win, though).

His most recent book, *Basketball Diaries,* has been likened to an American *Thieves Journal* (J. P. Genet).

Now Carroll has thrown his hat into the rock 'n' roll ring by forming a band in San Francisco. And he and Patti Smith seem to have formed a mutual admiration society since playing a show together last year in San Diego — a gig Jim secured when Ms Smith chucked Southern boogie rocker Les Dudek off her tour because one of Dudek's roadies had slugged one of hers (who also happened to be her ill-fated little brother Todd, victim of the infamous Squid Vicious episode).

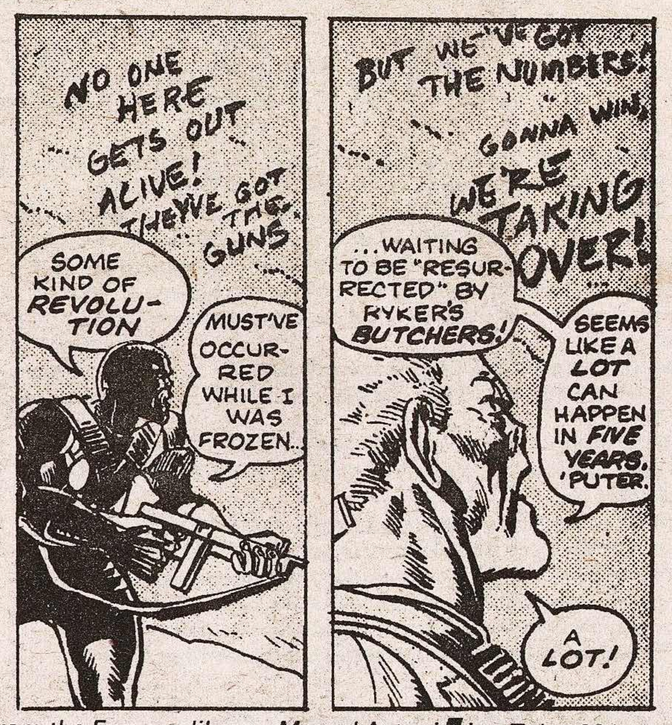
Patti and Lenny Kaye accompanied Carroll, and Smith was reported as saying it was 'the thrill of her life' (some people are easily amused).

Patti probably wasn't so pleased that Keith Richard, guitarist of this parish, was equally impressed by the poet and promptly signed him to Rolling Stones Records (the Smith/Stones relationship is not one of life's great romances).

And Carroll's part in all this? So far he's opened for West Coast punky things The Readymades and French punques Shakin Street. It's said he's a lot like Jim Morrison — believe that when we see it, Jack.

JIM MORRISON

And Finally . . .



From the Furnace library, Marvel Astonishing Tales 28, Deathlok The Demolisher sights up graffiti left by The Lizard King. Spotted by reader Steve Masters of Bournemouth.

THE END

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Naturally, it has everything you want from your first machine. Meaty good looks. Performance to match from its tough 4-stroke single engine. A quiet, supple ride that's surprisingly smooth. Low insurance rates. And no-deposit terms (through 'The Associates') that can include insurance and any accessories you may want. Plus off-road excitement.

Choose a notch on the XL100S five speed box, wind up the revs and there's an eager thrust that hurries you over the rough stuff. Rugged suspension keeps your back wheel at work on the ground, over boulders and hollows. As it bites into the dirt, you build up the torque and the hilltops race rapidly nearer.

Try it once, and you and your XL100S will probably spend most of your time out in the country.

Because the XL100S can show you there's more to riding than you'll find out on the streets.

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STUDENTS!!

FEELING 2 DEGREES UNDER? DON'T DO ANYTHING DRASTIC SIMPLY TURN TO PAGE 65

THE DONKEYS DEBUT SINGLE WHAT I WANT FOUR LETTERS OUT NOW! RIVESUS

LOWELL GEORGE DIES AT 34

IT WAS cruelly ironic that Lowell George, former leader of Little Feat, should die, aged 34, in the Twin Bridges Hotel, Marriott, Arlington, Virginia, across the river from the only town in America that embraced his talent.

The night before he died, George performed before a standing room only crowd at the Lissner Auditorium in Washington. It was the first time he'd been back there since Little Feat split up two months ago.

Observers said the performance was a great success, better in many respects than the recent Little Feat shows.

George had grown extremely fat, partially as a result of the debilitating hepatitis that laid him low for much of last year, he probably weighed close to 300 lbs. The nights of the Lissner show he wore his ubiquitous white overalls and one fan said that he seemed to have a dangerous amount of energy for a man of his size and health record, performing for ninety minutes and an unusually long encore.

George was officially pronounced dead on arrival at Arlington Park Hospital at 1.10 pm Friday afternoon. The circumstances behind his demise are coloured by inconsistencies. Marion Perkins, Warner Brothers spokesperson, said that he died of a heart attack. A spokesperson for Arlington County Police affirmed this but Arlington County Hospital officials and at least one other police official said the cause of death was not known.

The body was white-lipped and the bluishness around the eyes, observers said, were consistent with post mortem symptoms of a drug overdose.

One police official said that was why an autopsy was being ordered while officer Mark Nell, the policeman who responded to the call, said that the reason an autopsy was called was because of George's age.

Found Dead In Hotel Room Report: JEFF HAYS

Nell, the officer who filed the report on George's death, said that the case was strictly routine. He continued, "I did not find any drugs and there was no evidence that the room had been cleared of drugs either." There was no sign of any blood or foul play he said in his report.

A post mortem report later stated that heart failure was the cause of death.

According to Perkins, George had complained of chest pains after Thursday's show and again on Friday morning. "Around 10 am," she said, "George's wife called road manager Gene Bano to their room after George complained of breathing problems. When the singer/songwriter said that he was feeling better his wife and Bano left the room to get some breakfast.

Hotel officials said Mrs George returned from breakfast with her two children some time after 11 am to find George lying unconscious on the bed. She called the main desk saying that her husband was very sick. A rescue squad of police were despatched and a Hotel Engineer, certified in first aid, was sent to George's room to offer immediate assistance.

The engineer said that by the time he arrived George had stopped breathing. He tried to administer mouth to mouth rescuscitation but "it was no use he had been dead for a while."

Arlington County Rescue Squad's No. 75 arrived shortly afterwards. According to one of their officials they tried administering cardiac respiration but it was futile. The Squad officer in charge said George had been dead for at least 45 minutes and maybe two hours. this contradicted Mrs George's report to the police that said he had been dead for ten minutes *before* the squad arrived.

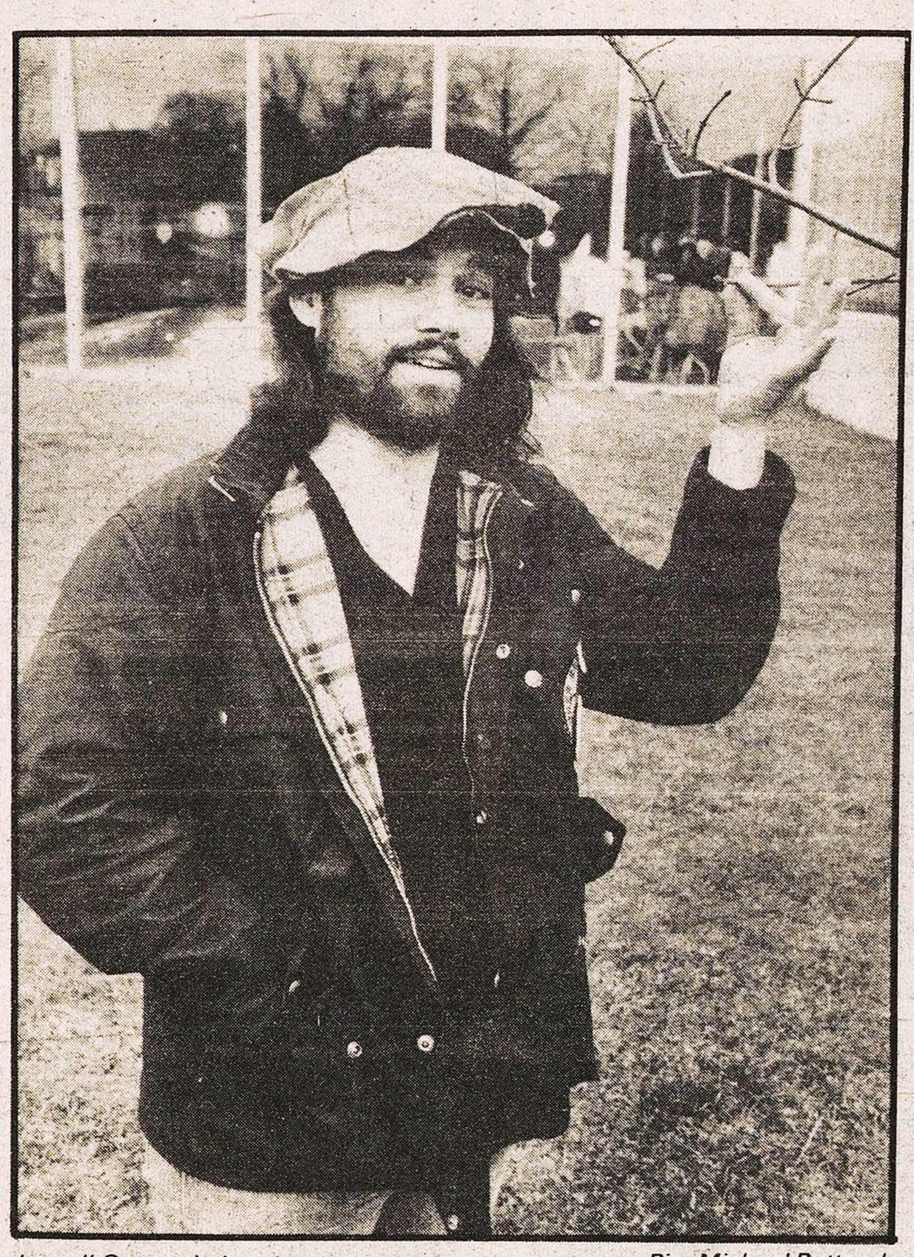
A full obituary follows next week.

Bano was present in the room with Mrs George when the police arrived, Nell said, along with the Rescue Squad and the Hotel Engineer. Nell said that he did not ask many questions because Mrs George and Bano looked "very distressed".

It is not clear what George did after the show. One hotel official said that some members of the band were partying until seven the next morning but a waiter who brought food up to George's room said there was nothing peculiar happening there. "They didn't even order any drinks; Mr George asked me where the game room was and that was it."

The next morning a maid accidentally walked into George's room around 10 am to clean the room. Her employers said she saw George's body curled on the bed and was immediately told to leave by George's wife, who said that her husband was sick.

The most baffling question is the presence of drugs on the morning of George's death. Rescue Squad officials and police said that they found *no* evidence of drugs but the engineer who was supposedly the first person other than Mrs George and Bano to enter the room said that he saw a "Large phial of white powder about one half the size of a tennis ball cannister which was practically empty." He also said that there were about four or five containers of prescription drugs all of which were out in the open but none of which were present when police arrived minutes later. The engineer said that he left the room once before police arrived and another hotel employee said that in his absence there was a flurry of activity in George's room prior to the police's arrival with "Lots of people walking in and out of his room."



Lowell George in London 1975. *Pic: Michael Puttend.*

Band members, family and friends checked out of the Twin Bridges Hotel at 6.30 pm Friday hopping on a bus that was headed back to LA — the band's home town.

Lowell George was cremated in Washington DC on 2nd July, 1979. His ashes were flown to Los Angeles and, in accordance with George's wishes, his mother, wife and children will scatter them into the ocean from a fishing boat.

Lowell George is succeeded by his wife Elizabeth, three sons, Jed, Forrest and Luke, and a daughter, Inara.

TRY A 'DROP' THIS SUMMER

PIX PICKFORD

LONG DROP

C/W KATY. UP 36536

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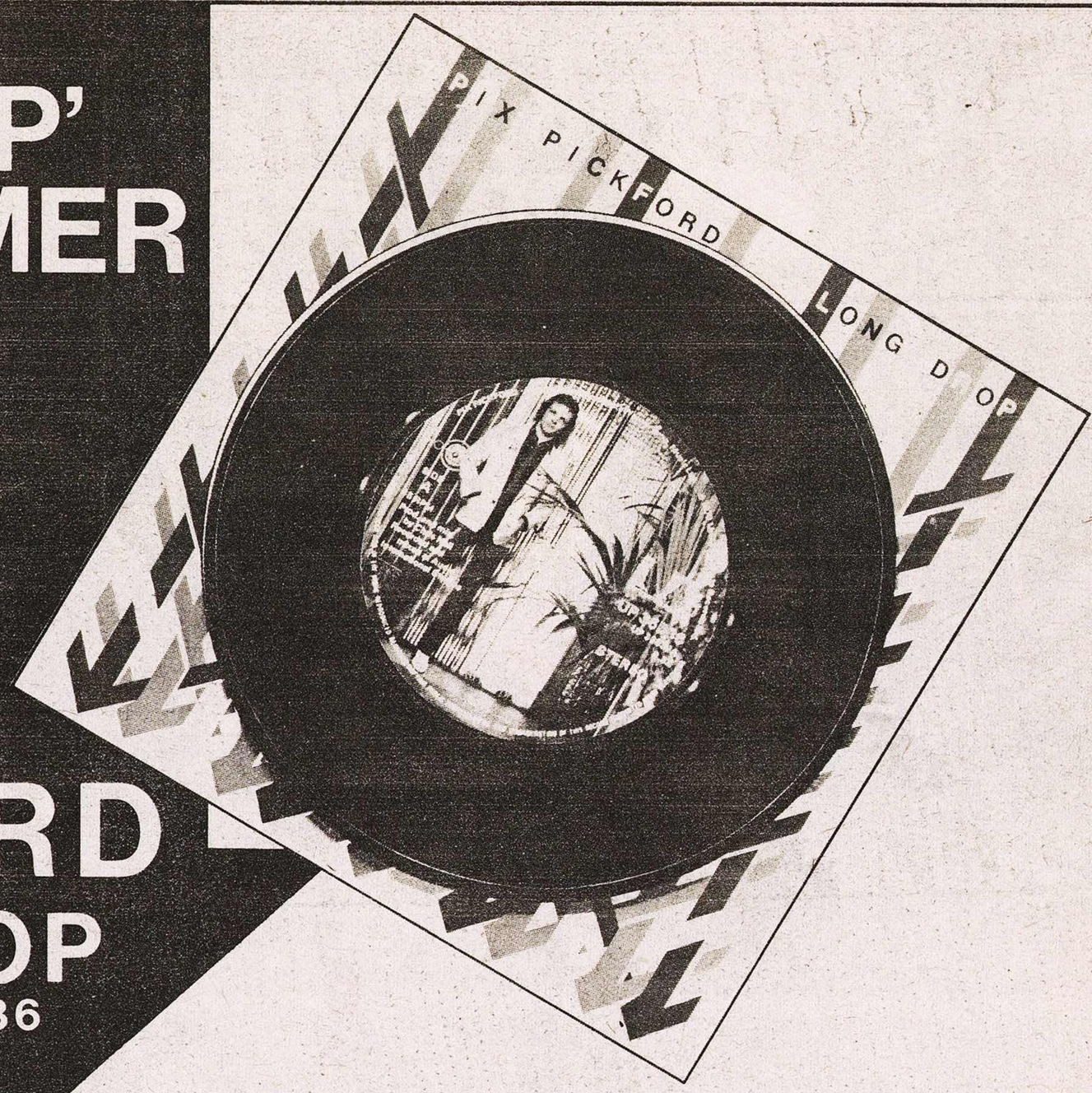

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19th LEEDS Fanclub
20th EDINBURGH Clouds
21st MANCHESTER The Factory
22nd BRADFORD Royal Standard
23rd CHESTER Smartyz
25th YORK Pop Club
26th LIVERPOOL Erics
27th NEWCASTLE Mayfair
28th MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden
29th JACKSDALE Gray Topper
30th SWANSEA Circles

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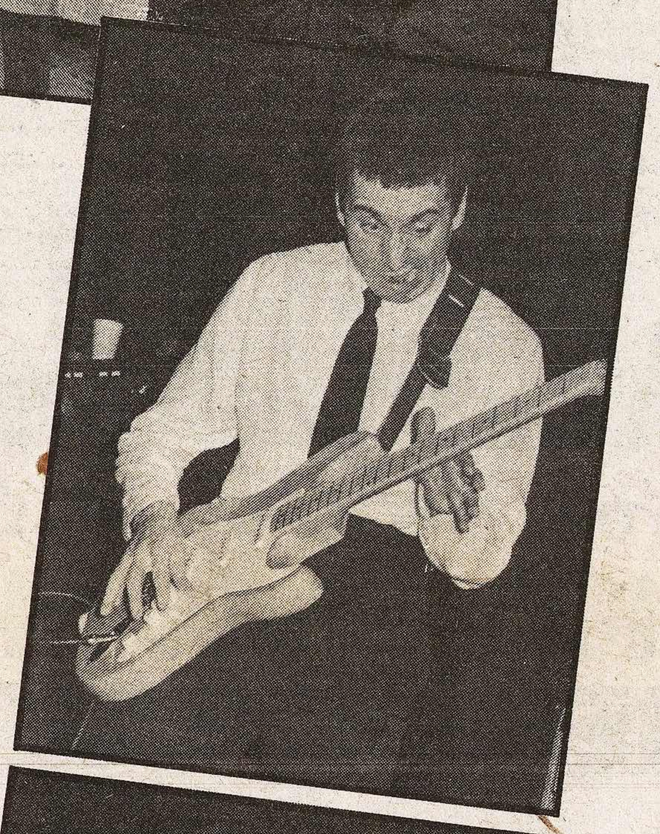
2nd PORT TALBOT Troubador
3rd NEWPORT,SHROPSHIRE The Village
4th NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper
5th LONDON LYCEUM

Tour presented by the MAM agency 01-6299255

Reluctant rock stars: a nation in crisis

PAUL RAMBALI looks at the young people the Social Services have failed. The kids who must face the ever-present threat of Fame, the horror of making Big Money, the whole nightmare web of Success. Our case history: WIRE. Read it and write to your MP today.



A youngster breaks under the strain. Pic: George Bodnar

THIS STORY began in a van with the speedo juddering at a steady 50 and the pitiless countryside of East Germany rushing past the invisible walls of a road known as the Berlin Corridor — one of three arterial links with the estranged German capital and a place where the strain between East and West can be most brutally felt.

The road services the day-to-day traffic of rural East Germany as well as the round-the-clock consumptive needs of Europe's richest citizens per capita.

Ostentation rubs fenders with imposed austerity. The passengers of fast, gleaming S-class Mercedes and the passengers of rusty old Ladas peer out in mute contemplation of each other's fate.

But that is of no urgent concern to the passengers of the tour bus, a band called Wire, on their way back home after the last of a string of European dates supporting the not yet quite re-made Roxy Music, and their guest, someone who's followed their — let's call it progress — these last two years in intitial wonder and subsequent confusion.

Wire aren't an easy band to like all the time. Their obstinate pursuit of their equally obstinate course has earned them at least as many detractors as fans.

And, par for the course, their allegiance to the unconventional has invoked the suspicion of those whose views are so blinkered that the moment something exceeds the boundaries it's instantly feared and scorned.

By virtue of their position — one of the original so-called Roxy bands and, ATV aside, the first punk band to actually try to stick to the letter of the credo as propagated by Rotten and Perry — Wire were the case in point when it came to the debate between Modernity (preferably spelt with an 'e') and Rock And Roll (preferably spoken with a working class accent).

Square off and take sides in this absurd war of rock ideologies if you must but the test of any music is simple: does it move you? It doesn't fundamentally matter how, or where, or why, so long as it *does*. And to deny the validity of something because it happens not to conform with your idea of what is valid is a hideous conceit. Just because it doesn't sound like rock 'n' roll doesn't mean it isn't. And just because it sounds like rock 'n' roll doesn't mean it is.

So Wire don't sound (much) like rock 'n' roll. This is a fact. They try to do something fresh and different, mostly for the sake of it, though they wouldn't put it so bluntly; and, because emulating what had gone before didn't present an especially exciting or even interesting prospect.

At the time they couldn't really play anyway.

So ... Wire sound like Wire through a mixture of boredom and circumstance.

I remember many hours spent at Wire gigs in the later part of '77 after their debut *album* (not single, as was and is the convention) 'Pink Flag' had won the awe of the press and began to attract an audience other than regular scene-makers and early devotees. Wire's sound was then very bare and terse; just the bones of structure and the skin of melody.

The building blocks of what's known as the live set had been completely re-arranged, the standard pattern subverted. The sum effect of which was a marvellous dismay amongst audiences as they had to respond on instinct rather than by rote.

Sometimes it worked. Sometimes it didn't. Wire's ambitions can sometimes cause them to fall on their face.

"BUT WE don't say: 'Aha! This'll fuck 'em up. Let's do it like this'. It's a little bit deliberate, but in another way it just feels that it should be like that."

Colin Newman sings, plays guitar and writes songs with Graham Lewis, the bass player, and B. C. Gilbert, the guitarist, who is almost but not quite as silent and stoic as Robert Gotobed, the drummer.

(Bruce Gilbert's behaviour gives the other members of Wire cause to believe that theirs is not a band at all but "a wildlife safari park for rhythm guitarists".)

Colin wears the same expression off-stage as on: a look of permanent boredom underscored by a slight but ever-present doubting smirk. Along with the assertive and sometimes haughty Graham, he does most of the talking. This is him talking now ...

"It's almost impossible to talk about what we do. It's there. It's there on record and on stage. We make as much of an attempt as we possibly can to be as honest in as many aspects as humanly possible."

Not an eyebrow raised in the tour bus. I checked while Graham Lewis picked up the thread.

"Everybody tries to be honest about it rather than trying to overly exaggerate, because that's when the parody sets in. I dunno ... by being ourselves, which is trying not to degenerate into parody, maybe people think it is a parody."

Let's just say some aspects of what you do — your aloofness on stage, for example — have been taken as a contrived gesture to appear different.

"Well that's ... You can't avoid that. Okay, so what is it? Being honest is ..."

... Being natural is the biggest pose of all — that's roughly the gist. It's an utterly fatuous remark, as we both well know, but not one without appeal to the sardonic Lewis nature. He considers for a second the implications ...

"It really pisses people off, doesn't it?" He laughs. "But it's always the case that there tends to be a certain scepticism towards what doesn't conform. If people don't fully understand what's going on then they would rather dislike it."

How true. Just look at the reception disco gets.

"Or if not dislike it," adds Colin, moving from the general to the specific case of Wire, then they tend to be blase about it by saying, 'Oh, we knew they would do that, they always do.' We don't tear our hair out in rooms trying desperately to think of some new departure we could make. Things just evolve ..."

But the things that distinguished Wire at the outset are now the things that conspire against them. Wire's music has changed a lot in two years, yet the picture of Wire bandied about is still the cold, grey, obfuscating one. A cliche.

"We know them all," mutters Colin. And on cue they recite the litany.

"Bleak."

"Morbid."

"Mesmerising."

"Often we find that people come to talk to us and they've already decided," rues Graham. "They know what they're going to write without even bothering to ask us ... Could you not say we were jolly? We're happy and jolly. We're nice people. And that ..."

You fart a lot, perhaps? Graham loses the last round of the fight to keep his face straight in this patently ludicrous position.

THE POTTED Wire biography reads very plainly. School. Art school. A restless post grad period. Then Wire. Though all share the arts background it wasn't until Colin met Bruce at a party in South London that the group became more than a vague ambition.

Bruce was then a painter, Graham worked designing what's called High Street Fashion, Robert was involved in fringe theatre and a band called The Snakes, Colin was not gainfully employed.

Colin's impluse to introduce himself to Bruce at this party came from admiration of the latter's dress aesthetic: completely black, set off by a huge red carnation — like a Wire album cover, in fact.

When two of their songs were recorded for the 'Roxy Album' — which initiated their relationship with the then fledgeling producer Mike Thorne and thence to EMI — they'd never played live as Wire before. Thorne was captivated by them, and has since proved a crucial shaping force in their music.

He is, effectively, the fifth member, and Wire are as much a vehicle for his ideas about the perimeters of sound and performance as they are a vehicle for Graham's usually crisp and vivid lyrics and Colin's sense of supple, understated melody.

"I have this theory that the standard of pop music is very low," deadpans Colin. "And I'm here to save the world!"

"Colin of Nazareth!" Graham's mirth has yet to subside.

"Seriously. There is nothing wrong with a good pop song. And very few people seem to write them these days."

"I have very little to do with the process," demurs Graham. "He does what he does to the lyrics and I disclaim all responsibility.

"You think of the subject matter ... 'Mannequin' is a really nasty put-down of somebody. 'I Am The Fly' is, erh, about being unpleasant.

■ *Continues over page*

HERMAN BROOD IS IN A BAD MOOD

WIRE

■ *From previous page*

'Dot Dash' is about panic and roads and fog. 'Outdoor Miner' is a conglomerate of all sorts of things.

"I was listening to *Wildlife* on Radio Four one morning and somebody asked what makes the lines on a holly leaf? It turns out it's an insect called a Serpentine Miner that lives in the leaves and eats chlorophyll. I just couldn't quite comprehend what the reality of being a Serpentine Miner must be if there is a roof fall in a leaf. Well ... it's a profound thought for a beetle."

"When I listen to my singing on that I just crease up," exclaims Colin. "I should be singing she loves me and I love her and so on, but what I'm singing about is insects!

"But I couldn't just write pop songs — I'd find that really tedious. I really enjoy the fact that on, say, the last album I wrote the tunes to both 'Practise Makes Perfect' and 'Outdoor Miner' — two more disparate songs you couldn't think of."

IF WIRE are by no means a pop band, they are responsible for a brace of ace singles and assorted album tracks that could claim a pop feel — very much an Anglo pop feel though, in line with the renowned eccentric peerage that takes in, say, The Move as much as the more obvious parallels with Roxy Music, Kevin Ayers and Syd Barrett.

But Wire's music is at its most potent when conveying a concise, unusual image in musically economical, direct terms — on songs like 'Too Late', 'Fragile', 'Reuters', and on their singles.

Occasionally, but often enough to lead to criticisms of pretention, they over-reach their lyrical capacity and the image is fuzzy and fragmented, as on 'Outdoor Miner'.

"Mmm. Yeah," Graham agrees. "Oh absolutely. It's abstract."

I take it this doesn't lose them much sleep at night.

"Not at all."

Bruce breaks his silence: "I think a song should be capable of being abstract as well as literal."

"There are certain things which appeal", explains Graham. "Like when it's strong; when it makes you think of something or gives you a certain feeling.

"In one of Television's songs there's a line: *'If I ever catch that ventriloquist I'll squeeze his face into my fist'*. I don't know what that means. As such you could say it was a failure. But I just thought it was an extraordinary image.

"Or, from the same song I think, there's: *'When the darkness doubles and the men dig holes'*. It's interesting. I wanted to know why the men were digging holes. I thought about it — even though it's abstract."

I wanted to know why the hearse arrived instead of a taxi in Wire's 'Mercy'. I thought about it too. But not for long. Lyrics should have some sort of immediacy — whether what's being said is broad or concrete. But I suppose that's Wire and that's their perogative. Maybe I should start my own band ...

The low wheel hum of the road and constant whine of the engine make the conversation take drowsy turns. We touch the topic of intent.

"People say things are healthier now then they've ever been," charges Graham, suddenly animated. "But I think what's happened has just replaced what was there before. Maybe it is better, but it hasn't changed as much as people would like to think, because the whole thing's gone back to the same hierarchy, the same ego battles; getting involved in all that show-biz shit.

"Which means they're not doing what they're supposed to be doing — the reason that people gave them a mandate to be there in the first place — to do something nobody else was doing, to *try*. It didn't matter if people fucked up as long as they tried.

"And that same sort of image-building: the all-knowing rock 'n' roll star pearls of wisdom schtick. Which was what everybody was supposedly pissed off about before. They've just put people back in that self-same position and people have accepted it and it's disgusting!"

But not inevitable?

"If we didn't think there was hope we wouldn't be doing what we do because we'd be resigned to thinking that the same thing was going to happen to us."

That was two months ago. In the interim Wire recorded their new album '154' (so called because that's the number of gigs they've played so far), a measurable departure from 'Chairs Missing' as evinced by the souped up motorik of their new single 'A Question Of Degree'.

In the same interim Wire also experienced what seems to have been not really a great amount of soul searching to reach the conclusion that they were in danger of falling into the same traps that have seduced some of their contemporaries and so quickly clouded so many memories — a conclusion that would have been obvious to anyone who saw their first headlining London gig last year at the Lyceum.

After the heady, constantly surprising atmosphere of that spate of gigs mentioned earlier, the Lyceum date was the veritable pits.

Behind a battery of lights Wire's characteristic distance on stage became unbreachable. They suddenly seemed to be playing in a void; all their motions meant nothing. I saw them twice after that, shrugged, and then didn't have the heart to tell them.

THIS STORY ends with them telling me, patiently, and with a manifest look of relief on their faces.

"I went to see Roxy Music when they came into London," Graham explained. "And it was perfect. Everything ran like clockwork. Not a thing out of place. Exactly the same as the show we did with them in Europe. Perfect.

"We realised that could easily be us in a few years time. All the machinery is set up — he gesticulates around the record company office — all we'd have to do is be patient and work at it and we'd be there. We were *already* heading towards it. But that sort of existance is not what we want."

The obvious question is: how are they going to avoid it? They admit they don't yet know. That'll have to be another story.

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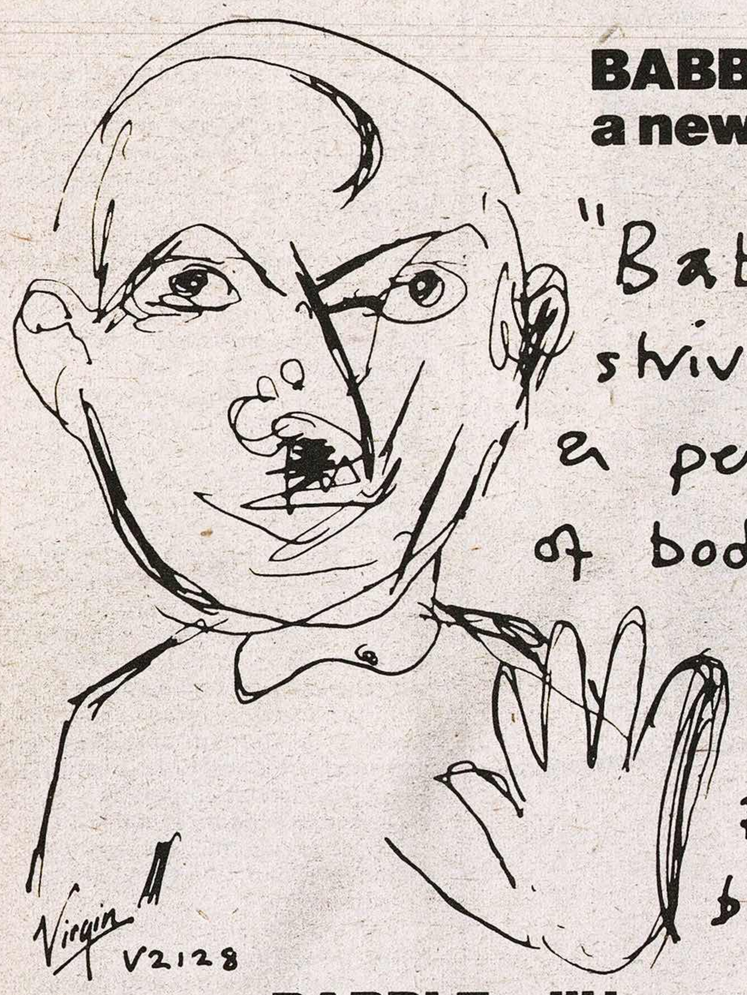

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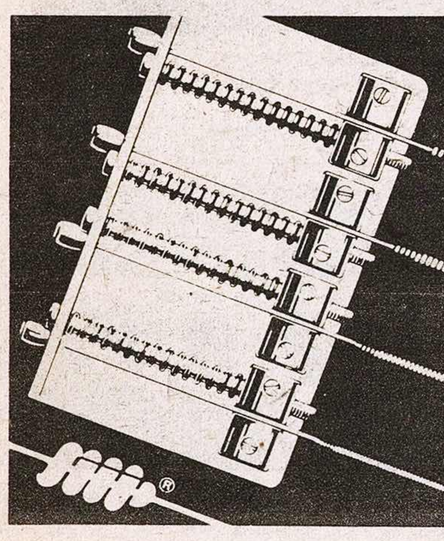

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VAN HALEN I to r: Edward Van Halen, David Roth, Mike Anthony, Alex Van Halen.

Pic: Paul Canty

VAN HALEN: Glory Or Rupture

"There's a little bit of Van Halen in all of us," claims DAVID LEE ROTH (right). "Is there a Catholic priest in the house?" cries NICK KENT

GIVE the Yanks their due: when it comes down to being straight-ahead 'dunced out' almost beyond the realms of the hyper-crass, they take the old dog-chewed-drool-distempered biscuit almost every time around the maypole.

To wit: this thing they call Van Halen.

Now, what with Aerosmith and a whole plethora of Yank surrogate combos having already made a highly lucrative career out of apeing British big-league megastar outfits who now deign to trek the Big Country only once every five years or so, it's become a long-proven formula for Stateside success simply to imitate the old megabuck archetypes and bludgeon the masses with their archly peddled, piddling hand-me-downs, while their indolent limey sources of theft are laying comatose on their laurels.

The 'official' story behind current heavy metal block-busters Van Halen is that four courageous young Yanks — each originally having been sired and raised in territories as diverse as Holland (the Van Halen brothers Edward and Alan), Chicago (bass bruiser and all-purpose human Mac Truck, one Michael Anthony), and Minneapolis (place of origin for vocalist and narcissus incarnate, David Lee Roth). These four found themselves ensconsed in the sun-kissed precinct of Southern California, and decided — each fearsome man of destiny a veritable demon with the musicial weaponery he'd chosen to wield — to form a group. A group that would, using a veritable forcefield of natural adrenalin equal only to the unfettered virtuosity of their musical brilliance, first conquer the bars and clubs of the Californian locale, and then locate a lucrative record contract with Brothers Warner gratis Mo Ostin, and vice-president and house producer Ted Templeman.

Once in the market-place, Van Halen blitzkrieged onward to go platinum with their first album (inspiringly entitled 'Van Halen 1') as well as cause mass hysteria in that second most lucrative market, Japan. With the second album — where brows were furrowed deeply in order to come up with the dazzling handle of ('deep breath')'Van Halen 2'— the world has come to face all the demonic force of Van Halen.

Ho hum, ho hum, we the cynics mutter.

ONE cynic amongst us, yours truly to be exact, would choose to proffer a perhaps more fanciful, but nevertheless more apt view of this combo's incarnation:

Four guys are sitting around, surrounded by the debris of used six-packs and reefers, listening to old Led Zeppelin albums. Suddenly one of the them — probably David Lee Roth, who has spent many a year perfecting his Robert Plant impersonation (dandyist anti-flicks of his blonde man, and the usual nancy-ish poncing about, hands on hips etc) realises that the limp Blimp haven't exactly been over-active in the last five years or so. A light bulb suddenly appears ablaze a top his mop (almost singeing his precious barnet); if the four young blood dolts therein sequested were to do a good Blimp ape-up, the bucks would shower like a veritable Indian Monsoon. After all Edward (Van Halen) looks like a dimmer, non-elegant approximation of Jimmy Page, Roth is Plant incarnate right down to the same number of hairs on the chest, and Messrs Anthony and Van Halen can be the ugly nebishes they so obviously are, so

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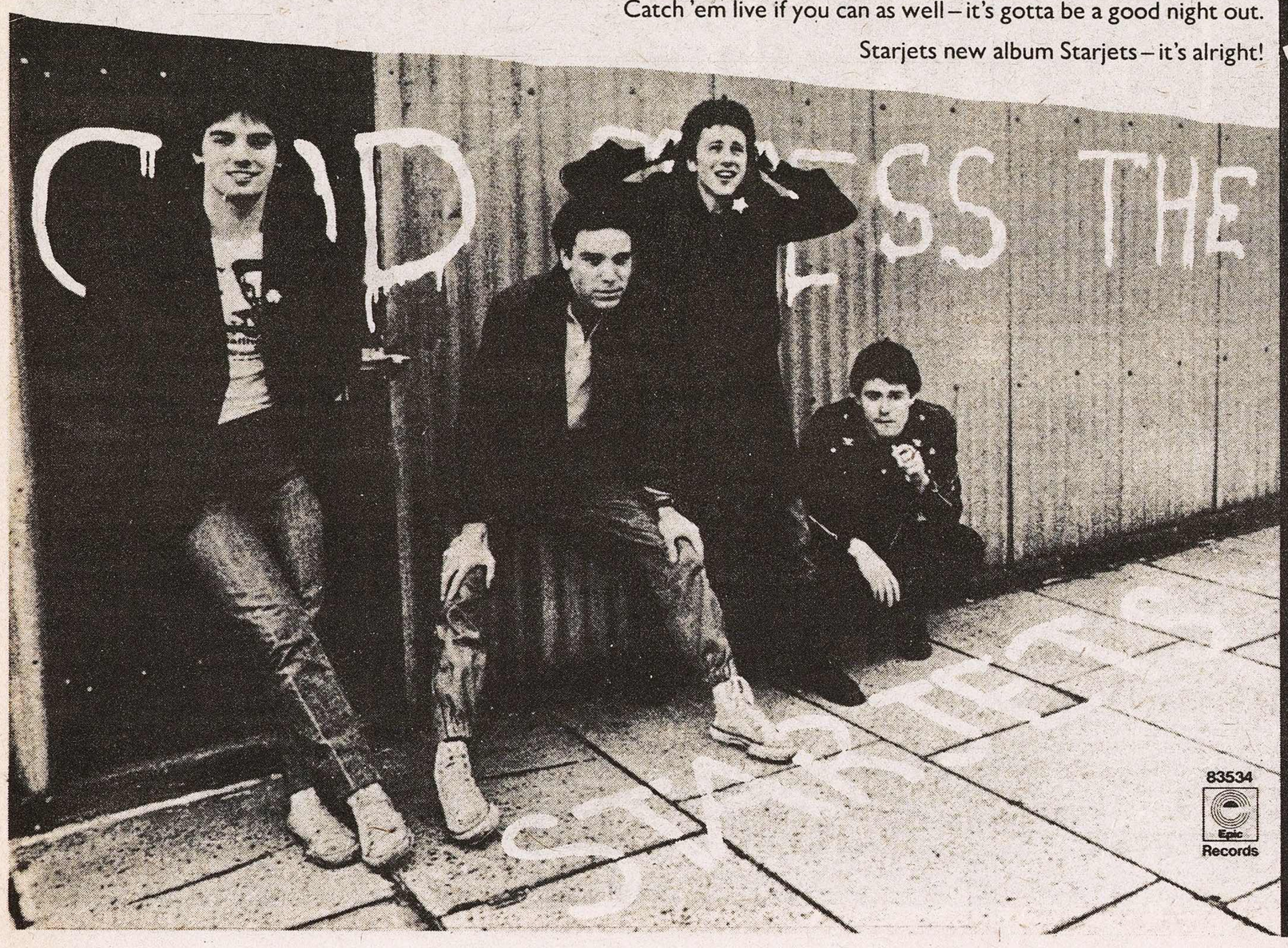

GOD BLESS STARJETS

Pic: Chris Walter

visually it's the plum ploy.

Musically it's as easy as falling off a log. Guitarist Ed can bash out powerchords till the cows come home, as well as playing solos that are all fingers at a million miles a minute, blaring out but saying absolutely nothing. Bro' Al pummels the traps like a pinbrain with a hyper-aggression problem, and Anthony lunges and brutalises his bass guitar strings like a guy who's so ugly no female will go within 50 yards of him, and who is relieving tensions via unrelenting instrumental sadism.

After they'd played Californian biker-clubs, surfer-bars, glam-rock debris hang-outs, and even bastions of punk, Messrs Ostin and Templeman, the dual top brass of Warners, see the obvious dollar potential in these Yank Zep clones at a single showing chez the Whiskey Au Go Go, and sign 'em pronto. Yet again the contention that Yanks'll buy any homegrown version of their Anglo-idols is proven true. The band tour as support to Black Sabbath and a cast of thousands, winning over the punters by the cargo-load, and soon enough 'Van Halen I' is platinum. The Japs, who are also prone to zeroing in on imitative hyper-clones of their less-available rock demigods, do likewise, making the heavy metal mooks second only to Cheap Trick as fave Yank import of 1978.

OK then, that's the two most lucrative markets cleaned up. So now with two multi-platinum albums under their multi-studded belts, it's time to tackle the rest of the planet. Thus this brusque sprint across Europe. Thus this even brusquer (heavens praised) sprint around England, culminating in two nights at Finsbury Park's Rainbow Theatre.

"You know when we told them we were coming to play London they said: 'Boy you're really gonna bomb out there' ", remarks vocalist Lee Roth, beaming. "But . . ."

Just one dramatic, imperious hand gesture. He doesn't need to say any more, because for two nights, the Rainbow is squeezed tight with rabid heavy metal fanatics bent on getting their-brain plates bespattered into microbic smithereens by this gauche Yank pump-hose gang. This audience are virtually all one of a kind: predominantly male, hair at varying lengths over the collar and down the back, while the most striking characteristic is the jacket — either leather, or more usually denim, often with the arms sliced off, upon which are scrawled or else emblazoned via a mass of patches the names of V.H.'s kindred spirits — namely 'Rush', 'Kiss', 'Quo', 'Zep', 'Ted', right through to the more obscure likes of 'Angel' and 'Godz'. These lads take their music seriously. Very seriously in fact. They give support act — a band called St Paradise boasting two ex-Nugent sidemen — a hearty howl of approval, but when the minutes start ticking away for the Van Halen build-up, the natives become more and more restless.

A fairly tepid hard rock album being piped out over the P.A. system is getting the crowd in a feisty frame of mind, and a tension is building up. The likes of which is making this spectator, no faint heart in usual circumstances, more than a touch edgy. Finally when the lights go down and the whole fanfare explodes, I turn back and notice the seating behind being totally demolished and the crowd blitzkrieging forward. I have to literally dash off to one side to avoid being trampled underfoot by the salivating hordes — a mass of arms and legs and dandruff doing the kamikaze bonecrusher waltz.

They are crazed, they are 'gone', out to lunch in a display of all-out frenzy that would make for a very real rock 'n roll dementia scenario, were it not for one spurious shortcoming. Van Halen, the object of all this delirium have patented their act into a display of mock frenzy that is the very epitome of calculated hysteria managering.

SUPERFICIALLY, the mock delirium is real enough. The threesome of guitarist Van Halen, bassist Anthony and in particular Roth lurch to and fro as if possessed by this ridiculous wall of howling 'grunge', whilst the drummer pummels away for all he's worth. Yet everything — every move, every gesture from the guitarist's leaps from the drum rostrum to Roth's posey calisthenics and Plant-swiped wrist-flicking of the inevitable blond mane — is timed to the second.

To wit — the very essence of Van Halen is captured in this three minute introduction to a typical self-penned paean to sexual lust. The first minute is taken up by Van Halen's Bonham-esque kit-flailing over which a red light glares. Just as this horrendous thrashing appears to take on all the manifestations of a (gulp) drum solo, Roth struts into the glare of a blue spotlight. The drums keep up a restless but controlled pulse as Roth prepares a rap he has probably performed a thousand times before.

"Um . . . I wanna tell you a story (pause). It . . . uh . . . concerns this girl I met just a few days ago (macho leer to complement macho pose in telling of macho braggard story). Well . . . uh . . . to cut a long story short, she and I were in my, uh, hotel room (audience in mass chortle). I know what you're thinking. I know what you're thinkin' (pause to build up tension again, drums still pulsing away).

"Anyway, there was this one thing I was feeling, that I kept on noticing, y'know what I

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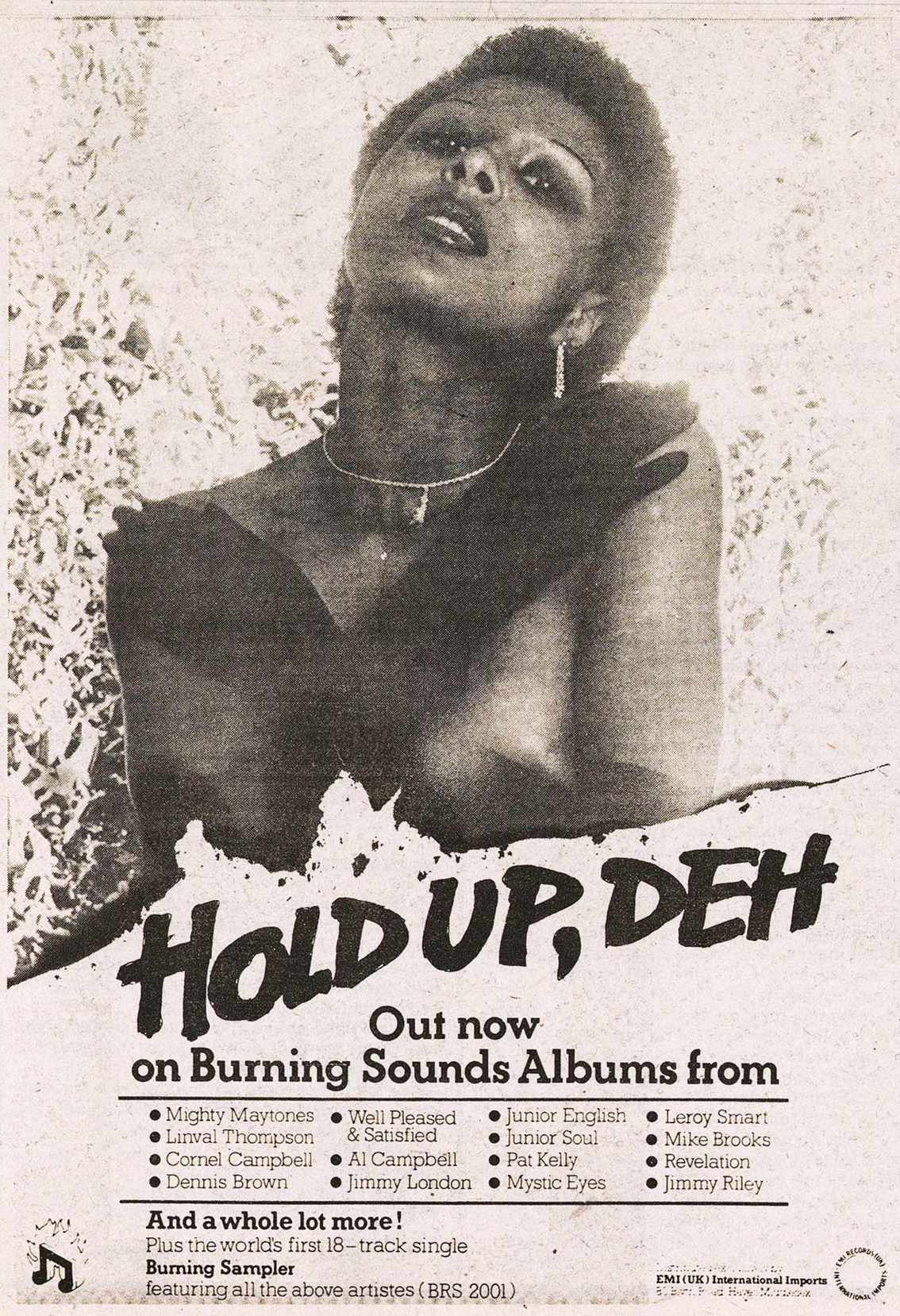

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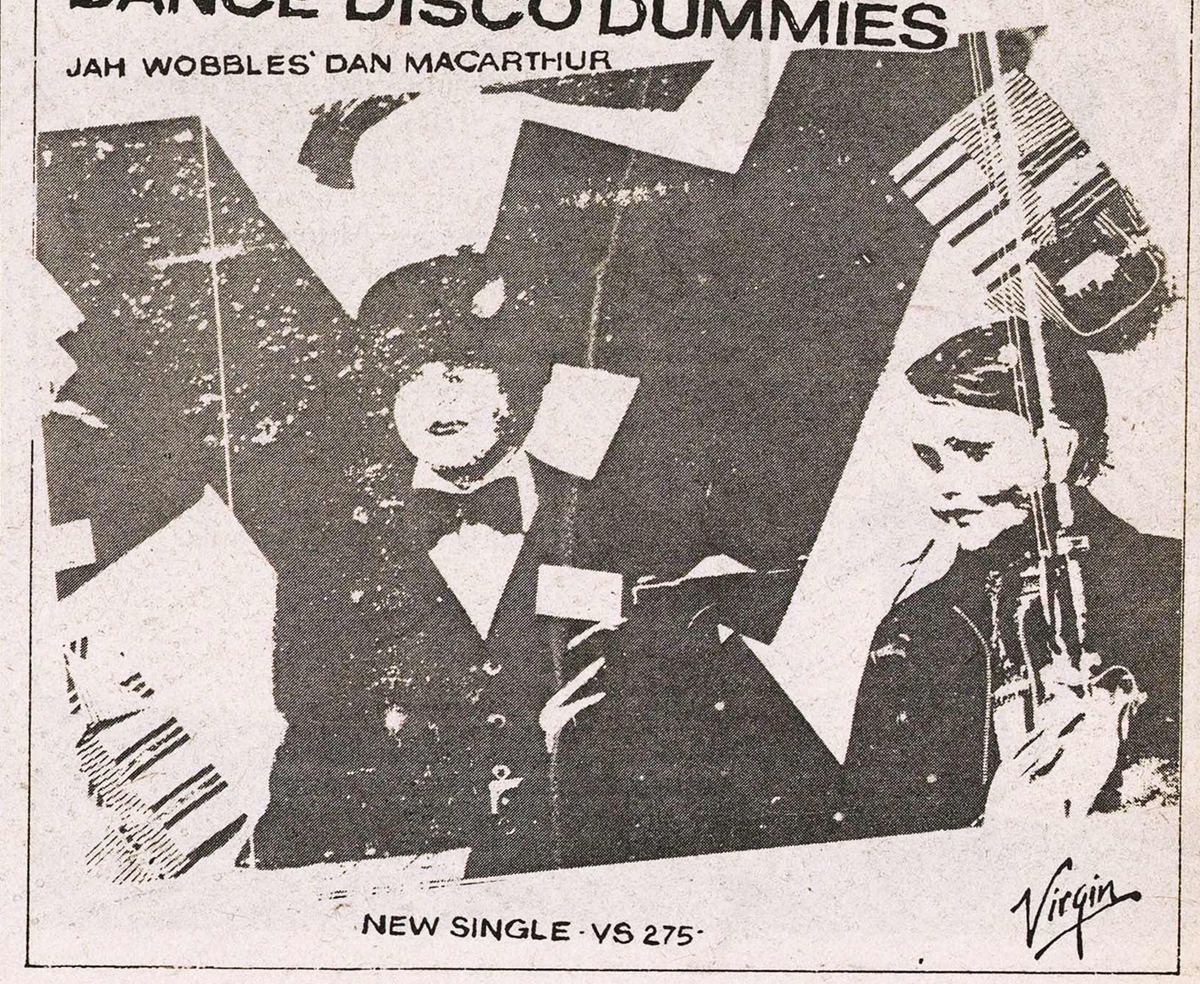

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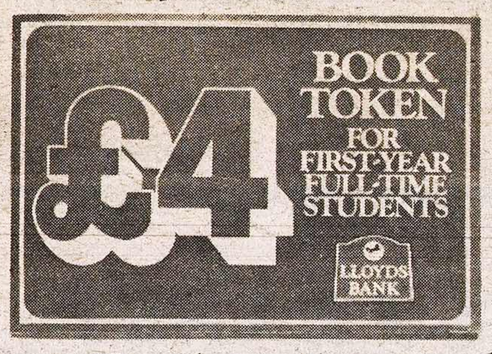

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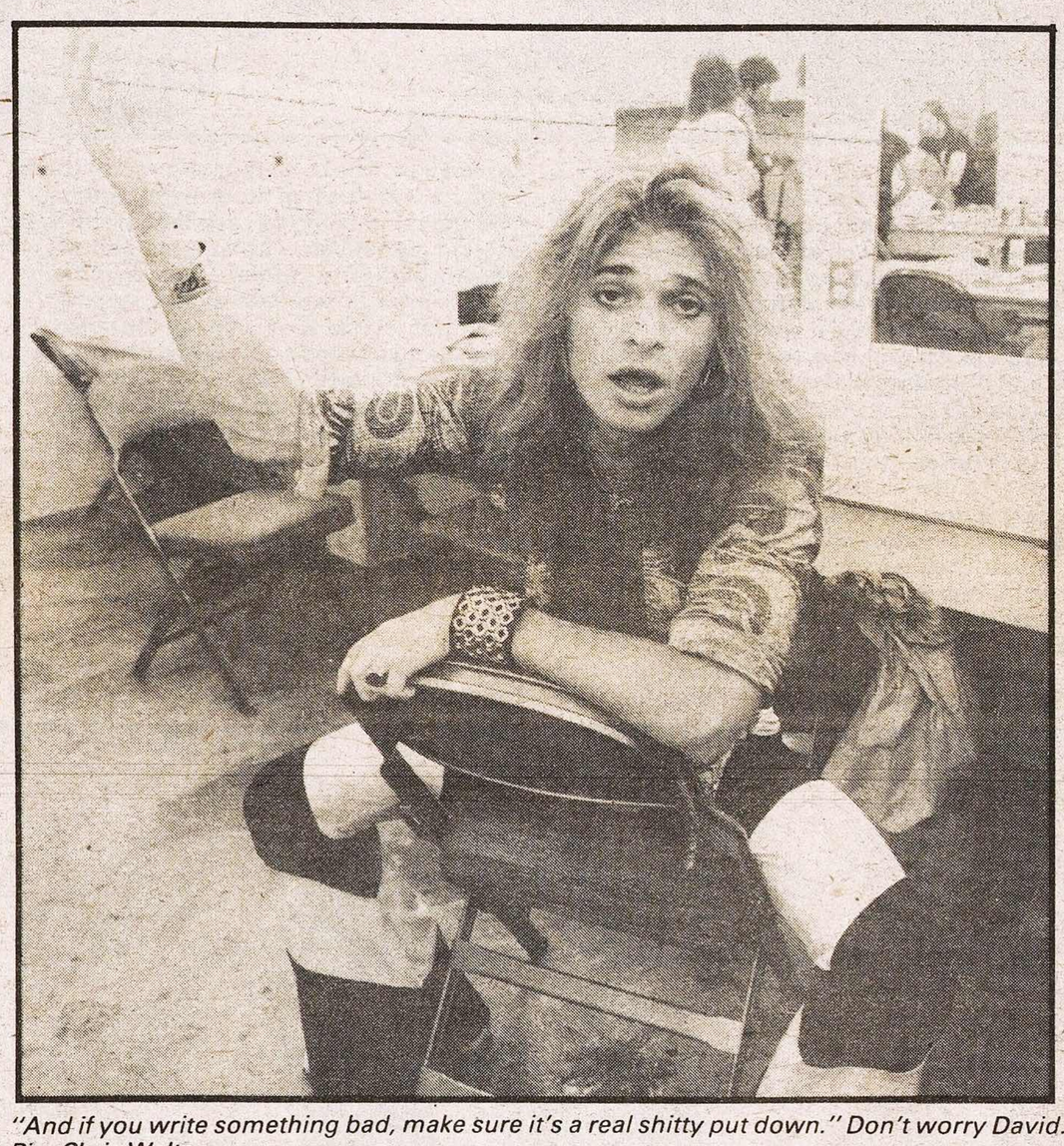
VAN HALEN Continued

From previous page

mean. 'Cos I'm telling you I was *hot* (cymbal crash) I start fiddling with the room temperature but it didn't do no good (pause), cos it was still *hot* (this time an echo unit phases the words so that it repeats). Ree-all *hot!* (even more reverberated echo copped straight from Zeppelin's 'Whole Lotta Love'). And it was getting, (theatrical pause) hotter! (By now the echo reverb is throbbing away as the drums are thrashing for all they're worth.) And then I suddenly realise (slight pause) I'm on fire."

The bass and guitar crash in, drums hammer down on a riff so old they were probably playing it on Noahs Ark. Anthony, Van Halen and Roth reel around the stage, flaggellating this old riff to death as the latter is doing the splits, teasing his hair, showing off his pectorals, doing hyena like screams, and narcissistically prancing about, whilst howling a song which like all other Van Halen songs deals purely with heterosexual lust in a fashion that could all too easily be precised down to one statement-of-intent, this being 'O.K. bitch, come here and get down!'

After this statement has been declared in as many one-dimensional ways as possible, and flashed out with spews of earache inducing cacophony, the audience — by this point one dank smell of unwashed denim sweat — depart, deleriously satiated. The ritual is over.



"And if you write something bad, make sure it's a real shitty put down." Don't worry David. Pic: Chris Walter

The only positive side to it all is that one hopes to pick a fight with somebody.

I, meanwhile, am ushered backstage. No peace for the wicked — it's my job to interview two members of this aggregate. I've chosen Roth, and guitarist Van Halen basically because they're apparently the most talkative members, but more, because they're the least physically imposing.

After ten minutes in the backstage bar observing, and being observed by some dodgy looking females, I'm led into a vacant dressing-room and introduced to guitarist Van Halen. A subdued, almost shy character, he seems agreeable enough, and we sit sown to chew the proverbial cud, starting with a few obligatory ice-breaker questions, only to be boisterously interrupted by the entrance of Roth, an altogether more outward going fellow. This is a signal for the timidly aimiable Van Halen to split pronto — pouring forth fond farewell as he exits — and Roth takes over.

David Lee Roth is Van Halen's spokesman, an extra-curricular task he takes to like a fish to water. A more overt exibitionist it would be nigh impossible to locate, either in rock 'n roll or used car salesmanship. Roth's outward going loquaciousness as self-publicist for Van Halen makes his whole style of rapport far more akin to that of some glad-hearted Southern politician at the helm of an important campaign. Roth, mind you, is right there at the helm of what he considers to be an all important campaign, a campaign to establish Van Halen as the biggest group on the face of this planet. No target too high, no petty detail too small.

'What we're doing is getting down to the roots of high energy hard, heavy rock and roll. We're out to establish Van Halen as *the* number one, *the* most energised, *the* most dependable rock and roll outfit on this planet. And we're work our fucking butts off — from playing biker clubs, surfer clubs . . . man when we started, L.A. was all punk rock but we still busted through because we're working . . . what we've got here is the very essence of hard rock music, right, and to play that music you've got to have your shit together.

"And I'm talking about constant energy, a constant fuckin' output of natural high energy, not coked-out high energy. Yeah, sure I've been up two or three days and nights at a time — I've done that — but when the time comes to move on, I just throw back a load of vitamins and like OK, show me to the next gig. And the next, and the next, dammit. I tell ya there's none that can keep up with us. Groupies, dealers, — you name it they hang around for maybe a couple of days and then it hits 'em. They're flaked out and we're wide awake heading for the next gig."

Roth's rap comes pouring out so fast and frantic it's hard to get a word in edgeways.

"I tell you man, the lowest — *the* lowest scum on earth are those suckers who . . .sometimes, I meet 'em and they give me the line (adopta a snivelling whine), 'Aw man, my manager fucked up on me, my record company fucked up.' I just tell 'em, 'Listen you fuckers, it's down to you. *You've* got to put out that energy. Fuck that self pity, loser shit. 'Cos those people man — they're a disgrace to rock and roll, because rock 'n roll is just pure fucking energy. It's just the greatest high when you and that audience are just comin' together and gittin' down. Gittin' fuckin' down and gittin' crazy. And that's Van Halen man, that is what it's all about. You've got to keep that energy up and risin', keep that essence. Sure you can add a little extra, pump a few things in but, man if anyone thinks Van Halen is going to change *fundamentally,* then . . ha . . forget it! Because we've got something — that mania, that high energy thing man.

"We've hit 'em back home in the States, we've hit the Japs, we've hit Europe. There is just no holding us back and that is because what we have going for us is a universal thing. Van Halen is something that is inside everybody man. We're just here to let it out, to toss it back and forth."

NO, Roth sees no boundaries to his band's popularity. Yes he is intent on Van Halen being the biggest band in the world and no, he sees no end to the energy drive, no pressure drop over the years. He admits willingly to being an out-and-out exhibitionist — "I've been like this since I was six" — and pushy as hell. He doesn't mince words and that is probably his only saving grace.

After having harrangued me with his group's wondrousness he exits thus: "Hey, if you're gonna write a good thing about us then make sure it's real good. But if it's gonna be bad, then make sure it's real bad, real shitty put down OK!"

A firm hand-shake and he's off, probably to repeat the same performance for the benefit of some other hapless hack.

I'm left temporarily disorientated. Later, as I recall just how horrendous Van Halen were, what a dimensional cod sham, what a mindless howl of unmitigated bilge, I remember that quote of Roth's.

"Van Halen is something that is in there, that is an essential part of everybody" — David Roth.

"Out, damn spot" — Lady Macbeth.

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BEAUTY

JONI MITCHELL: The Dry Cleaner From Des Moines/God Must Be A Boogie Man (Asylum). Two wonderful wedges of vulnerability, a sentimental and sympathetic allegory backed with a decent piece of mythmaking. 'Dry Cleaner' floats, hovers and pumps as Mitchell happily prowls through its blurting 'scape with a convincing blend of wonder and lust. It's a fine fantasy, relaxed yet rigorous, an aristocratic marriage of Mingus' gloomy naturalism and Mitchell's gaiety. Most importantly, it's four minutes of full noise and thrills the heart.

'God Must Be A Boogie Man' is pure Mitchell, stark insight into the Mingus melancholia and, perhaps because of its subdued swimming riff and its beautiful remoteness, many people's favourite slice of the 'Mingus' long player. Certainly it's noble and subtle, delicately perched between awe and appreciation, but for me it lacks the strange exquisiteness of the Mitchell-Mingus match. The 'Mingus' LP is lots of things. It comments on the nature of creativity and, with a frail goodness, examines peace as a necessary illusion, also plays profoundly with the attractions and distractions of life. This single is not the traditional 7" chart shot, but a friendly invitation into the gentle, hopeful but quite savage worlds of 'Mingus'. Why not accept?

BEAST

IGGY POP: Five Foot One/Pretty Flamingo (Arista). The 'Mingus' LP, Neil Young's 'Rust Never Sleeps' and Iggy Pop's 'New Values' are a trio of passionate reflections and detections — the three strongest rock LPs of the year so far — that we could never have dreamt would appear to shine their lights into the '80s. And if Mitchell is happy smiling to herself, Young content to trip around in wicked circles, then Iggy wants everyone to know he only cares for himself. There's the relevance and compassion of rock for you. But, of course, if you've got the time, go beyond what immediately hits the eye and ear, mess about with the myths and Mitchell's niceness, Young's naughtiness and Iggy's nihilism begin to make a bit of sense. They're not escapism, but searches for survival.

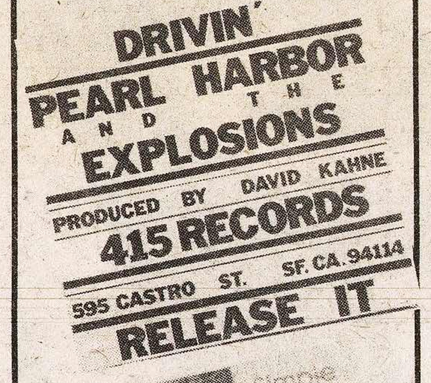
Another Iggy single is not necessary; the A side of this has been edited from the album. 'Five Foot One' is a spiteful snap of imagined inferiority, Iggy not really giving a damn. But it points to the classic, unrighteous resistance of 'New Values' and gives me a chance to say yet again 'New Values' is one of the vital LPs of the decade, if only because Iggy finally makes a decision. The previously unreleased B side is Iggy flirting nonsensically with Bowie-ish emotive dishonesty, doing to 'Heroes' with 'Pink Flamingo' what he did to the Stones' 'Angie' with 'Angel' on 'New Values'. Iggy Pop announces that rock'n'roll can be important as anyone wants to make it: one reason for his genius.

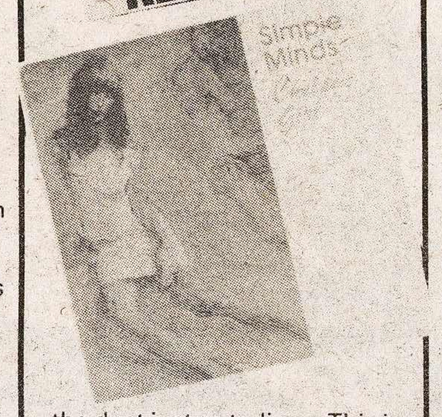
BRAT

DAVID BOWIE: D.J./Repitition (RCA). When you place the jaunty 'Lodger' next to works like 'Mingus', 'New Values' and 'Rust Never Sleeps', that's when you get quick painful perspective on the really pathetic extent of Bowie as an artist. If the insolence is high, the substance is thin. As a pop person he's on a par with the Lynnes and Lowes of the world, except he's not as ugly or as grimy and cares more about pose than football or anonymity. It's the spaces that he left that confuse everybody — so he's a crafty imp. 'Boys Keep Swinging' was boisterous new pop, 'D.J.' is as good-tempered but a little mawkish and it won't be nearly as big a hit as 'Boys'.

NEW POP OF THE WEEK

1). THE CURE: Boys Don't Cry (Fiction). I still find the 'Three Imaginary Boys' LP as empty as a yawn and the frowning self-elevation that surrounded





the dust just as tedious. This is magnificent. Just (just!?!) as a single, a sound, a sprint, something I can quite easily see at number one. The clarity, the skimming speed and the overall make-up confirm the notion that there is a distinct Sound Of The New Pop forming — not yet a formula, though. A light rush, an alert melody and an elusive genius. Buzzcocks started it, The Undertones, Smirks, The Distractions and others have followed it through and now The Cure prove that they know the way. 'Boys Don't Cry' is a light trippy riff, with an eloquent one-string motif, chatty, ambiguous, yearning vocals and a series of understated, unexpected twists. It is classic new pop. That means absolutely addictive. The Cure can be a great singles group, and realising that there is nothing wrong with that should cut away all the defensive enigma trimmings and get on the swing. At least they've stopped sobbing.

2) SIMPLE MINDS: Chelsea Girl (Zoom). I've never been completely thrown by the ornate, ominous pop of Simple Minds; they seem to try too hard. Plucked from the respectable washes of the surprisingly minorish hit LP 'Life In A Day', the typically convoluted but splendidly certain 'Chelsea Girl' stands up well as a single. It's something else I can see high in the charts, although it strolls where others surge. It does suggest that the Minds' pop is more than mere backhanded glam update but, equally, not stunningly innovative. With no fiddling about, the music hints and taunts, develops in layers and chunks, moves through a number of sections but remembers the value of the hook. The straining, lingering hook of 'Chelsea Girl' makes it good pop. I like it as much as old Geldof does.

3) GLASS TORPEDOES: Someone Different (TeanBeat). Those of you awake will now know that Liverpool hold hands with Manchester as centre of the universe. These days at least one single a week surfaces from the two cities; this week there's a handful and this is the best. This fluent maxi-single contains three catchily casual, tripping and sliding pop chats with lashings of wide guitar, pummelling drumming, baby bass talk and dry love-sick vocals from Babra Donovan who reveals within the space of ten minutes that she has it within her grasp to be something special. Glass Torpedoes are a fizzy tonic. They've raised my eyebrows; try them.

4) CULT FIGURES: Zip Nolan (Rather/Rough Trade). Like Liverpool, the Midlands has eventually blundered into action, activity spearheaded by the ripe Spizz Oil and the dainty Swell Maps. Swell Maps have nothing whatsoever to do with this racy single except they produced it and it's on their Rather label. It has much of their spirit of idle but insinuating idiocy, and also plenty of Spizz's prancing primitivism. Is moronic minimalism the Sound Of Birmingham? I love it all and, while I'm on the subject, Swell Maps must be, with The Undertones, my favourite group in the whole wide world. The crazy cartoon 'Zip Nolan' is chaos just disciplined into story time and, after the ragged 'Playing With Toys' which demands listener participation, there's an acoustic dub return to 'Zip Nolan'. A fine record. There's a double-fold pink sleeve designed by Swell Maps' Epic, complete with lyrics: alternative bargain sort of thing. Another maxi-single, another raise of the eyebrows, another sigh that such rousing left-slanted commerciality will probably disappear. Cult Figures deserve to chart far more than any soft disco skillery. You may notice I too have become impatient with soft-centred and milked disco. Someone extinguished the liveliness.

5) WRECKLESS ERIC: Hit Miss Judy (Stiff). Wreckless Eric is one of the greats of the new pop, as yet uncared for. To attract some care Stiff have gone all silly (sillier than usual) and grooved Eric's new single on drinkable twelve inch orange vinyl with a full colour six inch label. Maybe it'll work. What's more likely is that millions of people will hear the pretty, revolving tale of Miss Judy on the Peter Powell show, flip for its bounce and language, step around its bounding bass lines, sing along, rush out and buy it and push the thing into the top thirty. It may not be Eric's best, but it's still mischievous and marvellous. Who needs disco? Not I! Let's all wish together!?!

SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

BOOMTOWN RATS: I Don't Like Mondays (Ensign). A masterpiece! Following a series of competent but average hits the Rats put out their tongues and pull from their pockets — just in the nick of time — one of the greatest pop pieces of the decade. Bob Geldof proves his genius and in a single stroke justifies his 'mouth'. 'I Don't Like Mondays' defies description; you'll hear plenty of it soon. For the moment let's say it's a gradual, imploring pomp ballad — the sort of thing Ian Hunter has always been after but never achieved — that stretches and twirls with arrogant patience and pride. Apparently controversial, a story concerning the manic lust of a young girl who shot a handful of people in America because she despised Mondays, it avoids trivialising the subject and rolls out as a moving and mighty documentary, vigorously commercial. The atmosphere is massive, the message defiant, the Geldof vocals stupendous, the arrangement breathtaking and there's strings, harps, elaborate pianos and swelling chests. A record that pushes the Rats amongst the all-time greats. Number one for weeks and weeks and weeks, no messing.

NOISES (PSYCHEDELIC AND TENTATIVE)

FOREIGN PRESS: Downpour (Street Ahead). Foreign Press are Manchester's brightest brand new loved ones. Their music is choppy, spiralling, edgy and well rinsed with guitars; they're like a well-cushioned Joy Division. Joy Division's flamboyant manager Rob Gretton in fact shares production chores with the group. Although Foreign Press stop short of achieving the channelled psychotic blitzkrieg thrust of the very great Division, they manage a fluctuating, fortified sort of '79 psychedelia that makes them A Group To Look Out For. Foreign Press make good patterns.

THE MONOCHROME SET: Lester Leaps In/Eine Symphonie Des Grauns (Rough Trade). More satisfying uncompromising guitar manoeuvres, a lot more clipped and positioned and damned commercial in a warped sort of way than the ambling Foreign Press. Monochrome Set are incredibly mobile without ever getting caught up in knots. 'Eine Symphonie Des Grauns' is a sly summery instrumental, almost a scorched Focus or a padded Buzzcocks, whilst 'Lester Leaps In' is mechanical yet matey enough to appeal to the most fervently anti-Rough Trade reactionary. There's not a bleep bleep bleep in sight! In fact, to be quite honest, 'Lester Leaps In' effortlessly achieves all the sorts of things The Skids scramble after. It's a crisp, parched, catchy and travels down a tunnel with all kinds of odd shapes poking out. With patronage of a Jensen or a Powell quite easily a hit. No kidding! Phew, I'm enjoying myself.

THE HUMAN SWITCHBOARD: Prime Of My Life (Square). Two opposite sides of the bald Akron animal. 'Prime Of My Life' is fast and faster and yet faster sax-fuelled clamouring, a poppy Pere Ubu, an uncouth Roxy Music. The B side 'In My Room' goes for a different kind of intimidation, the slow and sneering way. What we've got really is some savage, rapid psychedelia and some passive, scheming psychedelia. In fact, more artful dodging. Maybe a bit weak; I can't wait for an LP to test the extent of the Switchboard's wiliness.

PEARL HARBOUR AND THE EXPLOSION: Drivin'/Release It (415). Up to date American West coast music is quite naturally tending towards the light, spotless and breezily resourceful. The influence comes directly from the jangle and harmony of the smiling '60s and the grope and economy of latterday British new pop. So we're getting lots of white, diplomatic pop from the far coast that's just a little too much like candy floss. Pearl Harbour And The Explosions, from San Francisco, are more chewy than most. They've dropped a little acid into the creamy foam, but their pop still stops short of the compelling. 'Release It' is pleasant. 'Drivin' ' is better. The spinning, juggling jinx bubbling under the surface of 'Drivin' ' suggest the group have more than a light head and a way with harmonies.

PRAG VEC: Expert/Follower (Spec). After a few listens this seems a surprisingly plain and polite second performance from the wilful Prag Vec. 'Expert' is a refined boppy sweep that could be a Slapp Happy intellectual slumming pretty-pretty number and 'Follower' is a similar kind of shady pop blot. Faint and unexciting. Methinks maybe all the spike and slapdash of their first enticing EP has got worn down in the studio this time. The trouble with maturity, of course. When crudely caught Prag Vec were so much more vital; now they're a little more posh and they've made a minor blurred pop record that just doesn't stick enough. But in a couple of months I'll probably love it.

Reviewed by PAUL MORLEY

METAL BOYS: Sweet Mayline (Rough Trade). More disposable myth-mocking from the Rough Trade corner, a salient slab of fuzz, whisper and patter tish that starts in the middle, ends around the back and will make sense only to those who despise the triviality of guitar-dominated poprock, but can't do without it. In that respect it's a good partner for the recent Rough Trade 'No Fun' interpretation from Doctor Mix, which was a fuzzier croak rooted in a different sort of derision. 'Sweet Mayline' is backed by 'Fugue For A Darkening Island' which declares that perhaps this is how the Pistols would have turned out if Faust had been the number one influence in hell and not the Stooges; it's a different box of snatches from 'Death Disco' and almost as challenging. A gauzy sort of record.

AK PROCESS: Electronic Music (Output). Two sides of dreary neutral electronic crawling that totally lacks discipline, tone, grain, shade, etc. Anaemic enough to make Cabaret Voltaire sound like a Philharmonic Orchestra.

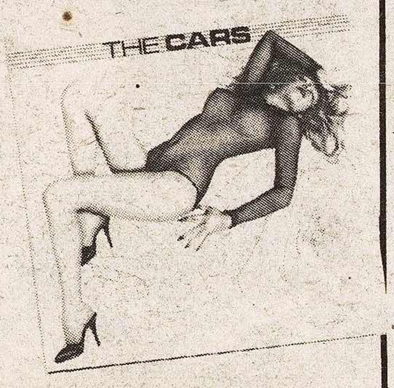
THEY MUST BE RUSSIANS: 4 Track EP (T.M.B.R.). And talking of the Cab Vol's, they've produced this quirky and offputting offering from their Sheffield boyfriends They Must Be Russians. As peculiarly and undeniably contemporary in its way as the fruity Liverpudlians Echo And The Bunnymen, but not half-way as overpowering. It's a bizarre mixture. The EP is three awkwardly melodic and differently built songs: an acoustic wander, a primitive punk burst and a softly drifting moan that collects effects as it develops, the seriousness of which is followed by a swift, beery 'Nellie The Elephant'. No identity and no magic, but intriguing listening. I shrug my shoulders.

'60s

THE CARS: Let's Go (Elektra)
ROBERT GORDON: Black Slacks (RCA)
THE RUBINOOS: Hold Me (Beserkley). Nostaligia at the moment is rudely attempting to interrupt these fresh and full days and pretend the old days were sweeter — *Oh Boy*, Led Zep, *Juke Box Jury*, Mods and people who still kid themselves that '67 was the golden age of rock. Why is everyone so scared of stepping out and stepping forward? I'm going to play pretend and imagine the '60s were like this; the overthrow and joy of Robert Gordon, the cunning innocence of The Rubinoos and the subversive sophistication of The Cars. A warped view — so I kid myself. Who cares? I get a stiff neck looking over my shoulder. Actually, being sensible, 'Let's Go' is an evasive teeny classic that doesn't immediately surround like previous Cars snatches but softly spreads a fine web of seduction. Very attractive.

'70s

SHOWADDYWADDY: Sweet Little Rock'n'roller (Arista)
ABBA: Angeleyes (Epic)
QUEEN: Love Of My Life



(EMI). And now the end is near . . . three singles by craftsmen whose record of achievement places them high up in the list of Paul Gambaccini greats but whose work only thrills the snobby connoisseur (Abba), the careless (Showaddywaddy) and the loyal (Queen). These three records are pitifully poor. I'd like to think the '70s are more captured by Bolan, Lydon and John Peel, but I'm no sociologist. I feel myself getting nostalgic so I'll hurry on.

'80s

TELEX: Rock Around The Clock (Sire)
YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA: Yellow Magic (Tong Poo)(A&M). Into the midst of the unknown: soundtracks for a better life. If the way people are being suckered by the winsome electronic juices of Gary Numan and the foxy repetition of Moroder disco is any indication, then the stiff shiny throbbing synthesiser marches of Belgium's Telex and Japan's Yellow Magic will be the next mass fashion-passion. I don't know whether to sob, smirk or relish the prospect. Imagine the quicker and cruder Kraftwerk spasms and the flutterings of Tomita to get some idea of the scope of Yellow Magic and add to that mixture the computer 'comedy' of 'Automatic Lover' to appreciate the innovation of Telex. And prepare for the onslaught.

IDIOTS

CHRIS SIEVEY: Baiser (Rabid)
GORDON THE MORON: Fit For Nothing (Rabid)
MARTIN RUSHENT: Give It All You've Got (Albion)
OIL CITY SHEIKS: Don't Take But A Few Minutes (UA)
THE DICKIES: Paranoid (A&M). Too kind to call this collection eccentrics. The Sievey and Moron records are farewell weaves from Manchester's tired Rabid label before it metamorphoses into a Tosh Ryanless Absurd. They're sadly flat. Forgettable novelty fudge. Producer Rushent, who has dealt moderately successfully with Buzzcocks, Gen X and Stranglers, opens his mouth and moves to the front and on one side of his record goes gossamer soul, Calpaldi-ish, and on the other side goes aggressive and mindless. Let's just say he hasn't got a lot to give. The Oil City Sheiks are the Feelgoods in pissguise but sound more like the Wurzels. The Dickies are probably very proud of what they do. That's why they make such a dead version of Sabs' handsome scream of despair.

LUCKY DIP

THE VICE CREEMS: Danger Love (Zigzag)
THE DIALS: All I Hear (Scene)
THE FANS: Cars And Explosions (Albion)
THE FAVOURITES: S.O.S. (4 play)

New pop strikes somewhere between barely competent and pretty likeable that don't touch me as much as my five fave picks of the week but none of which are useless enough to be dismissed or ignored (unlike the ridiculous Rick Wakeman picture single 'Animal Showdown' (A&M) — the Dickies should complain and get him kicked off the label). The Vice Creems — *Zigzag* bossman Kris Needs with flashy, Clashy pals — is frantic, unsteady and likeable shake rock. The Dials' intense backward-forward scratchings are produced by The Members deadly duo Nicky Tesco and J.C. Unruly and are energetic with some great sax. The Fans are slower and more random; they're from Atlanta, Georgia. They could be deadly but at the moment sound mildly ridiculous. Nottingham's The Favourites finally do what had to be done — a new pop version of an Abba song. Their turn around of 'S.O.S.' is disappointing, chuggy and ugly. Will this start a flood? The Damned to do 'Waterloo'?

BURNT OUT STARS THEIR NEW SINGLE IN VAIN

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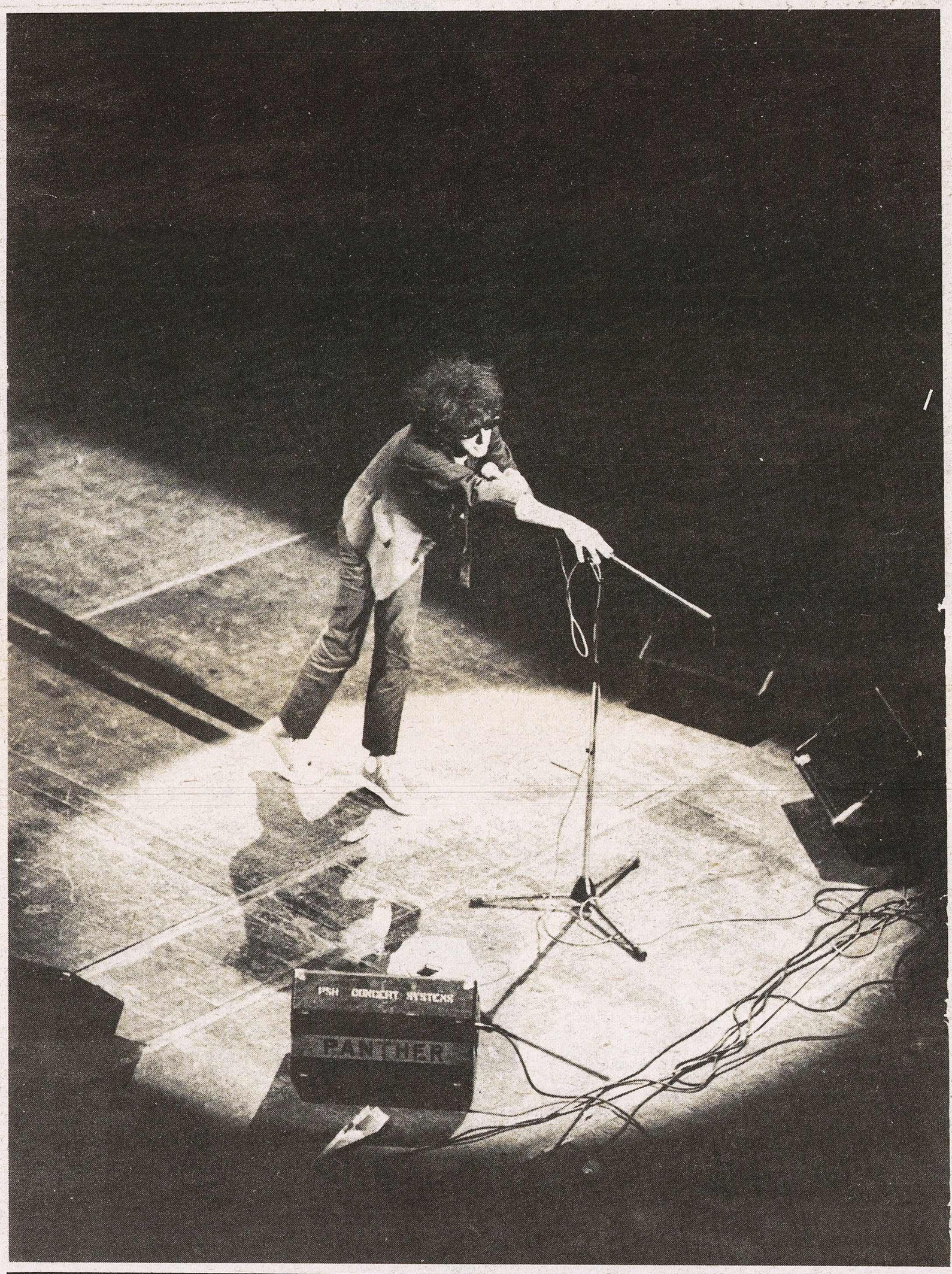
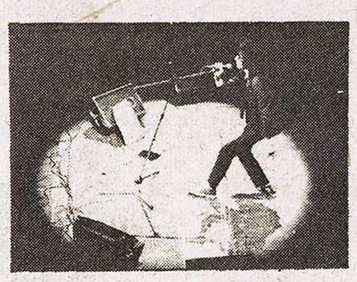


Britain's best dressed poet by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Portraiture in motion: PENNIE SMITH



JOHN Cooper Clarke is telling a joke.

"There are these three fellers, see, all lined up to apply to join the Foreign Legion. The third one is the actual geezer we are concerned with on this occasion, though. Anyway, the first one goes up to the recruitin' sergeant, who asks him, 'Why do you want to join the Foreign Legion then?'

" 'E says 'I've just been 'urt in love and I can't bear to even look at another woman'.

" 'Oh well,' says the sergeant, 'you certainly won't get to see a lot of women here. Go over there and collect yer ammunition'.

"Then it's the second one's turn and 'e goes up to the sergeant and the sergeant asks 'im why 'e wants to join the Foreign Legion. 'Well,' says the second bloke, 'I just fancy the idea of killin' people'.

" 'Well, you'll be onto a good thing 'ere,' says the sergeant, 'we kill quite a lot of people fairly regularly as it 'appens. Nip over there and collect yer ammunition'.

" 'Finally, our 'ero gets 'is turn and the sergeant asks 'im what 'is motivations are for chusing this particular mode of employment an' 'e says, 'I 'ate Arabs'.

" 'Well you're in luck then,' says the sergeant, 'I was just telling this other feller 'ere that we get to kill loads of geezers 'ere in the Foreign Legion an' it just so 'appens that most of 'em are Arabs. Go over there an' pick up yer ammunition'.

"So they're all wawkin' through the fortress like, and suddenly this lookout up on a tower yells 'The Arabs are attacking! The Arabs are attacking!'. Our 'ero swings up his gun and 'e shoots the lookout dead. The sergeant grabs our young friend by the throat an' screams, 'What the bloody 'ell did you do that for?'.

"So 'e looks the sergeant straight in the eye an' says, 'If there's one thing I 'ate more than an Arab, it's a grasser."

JOHN Cooper Clarke is bounding on stage at Manchester Free Trade Hall, a cavernous building steeped in musty Victorian municipality, a room dusted with hard work and religion. It is Manchester's principal venue, a hall which has played host to the likes of 10cc and Black Sabbath and David Bowie in its time, and now the headlining attraction is a man whose job it is to stand on stages armed with nothing but a microphone, a jug of vodka and orange juice and two plastic carrier bags stuffed with notebooks and scrawled sheets of paper.

He is not a singer, though he has been known to declaim in different keys when the occasion demands it. He is not a rock musician by trade, though he has been one in the past and owns a Fender Telecaster (which he intends to chip in for a Stratocaster at some unspecified future date) and holds a Musicians' card which lists his instrument as 'drone guitar'.

He operates in a nebulous territory bounded by four corners: the points of his compass are poet, comic, musician and author. You could say he is an entertainer, and certainly none of the people filling between half and three-quarters of the Free Trade Hall's seating would gainsay you. Laugh? Thought they'd wet themselves.

Hometown night! A lifetime's worth of dues and time to pay off. Tonight Johnny Clarke, local character made good and gone national, takes his nationwide tour to the biggest venue in his old turf. From the interval spots at years of folk and jazz and pub and punk gigs to the main attraction at the Free Trade Hall: success, success, success (does it matter?). There're a regiment of friends and acquaintances on the guest list and a journalist and photographer in tow to record the occasion. Three days later, a squib will appear in the rumours and speculation section

◗ Continues over

JCC enacts a crucial stage of the giant seabird fantasy.

From previous page

of a London-based rock paper not renowned for encouraging either its staff or its readers to develop any discernible capacity for thinking in the abstract: a paragraph to the effect that the local hero returned from London to bomb on his old turf. They didn't know (or care) that Johnny Clarke still lives in Salford in a flat above a chemists' shop "with an aroma of strange and wonderful pharmaceutical concoctions on the stairs" ...

John Cooper Clarke is being asked how local tradespeople react to his newfound status as a celeb: "Me greengrocer sells me rotten spuds. 'E thinks I can afford it."

John Cooper Clarke is late on stage tonight in Manchester. He had arrived at the stage door in a cloud of well-wishers who had ambushed him in the streets as he stalked from where his manager's car was parked outside the journalist's hotel just after the first of his two support bands had left the stage. Once ensconced in his dressing room, attacking the vodka and picking incredulously at a display of salads and cold meats, he had discovered that a vital carrier bag full of stuff had been left in Didsbury, where his manager/producer/bass player/chauffeur Martin Hannett a/k/a Martin Zero maintains a desirable residence. A cab was dispatched to collect and deliver the bag — how many rock gigs have been shoved onto the back burner while a fast car noses dark streets to Pick Up Somthing In A Bag For The Band? — while, onstage, Joy Division ram dark slabs of organised noise at the audience while a scarecrow singer moves like James Brown in hell.

Acidrock a decade or so on. It is whispered that acid enjoys considerable allegiance from a lot of the young postpunks in Manchester. As the bassist triggers a synthesiser and a skin breaks on the snare drum and the band's sound begins to resemble Awful Things carved out of smooth black marble, who could argue?

John Cooper Clarke is vibing up. He goes to the toilet a lot and returns with his hair more conscientiously erect than before. It is parted at the side like a black lace curtain to reveal an ear peering surrepticiously at the world. A tiny crucifix hangs where the coke spoon used to be. He is asked why. "I gave up coke for Christ," he offers. Strands of grey are beginning to appear in his hair. He has a slight cast in one eye.

John Cooper Clarke appears in a cold oval of light stage centre. The effect is comic. The stage has been built for choirs and brass bands, political meetings and rock shows, and across its vast acreage stalks a skinny streak like some elongated insect on its hind legs, carrier bags stuffed with plunder, a mutant centipede who's just looted 1966. The only non-vocal sounds to be heard are the rhythmical *splatsplatsplat* of his spearmint gum and the shuffle of his olive-green Chuck Taylor basketball shoes on the boards.

He pulls the top section of the microphone stand to the horizontal, sights along it, mows the audience with hi-octane verbiage like he owns the world's first automatic-fire blowgun. A Ramones approach to poetry. Wham bam up an' at 'em Sam! 1-2-3-4!

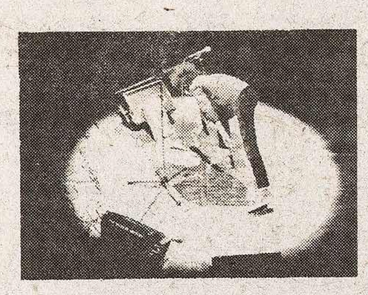
'Ere 'e cums naow!

"Gabardinangusatthemagazinerackviewsthasituation-frumthafrontothebacknawbuddyzlukinatthamanwithamac-stickitraghtbackonthastackJACK!!!"

Clarke's on-stage declaiming voice resembles that of an auctioneer with a grudge against the world and a sneer as permanently attached as a scar. He sprays the audience with words and saliva, revving up while he chews his gum right into the mike and runs on the spot like the Health Fanatic himself, heart, lungs and brain working overtime and getting paid off in adrenalin. His offstage conversational voice is slow and muted, words rolled round mouth and cortex, savoured for resonances and ambiguities and then allowed to drip from his nose and run down his shirtfront.

His vowels are in an uproar. The 'e', 'a' and 'i' sounds slash like razor-edged frisbees; the 'o' and 'u' sounds boom and reverberate like someone yelling down a corrugated-iron tunnel. He plays his accent like a virtuoso, moves like a shadowboxer, bopping and dodging and weaving to avoid blows, punching with his mouth, leading with his nose, a voice-triggered pneumatic drill buzzing into your brain.

John Cooper Clarke is asking someone if he goes too fast on stage. "I s'pose I do, really. It's embarrassing to think about so I get me 'ead down and rush. I'm used to werkin' in clubs and not in sit-down places and you have to assume that the audience has a short attention span. That's not to underestimate 'em or say they're stupid 'cuz when I'm in clubs I 'ave a short attention span too ..."



RUNNING on the spot, ticktockticktock. Ruffle through the carrier bag, find the notebook, hit the vodka and give us another one just like the other one, do. He has three repertoires which overlap briefly: a stage repertoire, a studio repertoire and a load other stuff: crime novels, a semi-fictional autobiography entitled *Ten Years In An Open-Neck Shirt* which is slated for publication sometime soon. The stage repertoire is hi-impact, rhythmical, packed with dense twisting internal rhymes, compressed, compact imagery, elbows to the rib, kicks to ankle. Satire, scatology, painless social critique, honed and polished.

John Cooper Clarke is living on his wit.

"Toofattafucksorryboutthatgotta SCROtumwiyeredwitha-THUUUURMO-STAT ..."

Nonstop. Rapido rapido. Don't let 'em got bored ferchrissake. Poems, jokes and banter jostle like compartments on an InterCity 125; epigrams and sardonic couplets, metaphors juxtoposed like sleeping partners in an arranged marriage flash by like telegraph poles, two images together make a third thing, bigger and different.

Detractors claim it's doggerel ("his imagery is terribly gauche, darling, and what he's doing is *so* old-fashioned") or accuse him of being an intellectual Jasper Carrott or — worst of all — of *not being rock and roll.* Ask him if *he* thinks it's rock and roll and he laughs helplessly and says no.

John Cooper Clarke is being asked to define rock and roll and his relationship to same.

"Electric guitars, bass and drums ... not too much goin' on across the beat. My relationship with rock and roll is like Lenny Bruce's with modern jazz — I like the clothes and attitude." He remembers groups in which he used to perform, operating guitar rather than microphone, but writing the words, one in which "we had two riffs: Bo Diddley an' "Igh 'Eel Sneekers'. We could do 'em at two speeds, fast an' slow, which gave us four options."

He recalls The Vendettas: "Me cousin Sid was the singer, because they told me I sounded too nasal. Sid 'ad a sort of raspy quality to 'is voice, an' 'e sounded somewhat redolent of 'Owlin' wolf. Nowadays everybody's got an electric guitar — people have bloody guitars cummin' outer their ears — but then there weren't that many people playin'. The lead guitarist got engaged an' I was stuck with all these lyrics ...".

Clarke vaguely recalls that there was one "about a man who sold 'ats", but none survive to the present day. He is deliberately vague about dates, and particularly vague about the age of some of his material. Gabby Mancunians recall him performing some of his current stuff several years ago, but ask him when The Vendettas were performing and he'll just say, "the '60s". Push him a bit and he elucidates: "the *late* '60s."

So whatchareckon to the Rock Biz then John?

Shrugs. "Water off a duck's back, reely."

But it is your new home now, innit?

"I 'aven't moved in yet. I been round to put up some wallpaper, but I 'aven't moved in."

There's methedrine his madness. John Cooper Clarke is cranked up really high as he slams through 'Twat', a stream of sustained invective and distilled hate. The effect is somewhat akin to having someone piss on your shoes for five minutes. "Lahk a dose of scayyybiz ai've got yewoondermaskin/yew maike lahfa feeehrytail GRI-IH-IH-IH-IMMM!" He attacks as only the defenceless can: the only craft more vulnerable is that of the improvising comedian and Clarke knows it, which is why he eschews onstage inprovisation.

"Y'mean like stream-of-consciousness ... or unconsciousness? Naw, it could turn out to be reely borin'. I'd rather werk on the stuff at 'ome. Besides, if you improvise in public you tend to reveal rather a lot, and I'm not particularly fond of barin' me soul."

Why not?

"Well, I read rather too much Mickey Spillane."

Squelchsquelchsquelch goes the gum.

"Lakadeathattaburthdehpahty/yewspoilahhhlthafuun/lakesuukdanspattouttsmaaaaaatie-you'renawyuset'ennywun ...".

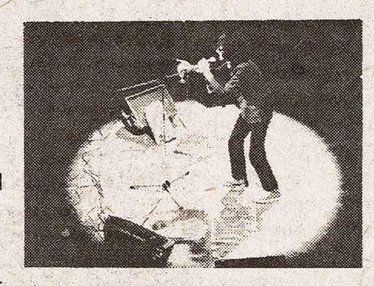
Still, Clarke's got one in the book that has 'Twat' beat all hollow for sheer vituperative power. Like John Lydon, Elvis Costello, Bob Geldof and many others both more and less eminent in and out of rock, JCC is a sufferer from what we doctors generally refer to as A Catholic Education, and 'Limbo', which can be found on the 'Walking Back To Happiness' live album, is the case history.

"The school was ruun by nuns. The 'ead one was about 90. She used to wear these black Wulewerth's plimsolls and you'd only 'ear 'er cummin' because she 'ad this pair 'a scissors on a long string tied round 'er waist . . . to break the embarrassin' silences. You'd 'ear this terrifyin' scraaaapin' sound an' you'd knaw she was sumwhere nearby. We never found out what she used them for.

"Me dad was in the Communist Paaty. I went to that school at the insistence of 'is sisters — I blame it all on me antie, actually. I was like 'is 'ostage to 'eaven: lemme in or the kid gets it."

So it was Catholicism at school and Communism at home?

"Naw, not reely. 'E didn't push it nearly as 'ard as they did."



JOHN Cooper Clarke is knackered. He's in the living room of Hannett Towers in Didsbury, slumped out by the gas fire in a room painted like a block of Neapolitan icecream and filled with records, tapes, electronic gear and wellworn furniture. Martin 'Zero' Hannett is playing through a Phil Spector tape and Clarke is musing sleepily on his need to change

"Anybody who would do it with a guinea pig is definitely not to be trusted."

"My relationship with rock and roll is like Lenny Bruce's with modern jazz — I like the clothes and attitude."

his name on account of the 'John Cooper Clarke' moniker having been already nailed down by an already-registered member of Equity.

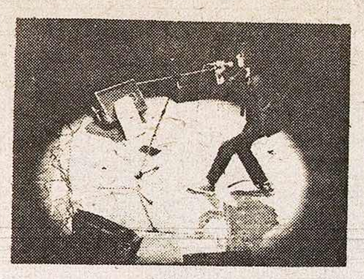
"What's this other John Cooper Clarke like? I dunno, I 'aven't checked him out yet. I could change me name to T.V. Lounge, reckon, or Richie Valence. Can you 'ave dead people? Buddy 'Olly. Winston Churchill . . ."

The JCC tour of the UK doesn't exactly carry that marauding-army-of-rock-and-roll gypsys-come-for-your-daughters-and-your-money vibe. It's more a three-people-in-an-estate-car sortathingy: Clarke, Hannett and the latter's girlfriend Sue. Hannett wears Oxfam-shop, postpunk threads, shades, no socks and long curly Ian Hunter hair. He describes his multifarious functions by pointing to his spindly ward and announcing "I'm his mother". He vibes with Clarke, fights a losing battle against the Punk Poet's peerless propensity for Losing Things (those precious carrier bags, for example, and the olive-green sneakers that went AWOL the following night in Newcastle, never to return. Hannett supervises the wordslinger's career progress, writes, arranges and produces all his music, plays the bass in The Invisible Girls, Clarke's studio band, which is slowly evolving into a stage band for future use. He also makes toast: the power behind the throne.

He's even diversified by producing legendary fun people Magazine for their next single. His conversations with Clarke are cryptic, semi-coded-semi-clear and hilarious to the participants. Clarke shacks on Hannett's couch when — for any reason — he can't make it back to the flat over the chemists' in Salford. But Hannett is El Zonko — almost — as he occupies the couch for easy access to the tape deck. That leaves the cushions for Clarke. The shades are off and the slur is more pronounced. He begins to doze off, mumbles in his sleep, than wakes himself up.

His albums haven't been released in the States, but they might be. CBS' New York office is manifestly confused by the product they keep getting from London, as was aptly demonstrated by the sizzling acumen with which they assessed the first Clash album. Still, come hell or high water, America is getting the JCC experience, maybe in August.

"I'd like to do New York solo," Clarke murmurs. "I believe a meaningful tour of key laundrettes is bein' seeriously mooooted." He pronounces it "muted" and the ambiguity is pleasing. On first hearing of 'I Wanna Be Nice' from the 'Disguise In Love' album, it was difficult for southern-jessie ears to discern whether Clarke was saying "Better look elsewhere" or "better luck elsewhere" until, by a process of rigorous analysis, it was determined that if it had been the former it would have come out as 'better luke elsewhere'. Ambiguities of Pinteresque proportions abound.



A DISCUSSION had been taking place in which Clarke had opined that he felt more sympathy for Carl Jung than Sigmund Freud (two singer-song-writers currently signed respectively to Warners and Arista) because "I'd rather not believe that everything can be reduced to sex" when it was idly raised that a considerable amount of Pinter's dialogue resembled the recorded conversations of chronic schizophrenics.

Clarke is a devotee of Pinter's work, and quotes from it extensively. (He also has large chunks of the work of Damon Runyon committed to memory, and Runyon's prose sounds extraordinarily comfortable when rendered in Clarke's lugubrious, sardonic Salford tones). He begins to enthuse about Pinter's *No Mans Land*.

"It's basically about this poet called Spune who finds 'is way into this rich old geezer's 'ouse. This rich old geezer's got these two incredibly sinister bodyguards, real psychos in their way. This geezer was the last person you'd expect to 'ave two psycho bodyguards: 'e was all doddery with a horrible propensity for fallin' over. Everybody's drinkin' all the time. Then this geezer called Foster, who's the more sinister of the two bodyguards because 'e's more affable, comes in an' 'e says, 'Pheeeeeeew, what a day. Taxi drivers 'ate me. They 'ate me. What you drinkin'?'

"Then Spune tells Foster about this paintin' which he was goin' to do but 'ad never got around to actually doin' an' 'e says, 'I was sat outside this cafe by this river where a man 'ad caught a fish. Three children were lookin' at the fish talkin' among themselves about what kind of a fish it was. A travellin' salesman walks in and there's a guy leanin' against the bar whistlin'. I was goin' to call it "The Whistler". Would you 'ave understood why I'd've called it "The Whistler"?'

"Andy Foster says, 'Well I may not have understood it, but I would've been grateful for it. A good work of art tends to move me. I'm not a prat, y'know'. "You should read that. You can read it in an hour, and then you'll read it again and again. I try and see as much of his stuff as I can, especially on TV. It adapts so well to TV. His basic premise — well not 'is *basic* premise, but one of 'em — is that every sentence has at least 24 meanings. Any sentence that anyone can write can immediately be taken in any one of 24 ways.

"It's a very sound approach. All 'is plays have dead realistic dialogue where sumbody says sumthing and the other person isn't listening properly or doesn't hear it right and comes back with a really incongruous answer, and so on."

Ever written any plays yourself?

"No, but I'd like to."

Any acting?

"No, but there's only one sort of part I could play. I'd always be typecast." He pauses a beat, awaits the raised eyebrow and when it comes, he smirks and drawls, "Juuuuuuveniles".

Up on stage at the Free Trade Hall, Clarke's breath comes in short pants and then goes home to change.

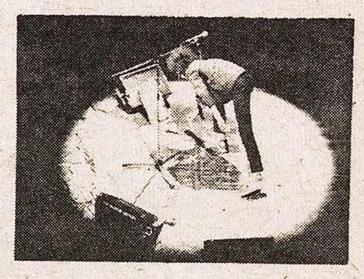
"AhcantgobakterSALfordthacoppersgotmemaaaaaaktenter-tha-daraaaagonanexitJohnnyClaaakeTA!" and he's off, carrier bags in one hand, glass in the other, slipping and sliding on the polished boards. The Amazing Talking Man! He's mowed 'em down, kept them 'angin on' is every WERDlike for overanower, made 'em laugh, made 'em think (maybe), hit 'em in sore spots, tickled 'em in sensitive ones. For his first encore, he gives them 'Beasley Street', a massive epic delivered at dead march pace, bleak, grim and evocative, not entirely devoid of humour but definitely short on the cheap, easy laughs that he's been accused of perpetually seeking, not revved-up cranked-high heads-down entertainment but an inkling of what lies behind the jokey facade, a taste of the kind of material that Clarke had kept up his sleeve while doling out the tasty *hors d'oeuvres* that cinched the rep.

And he has 'em. Cold. It's the payoff for all the failures, all the brush-offs, all the dismissals, all the years as a printers assistant or a night watchman or an assistant to a man whose job it was to photograph wounds for an insurance company, all the years on the Nat King Cole, all the times he's dodged bottles and glasses and veg and other sundry missiles or been booed and roared off stages . . .

When did people stop throwing things at you, John?

"When I started getting in't music press. That should give you some sort of idea of your readership! I did Glasgow Apollo with Be Bop De Luxe . . . it's the biggest venue on the circuit int it, Glasgow Apollo. It 'olds 3800 people and *they all hated me.* They all started to shout the moment I came on. I didn't get a *werd* out. They got a 50-foot-'igh stage so you got more in common with the people in the balcony than the wuns in the stalls. I just stood there for about four minutes and looked at them. Imagine that: 4000 people all loathing me at once. It was one of the most muving experiences of my life. I was muved very efficiently. I just said, 'Let's call it a draw'. I come in by the frunt daw an' went straight out by the back.

"I'd give anything to be able to relive that."



JOHN Cooper Clarke is asking a question.

"This is a thing I always ask people: if you 'ad to make luve to an animal, what would it be? Something out of the human realm of existence. Not larger than an elephant and not smaller than a guinea-pig. As sensuous or as ridiculous as you like, though I reckon that people who would do it with a guinea-pig are basically very sadistic people.

"Pandas eat a lot of fruit, and they'd be extremely comfortable . . . if you *'ad* to, but in my more *dynamic* mudes I would like to fook a giyant sea bird that upon climax would drop me into a placid ocean where I would be immediately digested by a huge translucent fish and then deposited upon a desert island paradise . . . unscathed.

"A surprising number of people get very flustered and refuse to answer this question *at all.*"

What method of psychological analysis does Clarke use to codify and interpret the answers he does get?

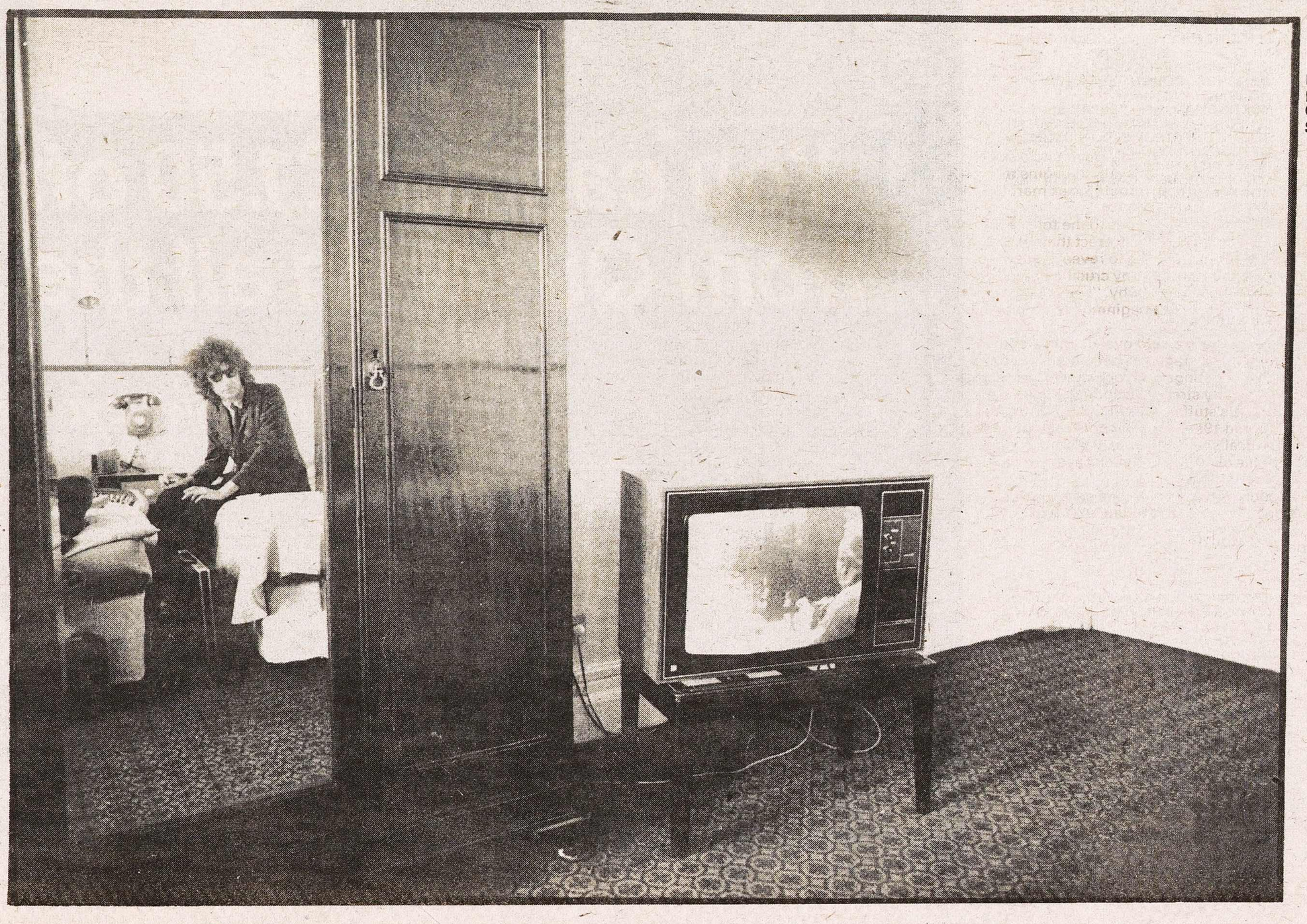
"Well, it's really pretty basic. Anyone who'd fook a guinea-pig is definitely not to be trusted."

John Cooper Clarke is asleep now, head thrown back to the ceiling. Random images are floating up from his brain, a brain crammed with Pinter and Lou Reed and Dylan and Magritte and *Coronation Street* and Burroughs and Warhol and Runyon and Italian futurist poets and Man Ray and Spillane and uncounted hordes of made-for-TV horror films and Chandler and Len Deighton and Brion Gysin: all the stuff that boils up like bubbles of marsh gas from the plastic carrier bag full of diamonds and trash that does duty as his cerebral cortex, the source point for the automatic writing with which he's currently experimenting.

Head thrown back like the corpse he'd like to play in movies, a series of cameo roles in which he floats face down in rivers, falls off balconies and tumbles out of closets at detectives' feet, always billed "and featuring John Cooper Clarke as himself" . . . he's sprawledoutflatonnisbackJACK!

But the motormouth keeps on going, far below the discernibility threshold. He regains consciousness long enough to retail an anecdote about someone who always speaks French in his sleep before he's away again, curled up by the gas fire.

Hush, hush, whisper who dares. John Cooper Clarke is saying his prayers.



Can a punk poet with a petulant personality prise a part on Coronation Street?

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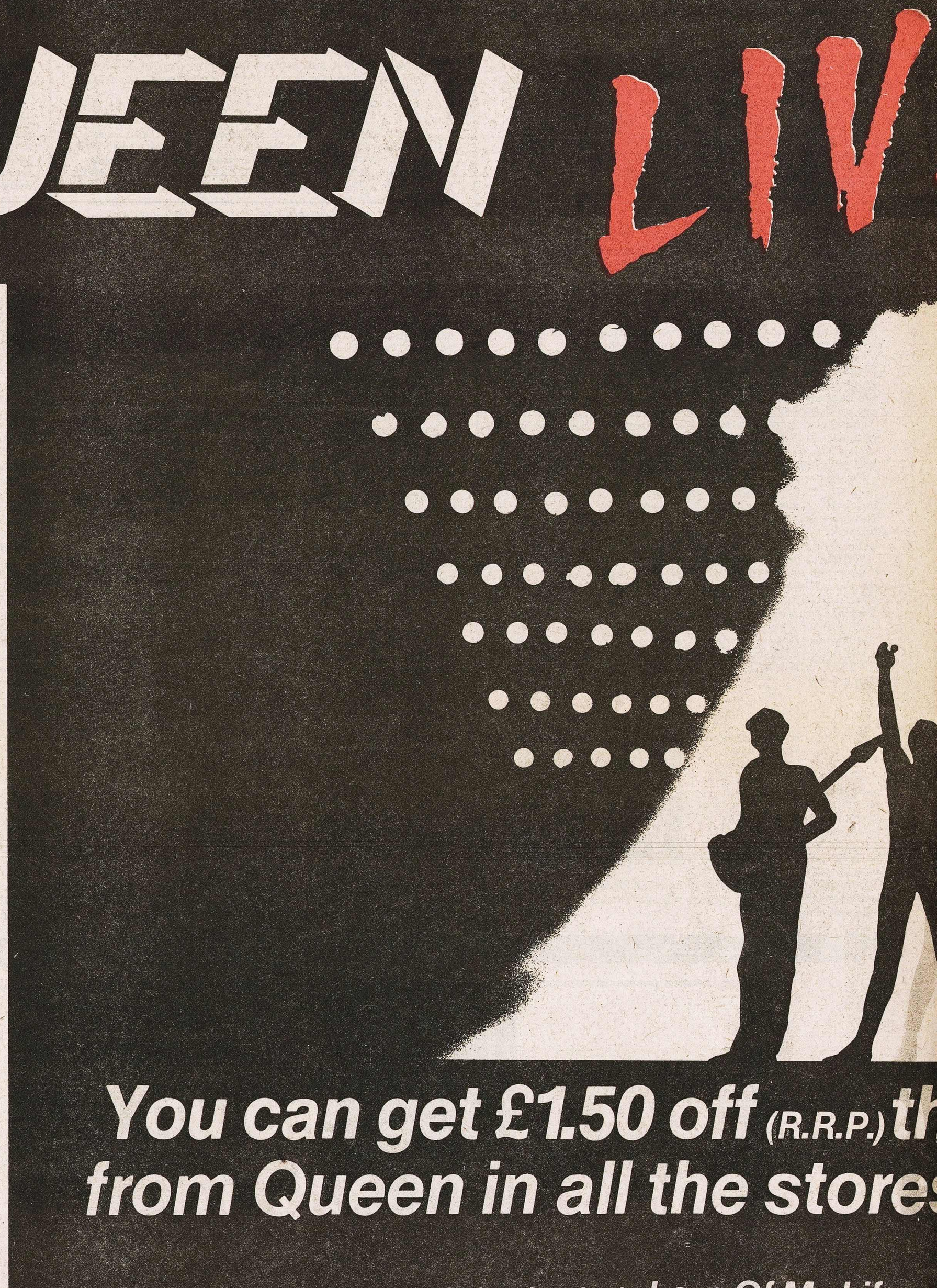

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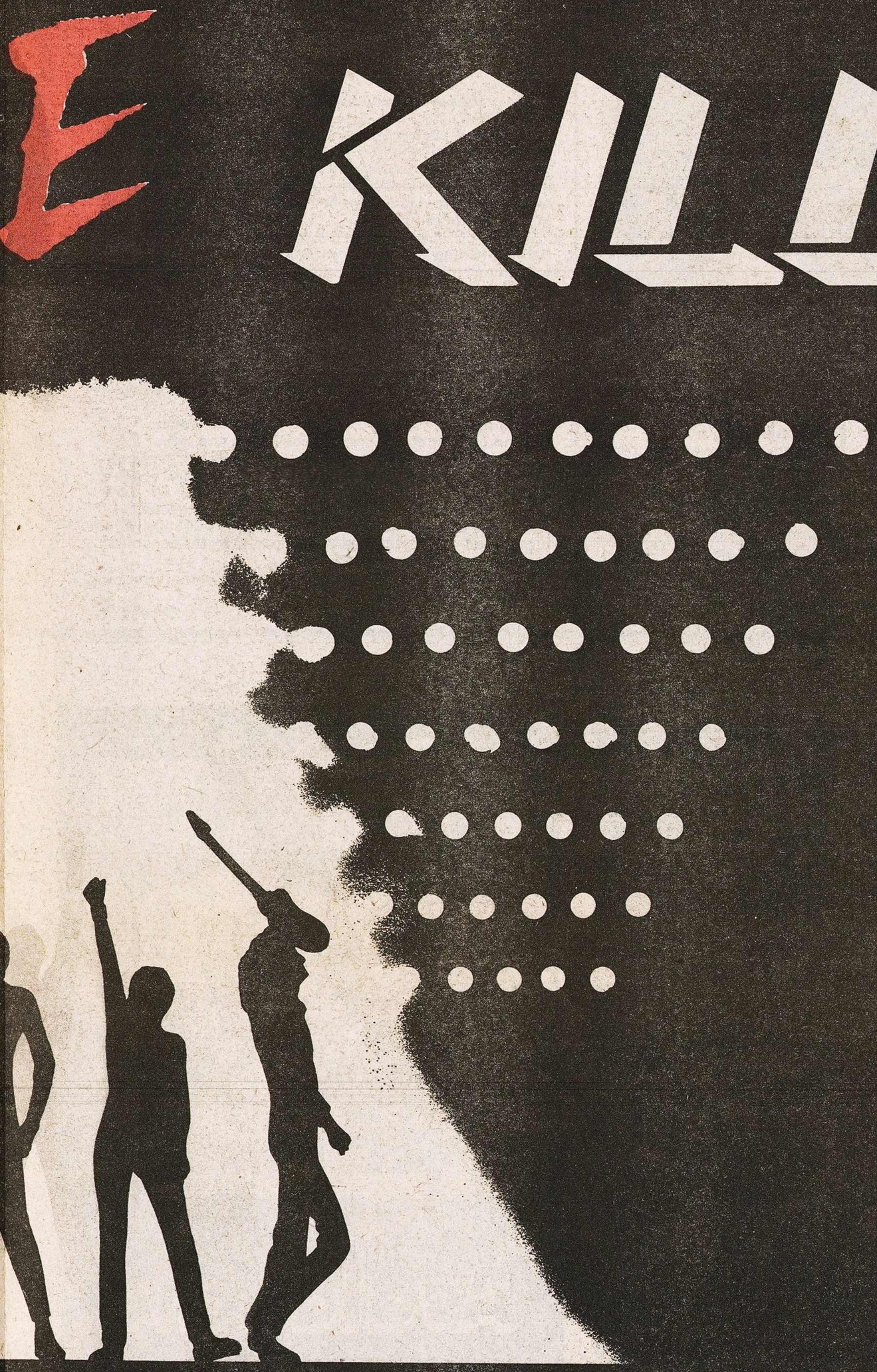

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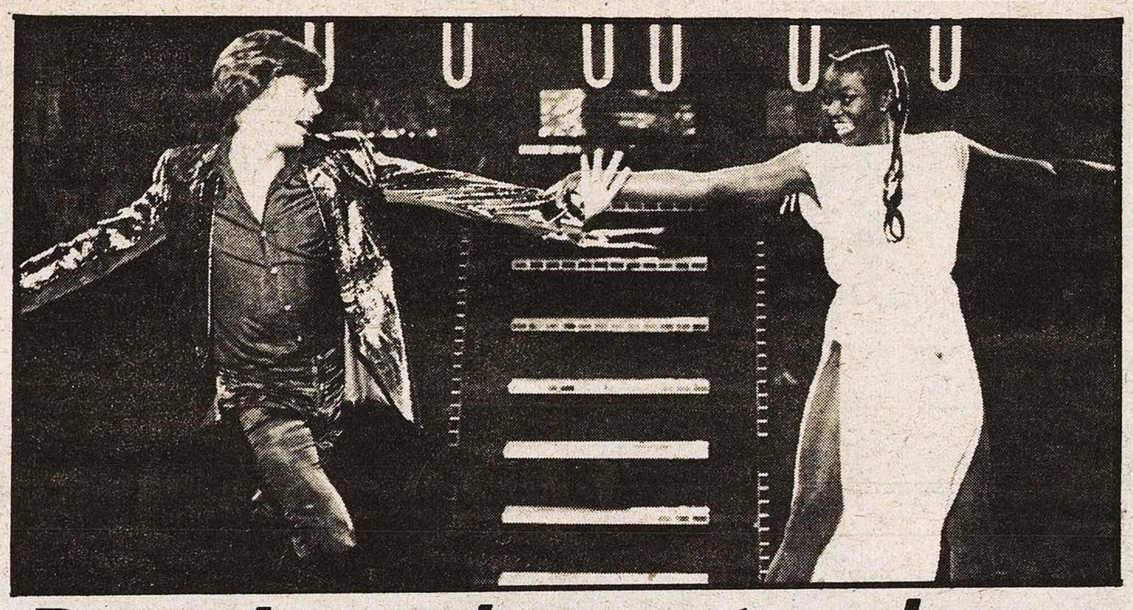
KINGSTON, HMV RECORDS.
STREATHAM, L. H. CLOAK.
ADDISCOMBE, ADDISCOMBE MUSIC.
BASILDON, KELLEYS RADIO.
SOUTHEND, KELLEYS.
BRENTWOOD, KELLEYS.
ROMFORD, KELLEYS.
BASILDON, GODFREY PHOTO.
FOREST GATE, GILBERTS.
ILFORD, PENNY FARTHING.
SOUTHEND, GOLDEN DISC.
ST. ALBANS, CLOUD 7.
HOUNSLOW, CLOUD 7.
LETCHWORTH, STARTIME.
STORTFORD, STARTIME.
STRATFORD, HMV SHOP.
HARLOW, STARTIME, BOOTS.
BRAINTREE, KELLEYS RADIO
HARLOW, STARTIME.
CHELMSFORD, POP INN RECORDS. KELLEYS RADIO. **ENFIELD**, HMV RECORDS. **LUTON**, HMV RECORDS.
AYLESBURY, RECORD HOUSE.
CHESHAM, RECORD HOUSE.
AMERSHAM, RECORD HOUSE.
BRENT CROSS, VIRGIN.
EDGWARE, HAPPY HUGS.
STAINES, W. H. SMITH.
AYLESBURY, HARLEQUIN.
BARNET, HARLEQUIN.
BROMLEY, HARLEQUIN.
BASINGSTOKE, HARLEQUIN.
CHELMSFORD, HARLEQUIN.
CAMBERLEY, HARLEQUIN.
CHATHAM, HARLEQUIN.
EPSOM, HARLEQUIN.
HARROW, HARLEQUIN.
HIGH WYCOMBE, HARLEQUIN.
LUTON, HARLEQUIN.
MAIDENHEAD, HARLEQUIN.
MAIDSTONE, HARLEQUIN.
READING, HARLEQUIN.
RICHMOND, HARLEQUIN.
ROMFORD, HARLEQUIN.
SLOUGH, HARLEQUIN.
WATFORD, HARLEQUIN.
WELWYN, HARLEQUIN.
WINCHESTER, HARLEQUIN.

LONDON

OXFORD ST., W1, HMV SHOP.
NOTTING HILL GATE, W11, HMV SHOP.
TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W1, OUR PRICE RECORDS. **GOLDERS GREEN ROAD, NW11**, OUR PRICE RECORDS.
FINCHLEY ROAD, NW3, OUR PRICE RECORDS. **CHARING CROSS ROAD, WC2**, OUR PRICE RECORDS.
EDGWARE ROAD, W2, OUR PRICE RECORDS. **KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W8**, OUR PRICE RECORDS.
LEWISHAM CENTRE, SE12, HMV SHOP. **WOOLWICH SE18**, MUSIC SHOP. **THE BROADWAY, SW19**, CLOUD 7. **HIGH STREET, SW15**, CLOUD 7.
LONDON ST., EC3 FENCHURCH.
QUEEN VICTORIA ST., EC3, ALL STAR.
CAMBERWELL ROAD, SE5, CENTRAL MARKETING SERVICES.
HOLLOWAY, N7, HMV SHOP.
MUSWELL HILL, N10, MARUM REC.
OXFORD STREET, W1, VIRGIN SUPERAMA.
OXFORD WALK, W1, VIRGIN. **MARBLE ARCH, W1**, VIRGIN. **NEW BOND STREET, W1**, CHAPPEL. **BRENT CROSS SHOPPING CENTRE, NW4**, HARLEQUIN.
BISHOPSGATE, EC1, HARLEQUIN.
CRANBOURNE ST., WC1 HARLEQUIN.
CANNON STREET, EC4, HARLEQUIN.
CHEAPSIDE, EC2, HARLEQUIN.
COVENTRY STREET, W1, HARLEQUIN.
FENCHURCH STREET, EC3, HARLEQUIN.
FLEET STREET, EC4, HARLEQUIN.
HAYMARKET, SW1, HARLEQUIN.
HIGH HOLBORN, WC1, HARLEQUIN.
LONDON WALL, EC2, HARLEQUIN.
LUDGATE HILL, EC4, HARLEQUIN.
OXFORD STREET, W1, HARLEQUIN.
QUEENSWAY, W2, HARLEQUIN.
RUPERT STREET, W1, HARLEQUIN.
SHEPHERDS BUSH, W12, HARLEQUIN.
SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W1, HARLEQUIN.
UPTON PARK, E13, HARLEQUIN.
VICTORIA STREET, SW1, HARLEQUIN.
WATERLOO, SE1, HARLEQUIN.
WEMBLEY, HARLEQUIN.
LEICESTER SQUARE, WC2, OUR PRICE RECORDS. **KINGS ROAD, CHELSEA, SW3**, OUR PRICE RECORDS.
LEWISHAM, SE13, OUR PRICE RECORDS. **SOUTHGATE, N14**, OUR PRICE RECORDS.



Dancing cheap to cheap

The Music Machine

Directed by Ian Sharp
Starring Gerry Sundquist and Patti Boulaye
(Target International)

First there was *Saturday Night Fever.* Then there was *Grease.* Now — last, least and a thousand miles behind — comes *The Music Machine,* a disco film without good disco music, with very little good dancing and with no style, verve or subtlety whatsoever.

What we get instead is an amiable British low-budget cardboard imitation. A flimsy, implausible plot fleshed out with that watered-down er, 'cosmic realism' which usually appears at its most debilitating when gritty TV sit-com series, like *Steptoe,* are transferred to the cinema and rended fit for a family audience.

'Realism' here is indicated by several pans of tower blocks, by a scene at the Job Centre, a bit of token violence and a bout of drunken vomiting. 'Comedy' takes the form of 'jokes' about social status, sexual inexperience and poverty —disguised as stupidity — when the hero gets a black eye, his dad runs off for a steak and comes back with couple of beefburgers instead.

The story is that tousle-haired wimp Gerry (Gerry Sundquist) falls for a sneering teenage beauty who makes plain her preference for the arrogant white-suited Travolta lookalike, so Gerry decides to impress her by winning a disco dance contest even though he dan't dance etc. He's helped (for no apparent reason) by a black DJ (Clarke Peters). And after his original partner has been hauled off by her hysterical boyfriend, he teams up with Patti Boulaye, whose minimalist acting technique consists of a knowing smile interruped just twice by a raised-eyebrow grimace.

There's a sketchy underworld sub-plot, a guest appearance by Esther Rantzen, and one of the feeblest climaxes in cinematic history before Gerry and Patti go on to win the contest, held at Camden's Music Machine, despite being — quite blatantly — the worst dancers on the floor, if not in the world.

What next, I wonder. *Jaws III* in Camden Lock? *The Marxocist* in Highgate Cemetery? Robert De Niro in *New Cross, New Cross* with a soundtrack by The Desperate Bicycles? Now that *would* be something.

Graham Lock

Mean Dog Blues

Directed by Mel Stuart
Starring Gregg Henry, Kay Lenz and George Kennedy

The Death Collector

Directed by Ralph De Vito
Starring Joseph Cortese and Joe Pesci
(ITC)

This high-speed thriller double-bill weighs heavy on the moral count.

In one half, cosmic injustice is stacked against the innocent; in the other it's much the same, except the whole context is corrupt to the core. In both we get all the standard ingredients set in ideally dramatic situations, but only rarely are they expoited to any great effect. At best we're amused, but never amazed.

Mean Dog Blues **features the tousled David Soul lookalike, Ramsey (Gregg Henry), whom Fate snatches cruelly from his aspirations to be a Nashville guitarist, plants with 'sticks of reefer', frames on a drunk hit-and-run charge, and kicks into a state penitentiary camp to be subjected to yet more physical and spiritual abuse.**

A sub-*Midnight Express* **plot unfurls as the naive and sensitive Ramsey struggles to suss out — and then subvert — a system in which the only means of escape are outlined by his merciless captors as to "kiss ass, hard ass and haul ass".**

Battling against everything from seductive women, treacherous inmates, a starved doberman and some unconvincingly brisk dialogue, he eventually achieves one of these arduous alternatives, but I don't recommend you find out which.

Marginally more entertaining is *The Death Collector,* **where any pretentions towards analysing a self-built system turning self-destructive are overwhelmed by the constant avalanche of blood-stained bravado.**

But who needs morals when the thirst for carnal wreckage is still alive and kicking?

Mark Ellen

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Screenplay by ABRAHAM POLONSKY
Based on the Novel by COLIN FORBES
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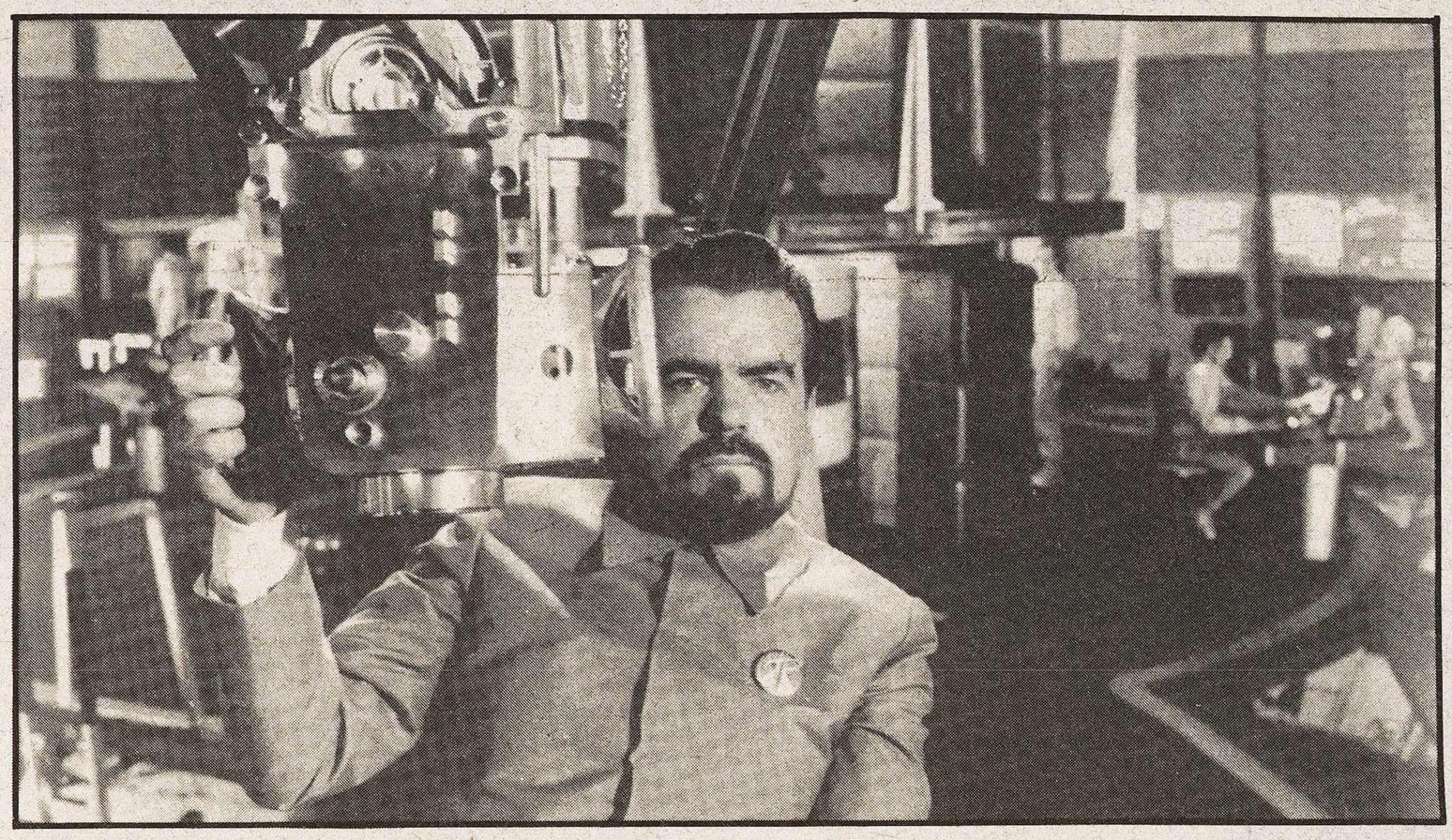

Moneyraker!

Moonraker

Directed by Lewis Gilbert
Starring Roger Moore, Lois Chiles, Richard Kiel and Michael Lonsdale
(United Artists)

Part of the appeal of Bond films is surely the sense of nostalgia they elicit for a simpler, more ingenious age.

From the opening trademark as Bond shoots at the camera and blood flows over the shutter (very '60s, very Broccoli), to the closing seduction (in zero gravity, no less), the film is a celebration of formula, fashion and marketing. What other film could get media coverage in virtually everything from the *Sunday Mirror* to the *New Scientist?*

Bond films are mass entertainment in the purest sense; they really do have something for everyone. Whether it be action for the kids, unattainable women for the dads, mummified Roger Moore for the mums or authentic technological effects for the more sophisticated, there is a guaranteed talking point for everyone who shells out the readies to see it. And thanks to the marketing there will be punters aplenty. Like McDonalds, the art is in the selling — no matter how sick you are afterwards you nearly always go back for more.

Ultimately, *Moneyraker* — sorry, *Moonraker* — is little more than a technological fashion show, with the much-vaunted space sequences occuring well towards the end of the film. Authenticity, as Eric Burgess spends four pages emphasising in the *New Scientist,* is the name of the game — on earth as it is in heaven. Thus the space shuttles are simulated American vehicles as realistically designed and constructed as the US Army truck model that cost £1000 to build and occupies three seconds of screen time. And the destruction of the space station is effectively eerie, even in the knowledge that two technicians were standing beneath the model blasting bits away with sawn-off shotguns.

The plot owes more to Sax Roehmer than Fleming, with billionaire nutter Hugo Drax (Michael Lonsdale emanating a suave and lethargic aura of evil) creating a master race in a galactic city to repopulate the earth after destroying human life with an ecology-conscious brew distilled from the Black Orchid; it leaves all other life forms intact.

Bond gets on the case and after one or two setbacks — like being pushed out of a plane without a parachute before the credits, and being subjected to a normally fatal dose of G-force as well as the ardent embrace of an anaconda — gets the girl, kills the baddie and saves the world.

But there are some disappointments. The title song is so dire that Ms. Bush would have been hard-pressed to make it memorable and Shirley Bassey just hasn't a hope. The snappy one-liners are very thin on the ground, though I suspect this has more to do with Moore's inability to deliver them with the insouciance of Sean Connery than anything else. The leading lady is dull: Lois Chiles as Dr. Holly Goodhead (though I wouldn't bet on it) has developed little since that hawk-eyed talent scout spotted her in *The Woodentops.* Richard Kiel returns as Jaws and is totally emasculated by a Disney romance with a girl tall enough to look him straight between the knees. Frankenstein meets the Incredible Shrinking Girl.

So there we are. James Bond confirms his status as an Institution and defies the critics as easily as the Queen. This is the most fashionable, most disposable Bond film to date. It won't look as good on the TV as *Thunderball,* but what the hell? In every Dream Home, a Headache. . .

It's like being assaulted by a loud marshmallow — and if you don't see it, you'll be related to somebody who will.

Neil Norman

The Left Handed Woman

Directed by Peter Handke
Starring Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz
(Sinister Films)

The "subject" of *The Left Handed Woman* (we never actually find out whether she is left of right handed) struggles with meaning and her role as a token feminist metaphor in a society dominated by the patriarchal cliches of male, Fassbinder-retentive Continental film directors. Very few people will see this film, and Peter Handke *knows* that's not the point.

Edith Clever ("subject?") seldom speaks ("dumb"?), rejects her husband, Bruno Ganz ("actor?"), rejoins her father ("Freud?"), translates Flaubert ("some kind of Frog egg dish, or what?"), and as a cinematic 'heroine' is completely deconstructed, lost, out to lunch, bored shitless.

This is a radical work; it symbolises European notions of 'art' as some kind of incestuous, useless big wank. A 'new language of cinema' where most of the actors don't speak: must have been a hard script to learn.

I laughed a lot.

Ian Penman

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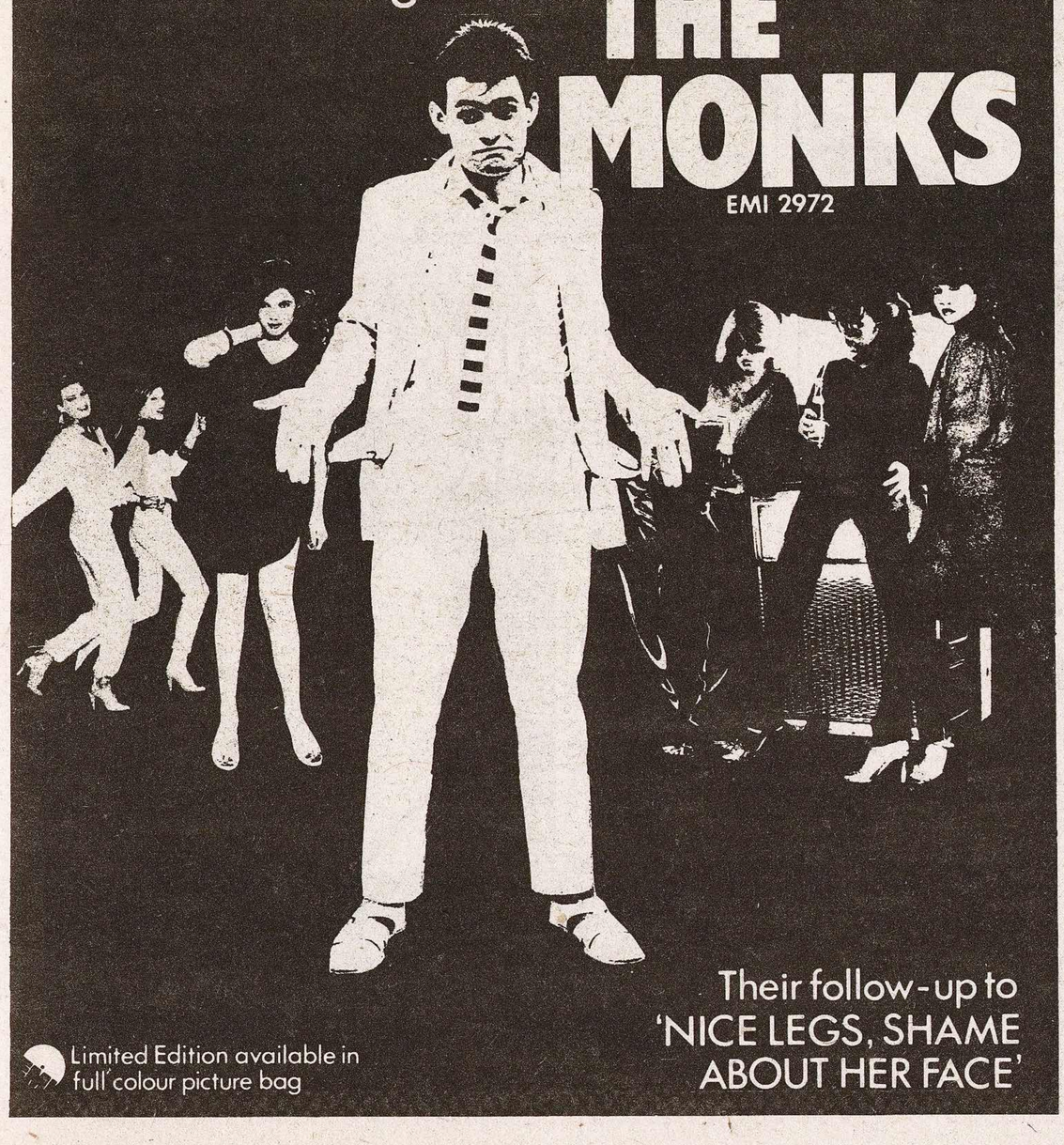

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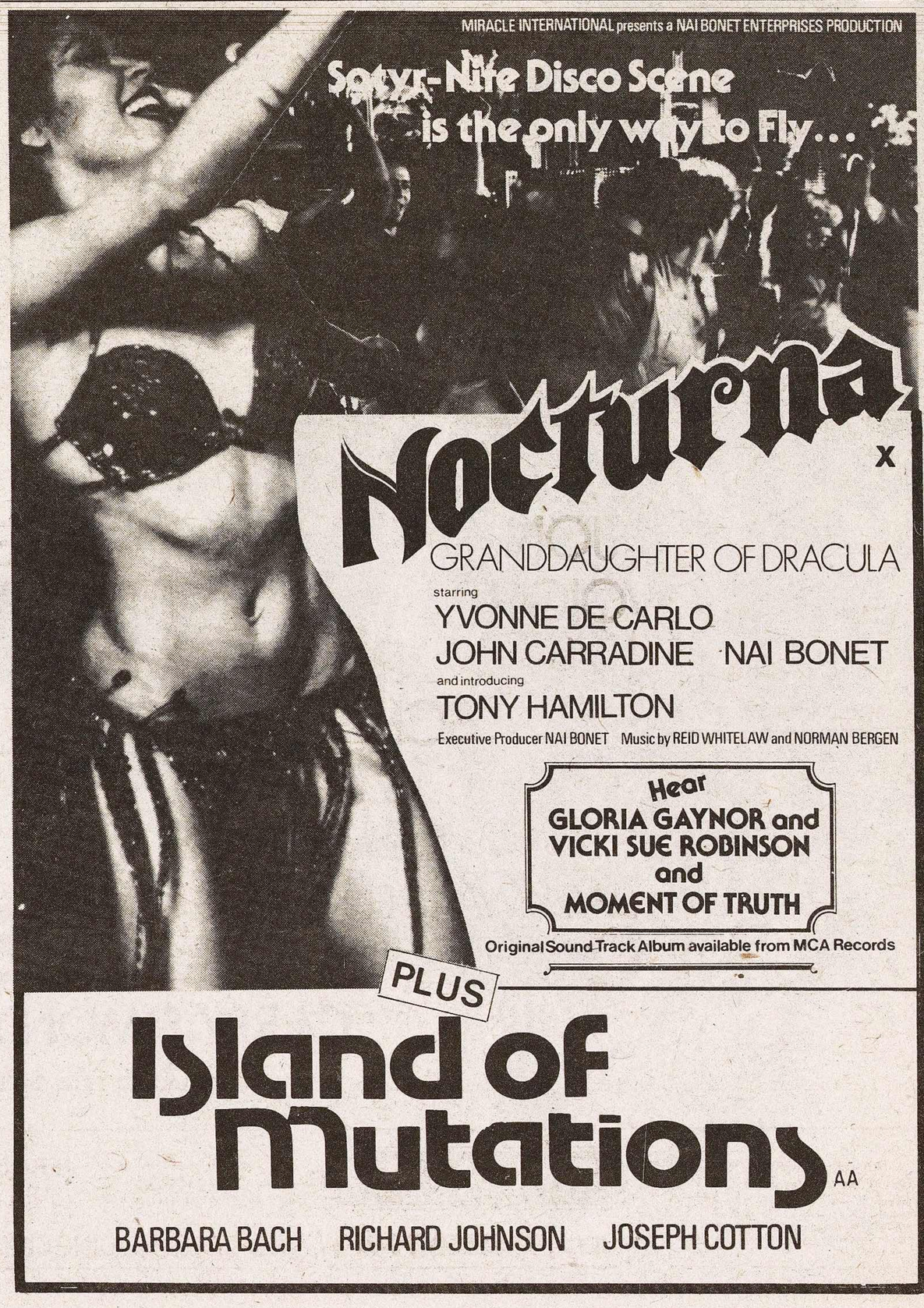

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Hard hearts, soft metal

Mirror, mirror on the wall — who is the shortest of them all? *Pic: Paul Wirdnam*

BLUE OYSTER CULT
Mirrors
(Columbia — Import)

Democracy is a wonderful thing in theory, even if the practice is not always assured of success. And that self-same philosophical trait is a rare commodity, particulary in rock bands, where the distribution of talents is all too often weighted in favour of some hopeful spark whose eventual muse is likely to become satured before use and strained by time.

The Blue Oyster Cult, on the other hand, are one of those rock bands who have studiously avoided a particular focal point, preferring to subjugate any risk of ego to the sum of their collected parts. To this end the Cult have won a well earned quota of respect, their shared abilities generally proving sufficient in breadth and interest (not to mention musical prowess of a stature forbidden lesser entities) so that they can both carry an aficianado and initiate a sympathetic first timer.

Ironic then, now the band have finally severed the family ties with ole Memphis Sam Pearlman, weird and wonderful image maker to the supreme court of gonzoid fantasy morass, said goodbye to his production hand and ousted his aspirations to literary metal composition, that they should choose to replace him with Tom Werman as overseer/director. Werman (Cheap Trick, Ted Nugent, Epic staffer) has a penchant for a technical radioworld sound allied to pop precision but is not, i think, a producer able to handle mood and naunce, or indeed most of the subtle flickers in texture that set BOC apart from the HM persuasion.

This summit meeting is a failure in that the parties never seem quite comfortable together, Werman opting for the simple emotional up and the band's material aching to breathe in a more rarefied atmosphere. They should have produced it themselves and that's that.

I'm being unduly picky — gradual familiarity and eventual submission isn't a chore for me and this group — but the record *doesn't* quite dish the dirt on the barrel of monkey imposters out there in boogieland, even if it comes damn close.

Still, there's not too much of the consciousness raising you'd expect; it's disappointing that BOC have spanned a ten year period without going out on high thrust. 'Mirrors' seldom suggests the innovative places this band can go if they'd only relax a bit more. Hell, some of the time they don't sound as if they're enjoying themselves like they used to — the pressure of that elusive follow up single could haunt them forever. Just isn't worth it, boys.

After the carping, some evaluation. Good entrances aren't always their forte and 'Dr Music' is looser than most. One of R Meltzer's least developed excursions into the weave and warp of effective dictatorship, it's still minor surgery while the rest take it out on a slinky chainsaw riff over some sub-Motown Jr. Walker stomp, harp, girls'n'all. A 'Cagey Cretins' or a 'Death Valley Nights' it ain't tho'.

Bloom, ham vocalist extraodinaire, is happier slipping out of his leather clad garb and into the cultural operation seraglio pose for Michael Moorcock's 'The Great Sun Jester', a kind of breakfast in the ruins excursion that details the demise of the universal joker. The arrangement is too hurried for the song's potential to emerge in full and Werman's dabbling is fussy. Despite that, Allen Lanier's keyboard dancing filters through alright and the front line electric mauling should transfer to the boards.

Lanier's own 'In Thee' is one of two complementary songs whose entirely personal subject matter — lovers — contrasts with the abstract imagination of the side. A sweet, solitary tale of romantic woe, it boasts a rich tear jerking vocal from Don 'Buck Dharma' Roeser and a minor melody that nags and yearns. No prizes for guessing who da goil was who left for Detroit *('And on the third day she rose again'* is a clue).

Yes, it's the title track which is the ace; co-written by Roeser and Bruce 'Golden Age' Abbott, 'Mirrors' features a trio of iced breaks plus a Bouchard Bros. backline swing that is purely dynamic. The lyric tells you most of the interesting things about mirrors (rolled up dollar bills don't come into it), and the tune is tongue in cheek, deceptively bubblegum. A deadly accurate, energising number and a fine analysis of vanity.

No such luck for Smokey Joe Bouchard's 'Moon Crazy' which is too sane by half. The approach is 'Agents' style and doesn't fit, the words are patchy and the ending — an esoteric blast of rhythm — is frustrating as a result.

Side two though — this is more like it. Join 'The Vigil', where acoustic melody, the bait, is interrupted by a boot down biker Sabbatical. The song is a husband and wife effort of some human protos who foresaw the day when those omnipotent visitors would deliver us from evil. Simultaneously silly and engrossing if you like. Body snatchers get your paranoia here.

The bass Bouchard vindicates himself somewhat with the ensuing 'I Am The Storm'; there is no drop in attack. Arch New York punk godfather Ronald Binder put pen to grimey paper and came up with the album's most nostalgic Cult lick, the elemental wind/weather routine. The red and black chapter get good mileage out of Bloom's emphatic rant and the throwbacks to past colour schemes — notably the 'Tyranny and Mutation' axis — are manna from hell, wind machines included.

Brother Albert, the skin half of the gutsy backline duo, only gets to do one number and hasn't been writing like he ought to. 'You're Not The One (I Was Looking For)' is a diversion from an Imaginos epic, the album's one hint at the Pearlman partnership. It's a groovy, lightweight love song with the accent on reality. Bouchard's melodies are the most underrated in the band and I like this song best 'cos it's sweet. Be a hit if people could only appreciate the beat.

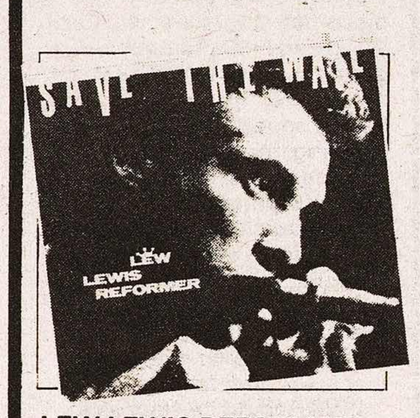
Lanier's 'Lonely Teardrops' comes out of the black and blue not underground disco. Again the arrangement lets it slip and the chick singing (*pace* 'Dr Music' and 'Mirrors') seems a trifle unneccessary. What in tarnation happened to those Byrds harmonies they were getting so good at? This finale is the other side of Lanier's lovelorn life, a Parisian belle this time but let's leave it at that. Don Roeser is pushed to handle the lyric and doesn't sound like he wanted to much; instrumentally the song is near perfect, its bouncing, wistful tempo and calibre of lead guitar work peculiar to Dharma remind me why I love this group and always will.

One final point: that democracy — these days the Cult are writing in isolation; they could do to pool ideas again. 1979 is no time for the *smartest* hard rock band with a soft centre to become fainthearted; they've been back to the clubs to boost their Soft White Underbelly. Some more of that live intimacy would ressurect a stronger blueprint. By now those solo albums are bursting to come out too. So?

This mirror gives a very clear reflection of a great band, which is why I know I'm getting the whole picture.

Max Bell

Harpin' on an R&B riff



LEW LEWIS REFORMER
Save The Wail *(Stiff)*

Play I on the R&B one time and shake your bad self! Lew Lewis has been in the wilderness a long time, ever since he got chucked out of Eddie And The Hot Rods for being stroppy and untogether and too hung up on the blues to go where the band wanted to go (no cheap wisecracks, please).

Since then, Lew has seemingly dicked around interminably, changing bands more often than he changed his socks, putting on shows wherein he spent more time reeling around looking for the right harp than actually playing, more time swaying pole-axed than singing, like a defeated fighter helplessly awaiting the final punch. If there was any further down to go, it was a depth of rock and roll perdition that was almost unimaginable.

Time passes, demons are wrassled, true grit triumphs and the spirits of ancient bluesmen nod in approval. 'Save The Wail' is a tough, flinty, propulsive album of white boy blues played with a hard, zappy, punk edge that makes Reformer simultaneously the most traditional and the most modern blues band currently treading the British boards. Maybe not as rowdy and soulful as The Bishops or as traditionally joyful as Thorogood or as exhilaratingly frenzied as Wilko-era Feelgoods or as relaxed and confident as the present-day Doctor, but Lew makes up for losing the battles by winning the war.

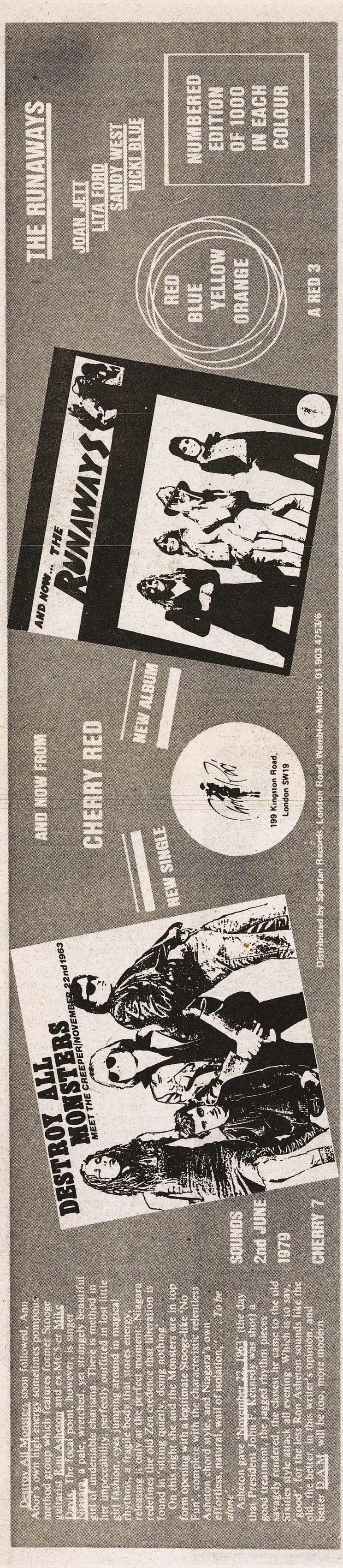
Whether singing his own stuff or dipping into the songbooks of Little Walter (the marvellously down and dirty 'High Temperature'), J. Geils ('Wait'), James Brown ('Do Just What You Want' with The Edge's Gavin Povey making a serious attempt to steal the show on piano), Tom Petty (Tom Petty???? You heard right — with a comparatively laid-back 'Home Town Blues') or the Quo (the marvellously poppy single shot 'Win Or Lose'), Lew is effortlessly on top of his material (look, I warned you).

Reformer are a good example of what we doctors generally refer to as 'a tidy little band': the drums go bash, the bass goes thump and the guitar goes snarrrrrrl. Occasionally the basic quartet sound a little thin live, but what with the occasional guest shot from Povey and some judicious overdubbing by guitarist Rick Taylor, that little problem's taken care of, no messin'.

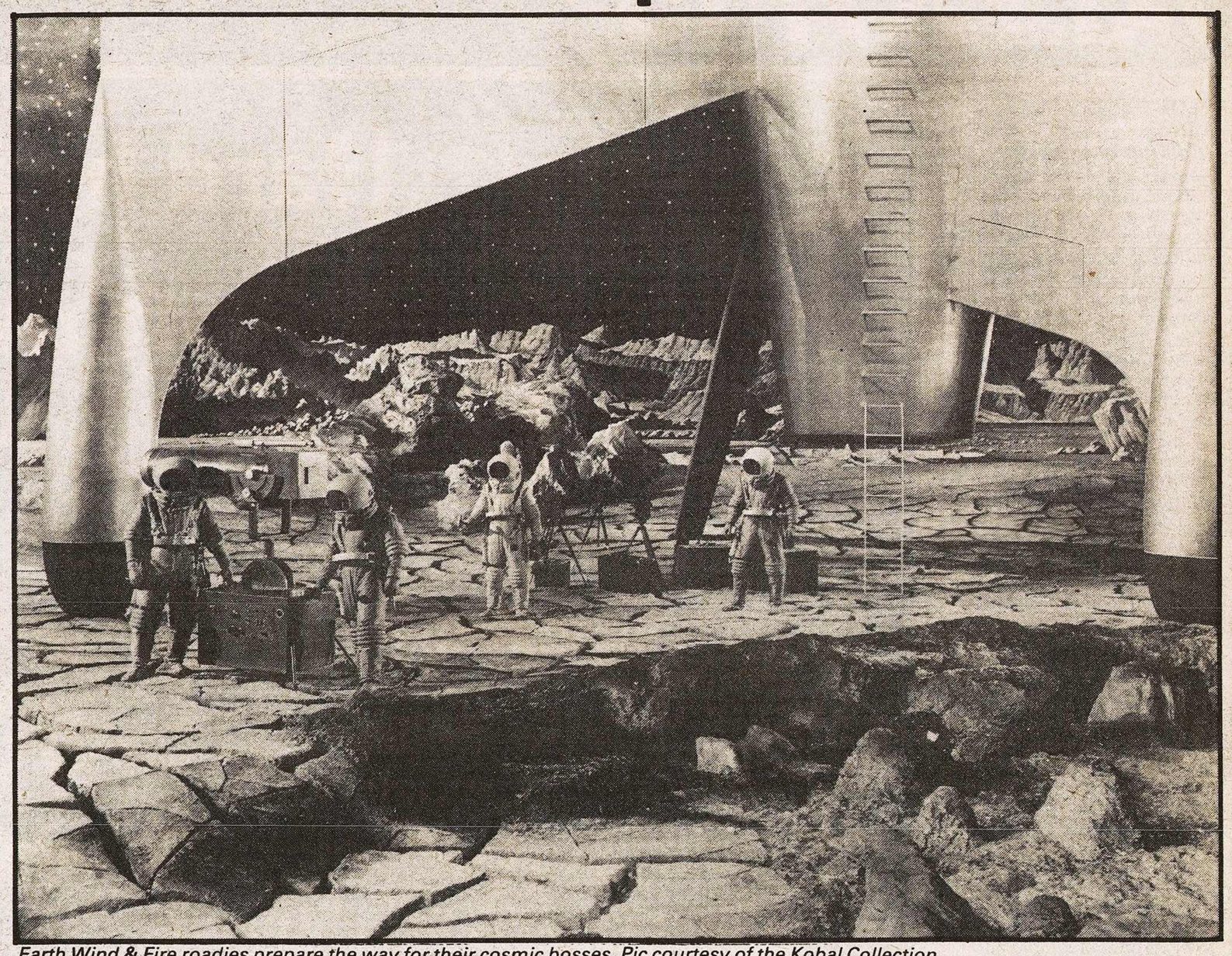
The main problem with recording R&B bands is that their material generally isn't varied enough to produce a perfectly palatable album. Though no-one on the R&B scene is in Wilko Johnson's class as a song-writer (finger out, Wilk), Lew and his band have sufficiently good taste in oldies to keep the ears twitching all the way through. I'd like to see 'em follow this up next year with an all-original album of the same quality. Not impossible.

You gotta hand it to Lew Lewis. His harp's in the right place.

Charles Shaar Murray



The Brothership Connections



Earth Wind & Fire roadies prepare the way for their cosmic bosses. Pic courtesy of the Kobal Collection.

THIRD WORLD
The Story's Been Told *(Island)*

Rooting around after a headline for my review of Third World's confused and confusing second album '96 Degrees In The Shade', I finally settled on "Which Way Out Of JA?". As it happened, the band's answer to the question and to their own dilemma over just how and what to reggae *(vb., trans.)* lay a rhythm away — in disco.

'Now That We've Found Love' and its accompanying album 'Journey To Addis' broke TW in the biggest possible way, effectively internationalised their audience and appeal at a stroke. This newfound freedom — TW can no longer be fairly viewed along narrow "But is or isn't it *real* reggae?" sights — has brought with it more than a measure of responsibility which, happily, the band don't seem at all inclined to abuse.

Although it was recorded in LA (winced when I saw the credit), 'The Story's Been Told' is neither an idle repeat performance of 'Addis' — which was made in Nassau, the ideal Caribbean centrepoint for TW's Afro-American-Jamaican crossover bid — nor just product to promote on the summer tour. Each successive TW album has been a quantum leap forwards — or, in the case of '96 Degrees', sideways — in terms of refining established directions and exploring new ones, and this is no exception.

In many ways Third World are to most things reggae what Earth, Wind & Fire are to late '70s soul. Both bands use disco judiciously, not as an end in itself, but as a means: a solid commercial base on which to build their eclectic musicial ambitions. Both descend like benign motherships in a haze of earnest, sometimes ludicrous philosophising; TW wave the flags of Rastafari as they colour it at every opportunity and tread all points back to Africa, whilst EW&F fly their own arcane banners of contemporary cosmic consciousness and step all points back to Ancient Egypt and beyond. Both avoid complete lyrical clichedom by a metaphysical millimetre — mainly by making music that's so fresh, vibrant and, yes, transcendental it's irresistible.

'Talk To Me', the latest 45, and the title piece are TW's latest exercises in disco dynamics; their single greatest asset is their rhythmic wealth and pliancy. The four-square pulse is unrelenting but, because it's inflected reggaewards onto the offbeat, it remains as listenable as it's danceable. In short, you don't feel you're being suckered for the nth time down the discomatic assembly line.

'Talk' obviously aims to refresh much the same parts as 'Now That We've Found Love', even refers to it in its closing moments, but if anything snaps into a snazzier groove. The obligatory instrumental breaks for guitar, keyboards, percussion and bass don't bore at all, and the lead vocal is fittingly intense, assertive. The title piece surges through fast, unexpected changes and cross-refers to, among other things, several songs from TW's first album. Yeah, this band certainly have a sense of history, their own at any rate — an impression reinforced by the stylistic continuity of their cover art.

The rest of the album is reggae, TW-style. 'Tonight For Me' is sweet, spicey lovers rock complete with a closing toast that's bound to annoy hardliners with its insouciance as much as it'll amuse and entrance everybody else. 'Irie Ites', 'Come Together' and 'Having A Party' are all high and fine on their platinum hooks, busting out with all the little incidental frills and thrills that lend TW's music so much of its charm: the doubled synthesiser bassline that muscles up 'Ites'; the brief chapter of funk-stepping that braces 'Together'; the conga drum call that opens 'Party' — they all *belong,* firm evidence of how highly developed TW's sense of form and focus is these days.

But the best beat of the heart here is 'Always Around'. A softsoul ballad loosely based on a trad. Rasta drum rhythm, its complexities seem effortlessly achieved — all that shows is its tenderness. (More please).

Third World have travelled far and fast since their first album and its dutiful nods to tradition with one side of JA and another of mainland USA material. The dichotomy is no longer evident; the seal is almost seamless. Whether or not TW's audience will follow through back to the band's reggae sources is open to doubt but, compared with the parallel miasma of fusions being committed in the name of 'jazz' by the likes of George Benson et al, the band's clarity of vision and sense of purpose are shining stars. Long may their skies remain clear.

Angus MacKinnon

EARTH WIND AND FIRE
I Am *(CBS)*

The Human League they ain't. And an easier target for scorn you won't find this side of Chelsea's defence. They are glittering and showbiz, a full meal of mock-mystic mishmosh that begs to be deflated, a big band in both sound and line-up truly to disco what Count Basie was to Frank Sinatra.

Sure, go on and laugh at their ramblings on self-realisation, their fetish for ancient 'wisdom' that makes Eric Von Daniken look like Tony Parsons, and save the biggest guffaws for those stage costumes. Over the top? Sylvester becomes positively off the peg, petals.

But try and dismiss the pop music of Earth Wind and Fire and you'll really show yourself up for one of the dour stay-at-homes that so many disco-detractors are. No, Earth Wind and Fire and their guvnor Maurice White can't be snipered by the snide. They have a sound too crazy, too uplifting, too unstoppably commercial. Their typhoon ties unforgettable melodies with exquisitely layered, unparalleled production, spinning till it's wrung every last capper chorus across the exhausting counterpunch work of whoever it is holding that swooping falsetto.

EW&F could be seen as a disco ELO in many ways, except that they don't start with a wimpy tune in the first place and merely tart it all over. This band is strong, sound and proud and beams pleasure stronger than anyone else. This album is their best since 'That's The Way Of The World' and the impression left by the opening cuts, 'In The Stone' and 'Can't Let Go', will see you chirpy for a fortnight. They're a tad less impressive on the ballad bursts, but lovable just the same.

The cover is no sillier than, say, 'Give 'Em Enough Rope', so you needn't hide it from all your 'real music' pals when they drop in to draw the curtains and pretend some sounds are more illegal to like than others. In fact, you'll shake them to the floor.

Pop music is an excellent thing.

Danny Baker

MOTHER'S FINEST
Mother Factor *(Epic)*

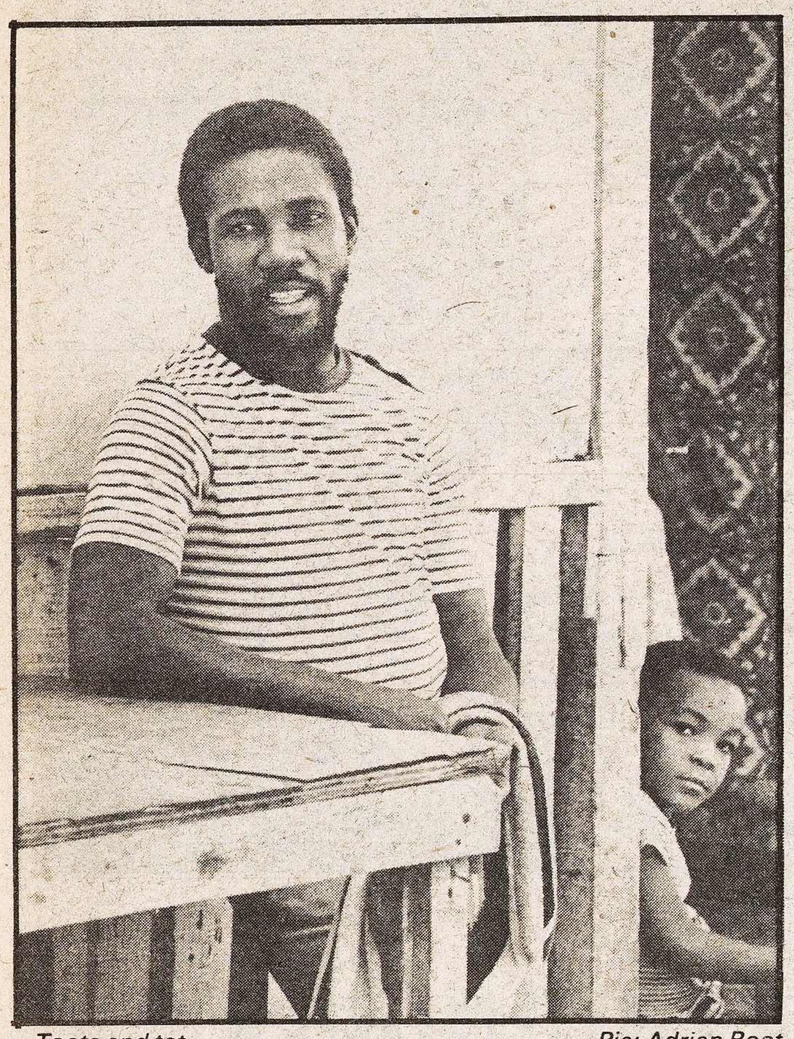
A glance at this impeccably tasteless, glossy cover — its occupants (four black, two white) all exhibiting the effortless chic of frayed buckskin boots, studded wristbands, leopardskin and catsuits — might suggest a collision between The Isley Brothers and Village People. And wouldn't you be wrong.

This dazzling troupe are essentially a soul band, culled from such diverse haunts as Ohio, Chicago, Florida and Tennessee, who've adapted, with near-total success, to a stylish, sophisticated funk idiom. The band's focus and mentor enjoys the slightly drastic title of Joyce Baby Jean Kennedy. An evident disciple of Sly and The Family Stone, she wraps her vibrant vocal chords round a Gladys Knight-type phrasing and slides over some exquisite locomotive funk with as much sensitivity as she handles the slower, more sensuous soul/blues.

The band is powered by an underlying tension between the acid-sharp drumming and thin metal bass of BB Queen and The Wizzard (get these names), both right up front in the mix, and a backline of smooth, layered synthesiser, guitar and a selective use of strings. Most of their songs keep to a simple, forceful structure, with lyrics that retain that time-honoured soul essence of repression/disillusion. But, even on the album's least elaborate tracks, what saves them from sounding like multi-purpose disco filler is a discriminate sense of detail.

Their whole sound has an invigorating depth of texture, which uses techniques like alternating three separate vocal tracks on 'Don't Wanna Come Back' with dramatic effect. Mother's Finest are not a force to be underrated. Hear the evidence.

Mark Ellen



Toots and tot. *Pic: Adrian Boot*

Rootsy Toots

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS
Pass The Pipe *(Island)*
The Best Of *(Trojan)*

Got a message to Rudie: if all you new skank gangsters want to acquaint yourselves with one of *the* boss sounds of the early '70s, pick up on what this man has put down.

Frederick 'Toots' Hibbert plus Raleigh Gordon and Jerry Mathias comprise Toots and The Maytals, one of Kingston, Jamaica's longest-lived vocal trios — commencing early last decade as The Vikings with 'Six And Seven Books Of Moses', on through the ska wars with 1966 Song Festival winner 'Bam Bam' (later recorded as 'Revival Reggae') and on to '68, when with the late Leslie Kong they cut 'Do The Reggay', signalling the end of the rock steady era and heralding with a hotter uptempo pitch the one that would succeed it.

At which time Toots had to cool his heels for a spell, an episode given full testimonial on the song he recorded upon his release, '54-36 Was My Number', a burning denial of charges wrongly brought and the perfect opening choice on Trojan's 'Best Of. . .'

Toots found new passion in the years that followed, combining the folk tunes and baptist fervour of his early days with sharper moves learnt from '60s US soul on a stream of records produced by Kong and then Warwick Lynn for Dynamic with the musical nucleus of Hux Brown on guitar, Jackie Jackson on bass and Winston Wright on organ, the cream cropping up on this 14 track compilation.

Youth club specials like 'Gold And Silver', 'Revival Reggae', 'African Doctor' and 'Monkey Man' take pride of place — alongside some good examples of sometimes not so good later attempts to make The Maytals more accessible on the 'In The Dark' and 'Funky Kingston' albums. These cuts sweat the sound of the church and the great blues and soul shouters. Their themes are old testament: redemption and retribution. And the music grinds down hard, Toot's exhortations bouncing off The Maytals' steady hymn-like back ups. Today's reggae brethren would probably find these songs too naive, too back-woods — but spirituality is best expressed in terms simple and heartfelt than in the abundant platitudes many now tout.

Concentration on the 'Monkey Man' and 'From The Roots' album sources would have been a welcome thing, but any record that boasts the original, seminal 'Pressure Drop' has to have an edge that others lack.

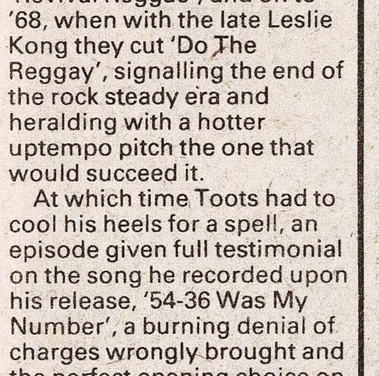
It's not that Toots' new album — his first since the record that came close to breaking the British charts three years ago, 'Reggae Got Soul' — lacks the edge others have. . .

It doesn't. It easily connects with present reggae sensibilities (such as I understand them). Producers Chris Blackwell and Karl Pitterson provide a sound slower and deeper, more profound, and Toots' voice adapts well to the context, becoming lower, hoarser.

But the music demands credentials Toots doesn't really possess, at least not in the accepted shape and form. Toots' spirit is ebullient, glad and wise, not so fiercely righteous as the chic rebel figures about town. He seems less than comfortable in this new mould.

Pass up 'Pass The Pipe' and buy the 'Best Of'. It's time for a treat.

Paul Rambali



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KEVIN COYNE and DAGMAR KRAUSE
Babble *(Virgin)*

Is this the dawning of the Kevin Coyne age?

'Babble' is so musically, lyrically, formally predictable a venture it could have been made by the pop press Kevin Coyne fan club. It'll come as neither surprise nor disappointment to admirers of this Coyne-year's partner, 'Millionaires And Teddy Bears' — or of any Coyne album, come to that.

Although Dagmar Krause adds a splinter more maudlin grain to the usual vocal arrogance, it's still that good ol' something old, blue, big-hearted, and nothing-new Coyne formula.

'Babble' fits nicely into his own great tradition of making few if any departures from his own great tradition: the people's Artist. The concerned, mixed-up, belligerent bloke, tripping over himself to communicate, but still — forever — one of the lads, just like you and me (but not her?) . . .

'Babble' is a precociously precious package, crumby Expressionist paintings and sketchings, chronological confessional on the state of the play, full lyrics, the lot: Art. Its actual subtractions and equations are grounded in one of the oldest (Art) tricks in the book, a standard, guaranteed protection.

Take some specific problem or relationship, and have it assume 'Universal' significance; this neatly bypasses the nitty gritty, idealises the human-interest aspects, and blows everything up out of all proportion — but then, you're an Artist and therefore transcend all that stuff, don't you?

Well, try this one for size:

"Babble' was inspired by Myra Hindley and Ian Brady, two English murderers of the flower power era (1967). They formed a relationship contrary to the mood of the time. They were isolated — anti society — anti-love . . . lonely in the truest sense. 'Babble' attempts to explain their problems. I see the root as being a universal dilemna . . . How do we communicate?' Kevin Coyne, January 1979 ('Babble' booklet.)

Sex and death and rock and roll? Or just bad commonsense dressed up as Profound Insight? 'Babble' doesn't get to grips with any of its self-set problems, Hindley and Brady, sexual interest and imagination, routine, loneliness and communication.

Coyne, by attempting to deal with the 'babble' of communication using a similarly average sort of language and logic, ends up with nothing but another babble (for us to dredge through), his own.

Yes, undoubtedly it's not exactly standard 'singer/songwriter' form or content. But on that specious level of comparison, it's just as easy to see that most of the 16 songs that make up 'Babble' (parts one and two) have been done better, before, elsewhere.

Things like 'Are You Deceiving Me?', 'Dead Dying Gone', and 'Lonely Man' got done to death years ago by Richard Thompson, and, to a lesser extent, Randy Newman — both of whom used a lyrical language that managed to combine both simplicity, and diverting imagery.

I really can't take Coyne bellowing *'Stand up — stand up and be counted baby/I'll be — I'll be your good friend tonight'* over a hacky, humpy barrelhouse boogie very seriously as an attempt at explaining how society might have produced a man and woman who liked to slaughter young children in their spare-time; the 'Universal' equation linking Hindley and Brady's isolated, claustrophobic 'love affair', and male/female — or good/evil — Relationships Everywhere sounds like something you might argue away in a Fifth form Religious Knowledge lesson.

But it's an eye-catching, benevolent sort of metaphor, isn't it? Coming soon, the Jeremy Thorpe and Dead Great Dane album, for dog lovers everywhere!

I'm not trying to be flippant. I just think that it's time both singing and song writing moved on from the merely pleasant, or unpleasant. It's too lazy, and easy to either produce or praise work where everything relies upon the *aesthetic,* especially when you presume to juggle lightheadedly about with serious sorts of t'ings. The 'guaranteed protection' of Universal art is the insurance and assurance of an individual against any loss or lack which threatens them; you may be hurt, or pleased, frightened, or bored, but always sure of your place in the scheme of things.

Kevin Coyne's 'songs for lonely lovers' keep him in his place — the strutting, stammering voice, the hammy humanist's lyricism, the strumming guitars, boogie breaks, and melancholic piano . . . the dear, confused and conscientious singer/songwriter remains intact: *the* Kevin Coyne.

Ian Penman

ALBERT LEE
Hiding *(A&M)*

Albert Lee is such a painfully modest chap. Always in demand as a side man, he has practised his trade as a country guitar picker for long enough to have satisfied the rigours of The Crickets, Emmy Lou Harris's Hot Band, tours with Eric Clapton and Joe Cocker.

His long stint with Heads Hands and Feet is probably forgotten now but even then Lee regarded himself as a purist, perfecting his one great love: country rock, the least fashionable and most underrated form of white boy blues.

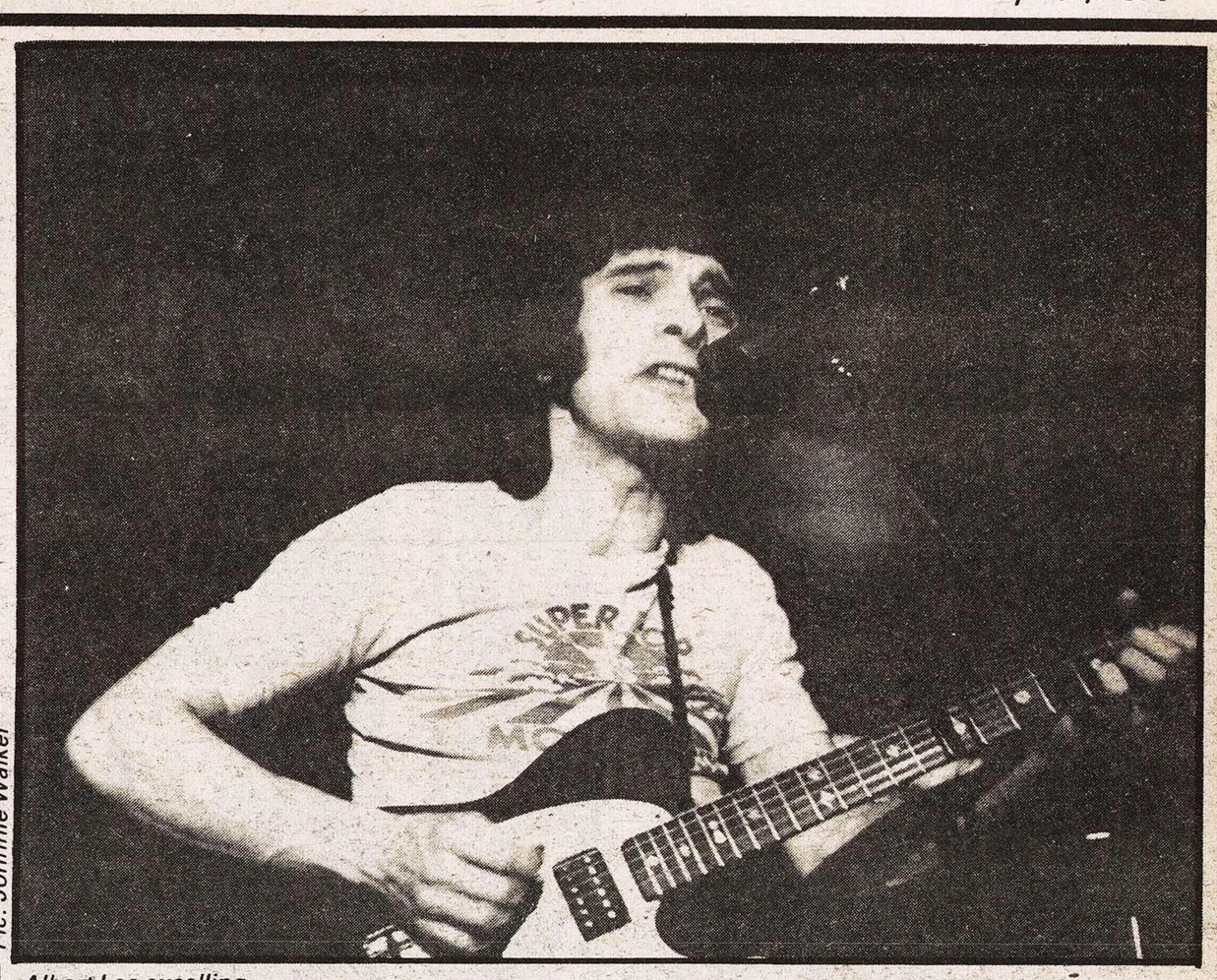
Considering how long Lee has been in the business it's surprising that 'Hiding' is his debut solo album. Among musicians at least, the man's rep is unimpeachable. When you reach Lee's standards it becomes fatuous to talk about improvement because it's nigh on impossible to find anyone who betters him. On the other hand 'Hiding' does mark a step up for the British-born Lee (it still astounds me that a geezer from Herefordshire can have this feel for the Nashville skill).

Utilising a support cast that includes Emmy Lou, Glen D Hardin, Gene Emmons, Don Everly, Rodney Crowell, past partners Chas and Dave, Albert delivers a set of ten songs cast in his favoured mould without ever falling foul of the super session indulgence that so often besets such adventures.

With a Hot Band nucleus gunning for absolute intimacy, Lee is free to pour on his consistently exciting, relaxing style of country finesse.

The effectiveness of Lee's casual sophistication on 'Country Boy' or Crowell's 'On A Real Good Night' is to wash over you with dreamy good humour, peaceful grooving, seamlessly individual performances that mesh into a whole.

Lee has undertaken to diversify his sources, so songs from Mark Knopfler and Chas and Dave settle comfortably



Pic: Johnnie Walker

Albert Lee excelling . . .

Country Conquers. . .

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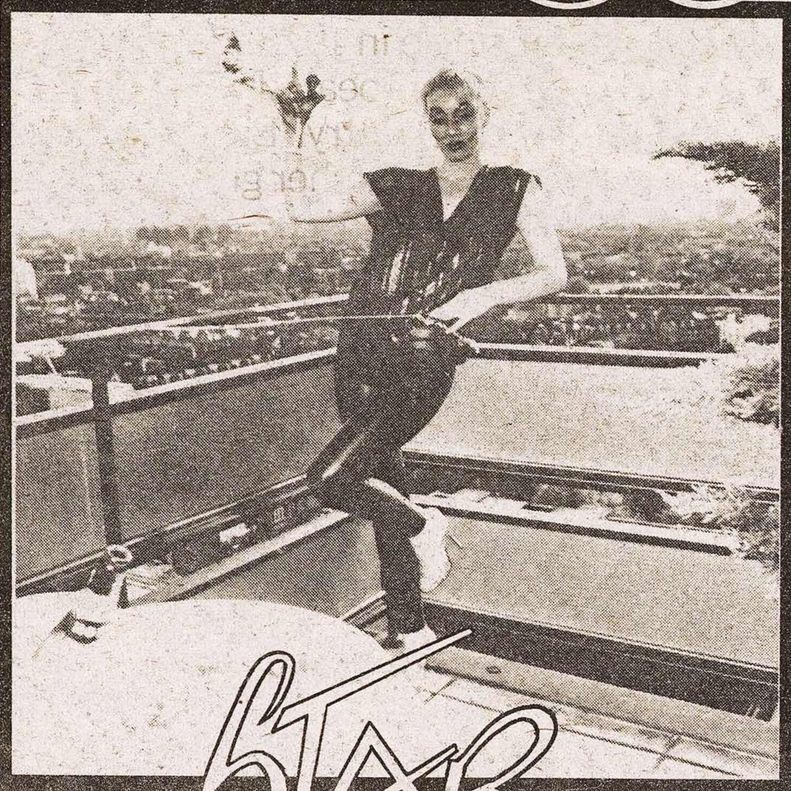

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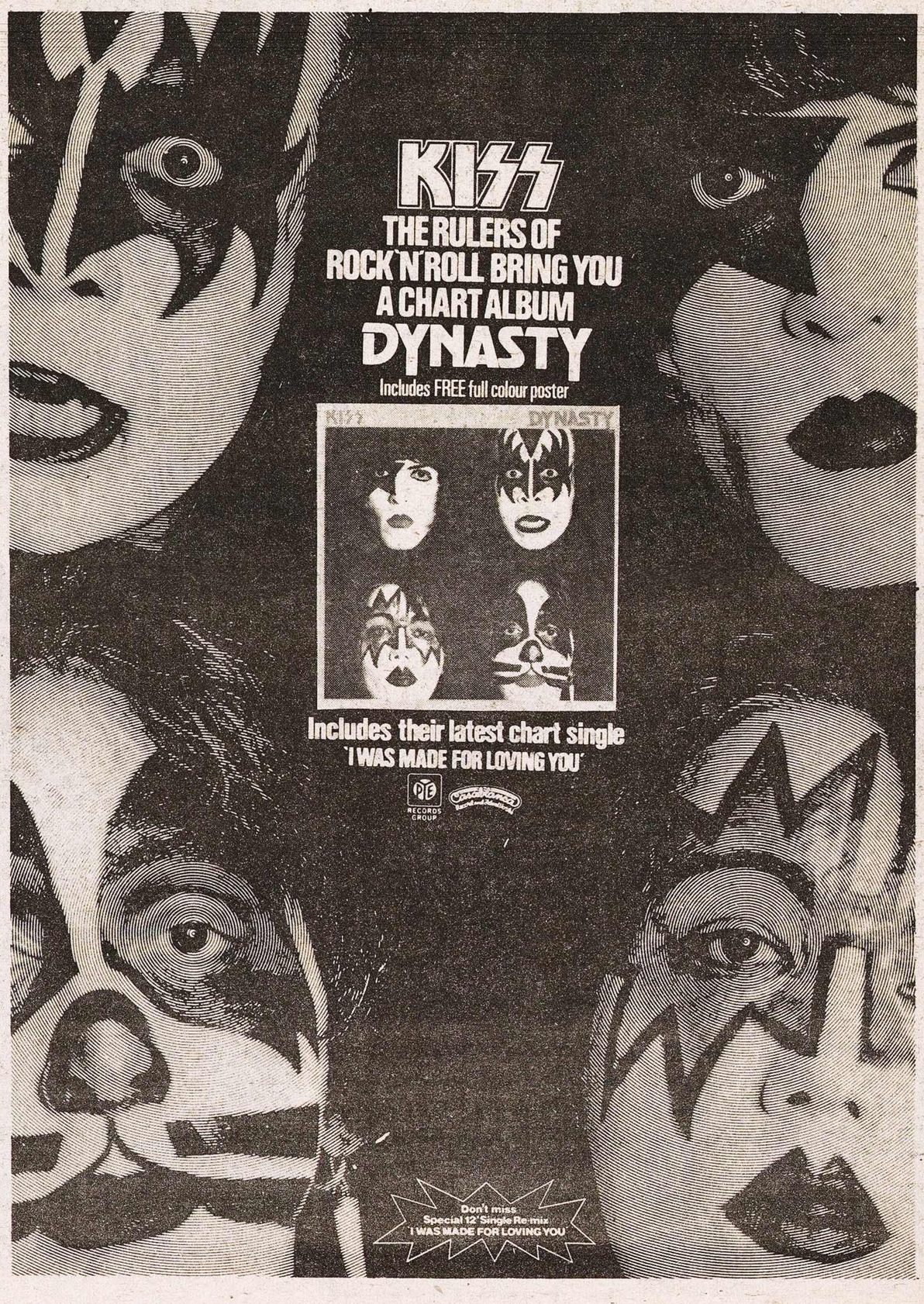

Pic: Nando Valverde

. . . and Kevin Coyne drowning his sorrows.

. . .Social Conscience

into a grain where cajun tensions are alleviated by cowboy laments. The star of the show not only turns in immaculate performances on guitar and keyboards, he can sing as well!

My only reservations are minor — Lee isn't entirely at home with straight ballads, but even then he approaches the problem with a wide perspective, preferring to let his sense of structure and dynamics win through.

So far I don't detect Lee's company, A&M, getting off their butts to promote the man's prestigious achievement; a pity because Albert is nary a skip and jump away from commercial acceptance in his own right for once. If Dire Straits could crack the nut then a dose of the real thing shouldn't be too hard to foist on that section of the public who would love to get into Lee's bag if they only knew it was open.

As it is, anyone who has found affinity with the intelligent country music purveyed by the likes of Gram Parsons, Townes Van Zandt, Jimmy Colvard or Dennis Linde will find 'Hiding' a total delight. Round about these parts it's safe to say that short of a new Barefoot Jerry record 'Hiding' will fill a gaping hole with good love and sheer pleasure.

Me, I'm going off to play 'Hotel Love' again and realise the good things in life. Albert Lee knows.

Max Bell

CANDI STATON
Chance *(Warner Bros)*

It's easy to feel sorry for Candi Staton. She who released the classic Young Hearts Run Free and Nights On Broadway now finds herself eclipsed by a disco avalanche in which Sister Sledge, Chic, the Village People et al reign supreme, and where little time is spent considering the welfare of the true pioneers: The O'Jays, George McCrae, Lou Rawls etc. Gloria Gaynor has proved that she will survive and so the burning question remains: can Candi keep contemporary?

On the surface, Chance could be dismissed as totally disposable Big Mac Music, but Candi's no mere bandwagoneer — she merits more than a passing sneer.

The album is smartly packaged, although questions can be raised as to the appeal of her "open blouse techniques" displayed so crudely on the cover. The change in style is obvious. Gone is the sweet cherubim, twittering from her aching bosom. Candi Staton a la 1979 is the revised edition. The character and flair, so essential to her early hits, have been flung hence in favour of the necessity to secure a chart placing. The result is a second rate Bernard/Rodgers imitation which will no doubt impress some and repel others.

Of the six tracks on the album, five are sure fire disco certs, the rhythm section keeping a non stop "Get up and dance" attack throughout. But the lack of both originality and character makes it second division disco that will do no more than remind people that Candi still exists.

You can make them dance Candi, but can you make them buy it?

Julian Henry

IMPORTS

'Soaring', the opening track on **'Aviary'** (Epic), an album by a Seattle-based band of that name, sounds more than a little like Jon Anderson's topographic toe-tappers in full flight.

The sound is layered, with Bard Love's rangy vocals sounding as though they've been edged into at least half the tracks on Caribou's master tape. One stop on, 'Anthem for the U.S.A.', Aviary's recent single, find them adding a modicum of Merseybeat to the melange, while 'Puddles', the flute'n'oboed odd-jog that follows, once more nods briefly in the direction of Moptop power before moving on to pastures new. An interesting band, you might surmise — and you'd be right. For Aviary at their overblown, Cecil B De Mille best, are impressive in a way that suggests they could become contenders for The Next Big Thing Challenge Cup (U.S. Division).

However, on the thumbs-down side of things, their appeal does pall over an albumsworth of material — at least, it does on this album! — and I have the distinct feeling that what they have to offer could prove unsuited to the requirements of this year's model British punter.

The fact that **Asleep At the Wheel** have recently seemed to be losing more good players than even QPR caused the Texas music division of *NME* (that's Max 'Barefoot' Bell and I) to indulge in an orgy of nail-biting and brow-wiping. But though Leroy Preston, Floyd Domino, Tony Garnier, Link Davis, Chris York, Andy Stein and Bill Mabry have all departed since The Wheel last entered a recording studio, the arrival of 'Served Live' (Capitol) proved conclusively that the band has not gone into decline but has simply moved on to become, unbelievably, a more attractive protest.

Recorded at two Austin Opry House gigs earlier this year, 'Served Live' is, without a doubt, the finest album The Wheel have yet produced. Now more R'n'B oriented than ever, thanks to the arrival of singer/harpist/guitarist John Nicholas, the band seems to kick with even greater urgency on such old favourites as 'Choo Choo Ch'Boogie', 'Jumpin' At The Woodside', 'Route 66' and 'Am I High?', while the inclusion of such material as the thigh-slappin' 'Last Meal', a 'Slap Dab In The Middle' variant, plus Nicholas' and Chris O'Connell's reworking of 'Baby, You've Got What It Takes' indicates that any additions to the existing cookbook are of a more than agreeable nature. With '79 but halfway through, I'm already logging 'Served Live' as the year's happiest album.

If only Ray Benson and Co. had been around at the time of the Alamo then Santa Anna and his men would have been unable to do anything else but boogie. Little wonder that the Texas Legislature proclaimed an 'Asleep At The Wheel Day' in that State, just a short time back. They've got good sense out there in Lone Star Beer country!

Finally, the news that **The Ramones** have turned up on yet *another* soundtrack album. Titled 'Over The Edge', this one also includes four tracks by **Cheap Trick** plus others by **Van Halen, The Cars, Little Feat, Jimi Hendrix** and **Valerie Carter.** All, of course, brought to you by the wonderful world of Warner!

Fred Dellar

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10th	Kirk Leamington Country Club
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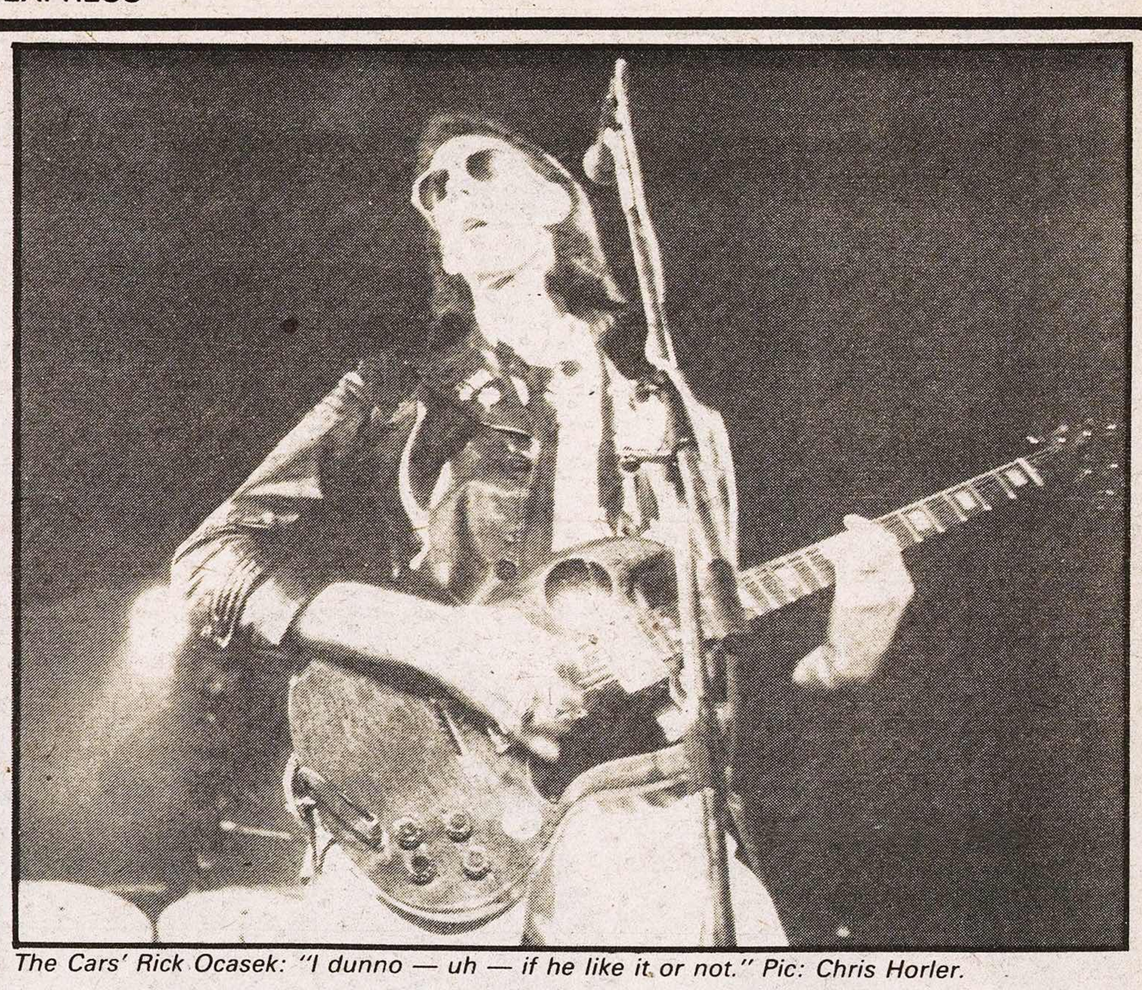


The Cars' Rick Ocasek: "I dunno — uh — if he like it or not." Pic: Chris Horler.

No particular place to go

THE CARS
Candy-O *(Elektra)*

The Cars, Jesuit rock critics harangue, are the new wave at its most specious, manufactured and thus calculated to appease those ultra-reactionary brutes ruling the tastes of the American record buyer with an iron rod.

They've got a point, of course. The first album, with its awful "lipstick vogue" gloss of a sleeve, mix 'n' matched facile lyrics (*"You were just what I needed / I needed someone to bleed"* — whaat?) with an annoyingly catchy rock pulsebeat, the connection squirming with influences like Roxy Music and Talking Heads — minus the latters' substance and intrigue. The Cars streamlined their essential power by simply playing catchy dance tunes with arrangements that borrowed their embellishments from such "new wave" bands (for example, Greg Hawkes' mellotron texturing came straight out of Roxy, and Rick Ocasek's vocals made him the definitive David Byrne clone).

All this should be more than enough for mashing the group aesthetically — and yet beneath all the speciousness there were these little melodies that nagged into your subconscious, virtually willing you to submit to the trivial ingenuity of the bottomline fizz of 'My Best Friend's Girl' et al.

As "prominent ambassadors of the new wave", The Cars were and still are a dodgy, nay wretched conglomerate but, taken on their own terms, dropping all the tags and contextual references, they're an agreeably trivial little pop dance band. Futhermore, with the first album duly striking platinum, the band can now afford the likes of Antonio Vargas, *Playboy* institution and illustrator and prestigious purveyor of the high-class sketching of titillatory femme fatales in torrid postures, to provide them with the cover art for their second album.

Although the sound of 'Candy-O' seems superficially to denote progress, the basic formula remains intact with some interesting but minor deviations. From the opener, 'Let's Go', The Cars cruise through two sides which purvey the same trivial be-bop under a gauche frosting of yet more "new music" embellishments. 'Shoo Be Doo', for example, is a short sliver of Suicide — inspired electronic echo-phase which twitches and judders away, but its debt to Suicide is so obvious that its sudden acceleration into the rock-throb of the title track, this stripped down to the basic 'chassis', seems like more of the same. Alternative singer Ben Orr sings like the sex-obsessed stud his obnoxious blonde Adonis image has him pinned down as, but the song has a momentum going for it that affords one the luxury of ignoring his deep-throated pleas for carnal gratification. Good pop-rock is the bottom-line quantity once again.

So what else is new? Well, beneath the sheen of more studio jiggery pokery gratis producer Roy Thomas Baker and some subtler textures and dynamics, not much really. The lyrics mean precisely doodley-squat and it all revolves around that pulsebeat. 'Let's Go' and the final three songs culminating in 'Candy-O' itself on side one make the irresistibility-meter twitch delightedly into the red, while the other side's 'Nightspots' is as good as anything else offered up by this crew.

Ultimately, the band's name fits them to perfection. As with some gleaming new automobile, once you strip away all the wondrous marvels of science appendages, you're left with a chassis and an engine motivating you into first, second, third and fourth gear. The Cars are mostly aural low riders; hyper-drive is never hit.

The Cars never irritate or invigorate this listener. I prefer the sound of fellow Bostonian Jonathan Richman's 'Roadrunner' — stripped down, sparse but inspired, careering along with a passion for the modern world the singer is in touch with. What Richman celebrates, The Cars simply utilise with calculation.

Vroom, vroom, vroom — the sound of mainstream traffic with the radio on but nothing, really nothing to turn up or off.

Nick Kent

INTERVIEW
Big Oceans *(Virgin)*

As press-releases go, Interview's is a splendidly dapper affair.

Usual A4 size, but instead of blank white, bold blocks of bright primaries (red, yellow, blue) are the backdrop. Very fetching — and there's a matching set of cover, liner and label to go with it, along with a fairly redundant slice of black vinyl. (Now, how'd *that* get in here?)

The content, too, is different from the usual misspelt hotch-potch of hyperbole and 'angle' hints ("Graham is 19 and has a deep interest in model raleways . . ."); instead it's composed of dry, 'enigmatic' biographical synopses of the five band members and a curt historical brief on the band in general.

Why, one wonders, are Virgin going to all this trouble?

The answer's in the penultimate line of press-release. There, in red, blue and yellow hues of business-speak, it states quite blandly that 'In the near future INTERVIEW will be involved in Virgin Records' campaign to substantially expand the company's activities in America".

Despite their success here, you see, Virgin have never cracked the American market to any noticeable extent, and are presumably hoping that Interview's carefully-tailored melange of Costello, Parker, semi-meaningful lyrics and creamy Westcoast vocal harmonies will help "boost their operations" over there. As well it might. Just to make sure, though, they've pegged the price to less than three quid, *a la* Dickies, hoping for "early chart action" over here to sweep them into America on a wave of publicity.

With the exception of Gary U.S. Bonds' 'Feet Start Walking' all the songs on 'Big Oceans' are band numbers and, with the exception of 'You Didn't Have To Lie Me' and 'Academies To Anger',, they all lack the memorable melody on the catchy hook. 'Academies' is probably the best track on the album. A fairly lush affair with some pleasant guitar interplay, it nonetheless relies heavily on the vocal-line for any melodic appeal it might have.

Interview seem to be another case of competent, professional but essentially unimaginative musicians trying to compensate for lack of imagination with semi-complex arrangements which in turn detract from the songs' instant appeal. This will certainly jeopardise their chances of success in Britain; whether America goes for their blend of close-harmony soft-rock and Anglo-Springsteen vocal inflections is another matter entirely. And a fairly boring matter, at that.

Love the campaign, hate the album.

Andy Gill

Junkyard Angels

By Roy Carr

Do you like Soul Music?

(Only if the price is right)

For the first time in ages London's small coterie of reputable specialist record dealers are in a position to anticipate a new buying trend, and are stocking the browser bins with sensibly priced supplies to meet the increased demand.

As Modrophenia begins again, there's a renewed interest in deleted mid-'60s sock-it-to-me American soul and JA bluebeat and ska. Although over the last ten years any mass domestic appreciation of American soul has been confined within a 100 mile radius of the Wigan Casino, the music is now attracting a fast-growing and first-time buying public.

Barry Appleby of *Rock On* — a store that has always carried an impressive stock of sublime soul records — admits to a 50% increase in his soul trade before offering a personal perspective on his new clientele.

"They're a really great bunch of youngsters who started out as Jam fans: all the 16-year-olds who either don't like hardcore punk or can't relate to it. The ones who hang around Carnaby Street in the hope of seeing Pete Townshend suddenly appear from out of nowhere and want to listen to the kind of records they assume Pete used to buy when he was their age."

And just what records are those? Taking a cross survey from *Rock On, Vinyl Solution* and *Honest Johns,* with few exceptions it adds up to a roll call of the Atlantic and Stax pantheon: Arthur Conley's 'Sweet Soul Music', Wilson Pickett and/or Little Mac & The Boss Sounds' 'In The Midnight Hour', Eddie Floyd's 'Knock On Wood', Clarence Carter's 'Looking For A Fox', Johnnie Taylor's 'Who's Making Love', Rufus Thomas' 'The Funky Chicken' and 'Jump Back', Sam & Dave's 'Hold On, I'm Comin'', Booker T & The MGs' 'Green Onions' and 'Time Is Tight', Joe Tex's 'Funky Street' and just about anything and everything by Otis Redding and pre-'70s James Brown.

As far as blue beat and ska were concerned the result was unanimous if somewhat predictable: The Skatalites' 'The Guns Of Navarone', The Folk Brothers' 'Carolina', Prince Buster's 'Madness', 'Big Five' and 'Ten Commandments' and Dr Kitch's 'Dr Kitch'.

Stan Brennan at *Vinyl Solution* suggests his regular soul seekers are predominantly "middle-class school kids looking for solid dancers, because many of the very young ones haven't known what it's like to dance rhythmically — only how to go completely nuts and pogo into one another."

Brennan also points out that apart from the more obvious soul titles, he's also experiencing a bigger than ever trade in old Who, Small Faces, Kinks and T-Rex singles, along with a run on two new local releases, The Inmates' 'Dirty Water' and Dr Kitch's risque 'Dr Kitch'.

Steve Barrow at *Honest Johns* reckons that punks are still punks and that his new customers are "a whole bunch of very young kids looking for good, value for money music . . . records by all the old Mod heroes that they can play over and over again without ever getting tired of them."

Though requests are, for the time being, restricted to the more familiar titles — few have discovered the soul power of Jamo Thomas, Major Lance, The Impressions, Inez & Charlie Foxx or Tony Clarke — Barrow likens their present selectivity to that of the West Indian community. "If," he says, "a record is no good, then no amount of hype, coloured vinyl or fancy picture sleeves will sell it."

It's generally agreed that — apart from Island who are readying a blue beat/ska compilation and Melodisc who are putting as many classic titles back into circulation — the major labels are totally out to lunch, completely ignorant of what's happening on the street or the market potential of their extensive back catalogues.

Says Appleby with a laugh, "Most of them are still trying to cash in on punk."

Though *Rock On* can still move the more obscure but collectable Motown memories and the occasional mint Jimmy Ruffin album, Steve Barrow hasn't noticed any demand for the seminal sound of the Motor City.

"Over the years," he claims, "Motown has always enjoyed a pretty good run simply because it has always been that much closer to white mainstream pop. These new kids aren't into paying out fancy prices for records; they're looking for the more durable hardcore stuff and they can only find that in regular amounts on Atlantic and Stax."

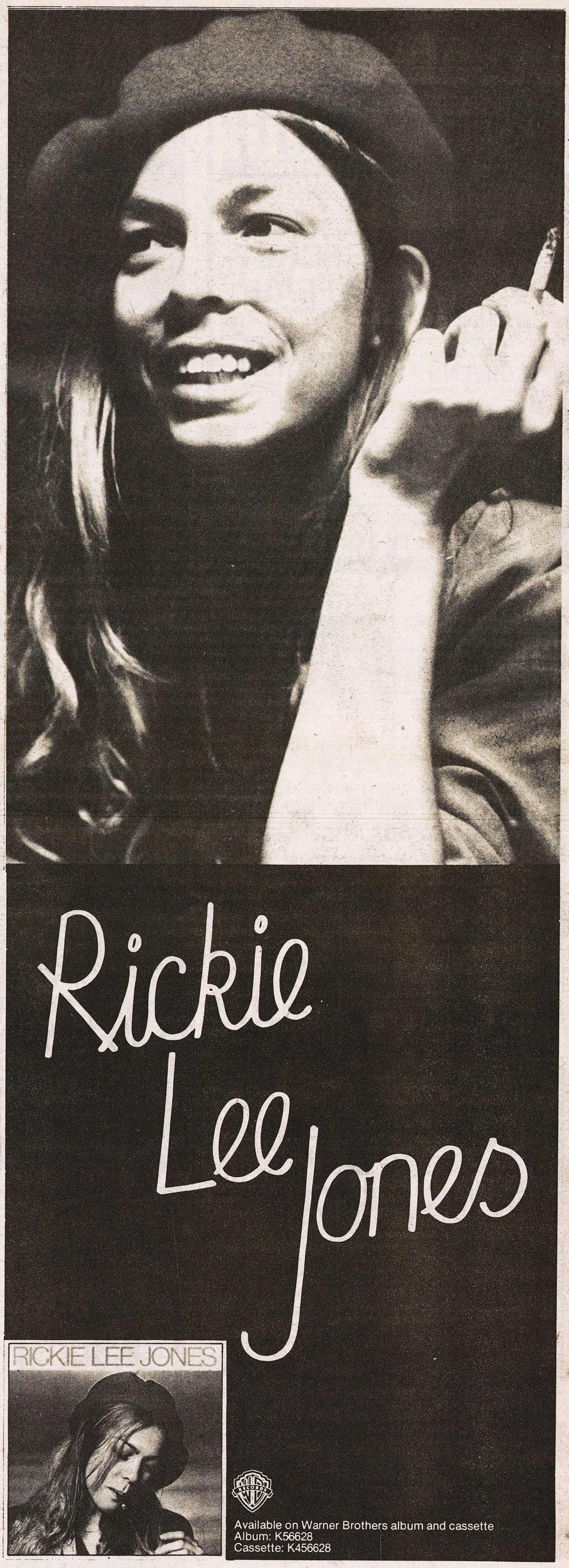
Apart from the acknowledged soul rarities which, in the form of original mint pressings, have long since established their collector market value, *Rock On, Vinyl Solution* and *Honest Johns* are, even in the face of rampant inflation, striving to peg their prices at around 75p-£1 per single and up to £4-£5 for a mint original album.

"What a lotta kids don't realise," Appleby emphasises, "is that a lot of soul and blue beat albums are back in print and you shouldn't have to pay more than £3.50 for a copy of Prince Buster's Greatest Hits."

Apart from the reputable dealers, street markets, thrift shops and jumble sales are still a great and plentiful source of plunder. You can still pick up quantities of mint soul and ska singles for coppers and any number of albums, especially Motown, Atlantic and Stax compilations, for under a couple of quid. But let's clarify one thing: its being old and deleted doesn't necessarily qualify every record as being a priceless gem. For example, the collectors department at one of the two Notting Hill Gate branches of the *Record & Tape Exchange* are somewhat off-course in their costings. Even though over one week-end they marked down many items, they continue offering less than immaculate soul and ska albums at prices most collectors would agree are in excess of their genuine worth.

Just take a tip. There's no real shortage of supply. It's just a question of locating the motherlodes. Aside from purchasing considerable quantities of uncirculated pressings, *Rock On* regularly import continental pic sleeve singles which they are still able to knock out at £1.50 each. Furthermore, they regularly buy in complete collections from West Indians in their mid 30s who themselves are currently checking out the original source of inspiration for JA blue beat and ska — namely, American '50s R&B stars like James Brown, Ruth Brown, Joe Turner and LaVern Baker.

So it appears as though both soul and ska will be this summer's sound of the suburbs. Whether or not it will be a shortlived trend which will peak with the release of *Quadrophenia* and the inevitable bandwagoneering of the majors is open to speculation. As with most revivals, there will be major gains and losses. But for the time being it appears that the new Mods are displaying a dedication to the cause reminiscent of the '60s.



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Fri 20th: DOUBLE SIX, Basildon
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THE PRETENDERS

WEATHER REPORT

On the circuit this week

PURE HELL

THE B-52s

Thursday

Barnsley Civic Hall: **The Sinceros**
Barnstaple Chequers Club: **The Members/Sussex**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **The EF Band**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Cure**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Juno's Claw**
Bradford Tiffany's: **Sponooch**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Bristol Crockers: **Dangerous Girls**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Pure Hell**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chester Arts Centre: **Frostbite**
Chesterfield Fusion: **The Com-Sat Angels**
Colne Union Hotel: **UK Subs**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **Chelsea/Dilemma**
Doncaster Mexborough Main St. Club: **The Diks/Helsinki 5 Below**
Glasgow Mars Bar: **The Zones**
Gravesend Woodville Halls: **Dog Watch /Rebel**
Harrow College of Art: **Pressure Shocks**
Hemel Hempstead Porters Club: **The Funboy Five**
Leeds Fforde Green: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Ethel The Frog**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Billy Lee Riley/Johnny & The Roccos**
London Camden Music Machine: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Special Branch**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Stagefright**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Stickers**
London E.C.4 W. H. Smith Head Office Courtyard, New Fetter Lane (lunchtime): **Landscape**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Supercharge**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Angelic Upstarts**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Leystonstone Green Man: **Chas & Dave**
London Marquee Club: **Warm Jets**
London Putney White Lion: **Johnny G/John Spencer**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss Quartet**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Party**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jim Capaldi & The Contenders/Soulyard**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Miatta**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Barracuders/Famous Players/Prime Movers**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Newcastle The Red House: **Sabrejets**
Norwich Cromwells: **Gonzalez**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Peterborough Key Theatre: **Heathcliffe (for three days)**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Joe Jackson**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **Cowboys International**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Tony Rose**
Preston The Warehouse: **The Accelerators**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Wire**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Joy Division**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **Thieves Like Us**
Southampton Richard Taunton School: **Lip Moves**
Southend Shrimpers: **Steve Hooker Band**
Southport Riverside Centre: **Zanathus**
St. Albans Horn Of Plentv: **The O.K. Band**
Tonbridge The Harvester: **En Route**
Watford Carey Place: **Helix**

Friday

Basildon Double Six: **Geneva**
Birmingham (Balsall Heath) New Inn: **UB 40**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Secret Affair**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Bournemouth Capone's: **The Specials**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Scabs**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **After The Fire**
Brighton Alhambra: **Stunshot**
Brighton Lewes Road Inn: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Bristol Crockers: **Dangerous Girls**
Bristol Folk Festival (for three days, rearranged after original wash-out): **Bert Jansch/George Melly/Isaac Guillory/Martin Jenkins/Joe Stead/Spreadthick etc.**
Burnley Cats Whisker: **Sponooch**
Burton 76 Club: **Voyager**
Caldercot The Triangle: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Cambridge Trumpington Village Hall: **Tranzista/The Work**
Chester Queen Hotel: **Pat Halcox All-Stars**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Doncaster Thurnscoe Hotel: **The Diks**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Sinceros**
Dundee Bloomers: **Zones**
Falkirk The Magpie: **The Freeze**
Gloucester College of Education: **Chas & Dave/Mungo Jerry**
High Wycombe Multi-Racial Centre: **The Ladykillers**
Hitchin College: **Scritti Politti/Acme Sewage Company**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Aftermath**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Cuddly Toys**
Lincoln Bowling Green: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Fall**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Wildings**
London Camden Centre: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sassafras /Wipe Out**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **London Blitz**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bobby Henry**
London Edgware Sparrow & Hawk: **Benn Gunn/Smiling Pete Hogman**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Rednite**
London Marquee Club: **Little Bo Bitch**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Putney White Lion: **Nightbird**
London Soho Pizza Extress: **Alan Elsdon Quintet**
London Southall Hamboro' Tavern: **First Aid**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Syndicate**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Calico**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jim Capaldi & The Contenders/Soulyard**
London Wandsworth Lord Westbury: **Stagefright**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Carol Grimes Band/ Martin Besserman**

● THE PRETENDERS set out on the road again, this time to promote their new single 'Kid', penned by lead singer Chrissie Hynde (on the left of our pic above). They begin their latest jaunt at Chester (Monday) and Blackburn (Tuesday).

● WEATHER REPORT provide a stark contrast with their infectious brand of jazz-rock. They fly in to play just three concerts — two at London Hammersmith Odeon (Saturday and Sunday), followed by Brighton on Monday.

● PURE HELL — the black American band who last year called themselves "punk", but now prefer the description "heavy metal" — are touring the UK for the second time. Gigs this week are at Bristol (Thursday), Retford (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and London (Wednesday).

● THE B-52s are the band everyone wants to see — if only to discover what all the fuss is about. Stateside reports suggests they're incredible, but you can judge for yourelves at London Lyceum on Sunday. More gigs later in the month.

● A reminder that THE TUBES return briefly to play another four concerts, the first of which is at Cardiff on Wednesday.

London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Leyton Buzzards/The Tickets/39 Steppes/Evil Baby**
London W.C.1 Conway Hall: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts/Tim Branston/The Exclaimants/Johnny G**
Loughborough Folk Festival (for three days): **Martin Carthy/Pete & Chris Coe/Muckram Wakes/Hot Vultures /Ryan & Burge/Na Fili/Webbs Wonders/Fred Jordan and many more**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **Close Rivals/Deadly Toys**
Manchester The Factory: **The Cure**
Milton Keynes College of Education: **Soul Direction**
Newport The Village: **The Members/Sussex**
Norwich White's: **Lost Cause**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **UK Subs**
Oxford Organges & Lemons: **Neon**
Retford Porterhouse: **Pure Hell**
Salisbury The Blackbird: **The Strand**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Cowboys International**
St Albans Horn Of Plenty: **Zilch**
Stroud Cotswold Folk Festival (for three days): **Cyril Tawney/Roaring Jelly/ Major Mustard etc.**
Swansea Haford Inn: **Vortex**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Gonzalez**
Trowbridge Village Pump Festival(for four days): **Tannahill Weavers/Bully Wee/ Gary & Vera Aspey/Michael Moore/Bernard Wrigley etc.**
Warwick Red Lion: **Over Drive**
Watford Cassio College: **Tribesman**
Watford Mercury Motor Inn: **Gerry & The Pacemakers (for three days)**
Watford Palace Theatre: **64 Spoons**
Weymouth Bars: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Wokingham Rock Club: **Between Pictures**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Simple Minds**
Worthing The Balmoral: **The Tinsels**

Saturday

Bedford The Crown: **Over Drive**
Bicester The Courtyard: **The Brain Surgeons/The No/The Liggers /Stereotypes/Electric Voyage/The Zoom Club/Necro/Sore Willies**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Voyager**
Birmingham Bogart's: **Low Rider**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Take Away**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Scabs**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Camberley Civic Hall: **The Members/Sussex**
Cambridge Alex Wood Hall: **The Users/ Ersatz/Dance/Demo**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Jerry Chandler's 88**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **Pressure Shocks/Protein Pigs**
Cheltenham College of Art: **The Specials**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **Pressure Shocks/Protein Pigs.**
Codsall Crown Inn: **Pat Halcox All-Stars**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Crazy Cavan and The Rhythm Rockers**
Derby Ajanta Club: **Art Failure**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Supercharge**
Eaton Wick Social Club: **Rednite**
Farnborough Technical College: **Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band**
Gloucester Cinderford RFC: **Wayne Fontana and The Mindbenders**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **UK Subs**
Hanworth Carnival: **The Out**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Dirty May**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **The Sinceros**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Howard Ellis Band**
Leicester Newbold Verdon Club: **Strange Days**
Liverpool The Metro: **Mistress**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Act/The Heartbreaks**
London Camden Music Machine: **Joe Jackson**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Inmates**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Weather Report**
London Highgate Jacksons Rock Club: **London Zoo**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Simple Minds**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **First Aid**
London Marquee Club: **The Carpettes**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Dog Watch**
London North Kensington St. Mark's Pr.: **The Passions**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Louis Armstrong Anniversary Concert**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jim Hall and Bob Brookmeyer**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Calico**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gonzalez**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Lata Mangeshkar**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Mods/Small Hours**
Lowestoft Talk Of The East: **Zorro**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Chris Sievey and The Freshies/C.P. Lee and Friends/Gordon The Moron/The Units**
Manchester The Factory: **Pure Hell**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Cowboys International**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Chelsea**
Oxford Oranges and Lemons: **English Subtitles**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Freeze**
Redruth London Hotel: **The Fans**
Salisbury Carnival: **Lip Moves**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Accelerators/Sonja Kristina's Escape**
Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: **The Com-Sat Angels**
Sheffield The Marples: **Square Shapes**
Solihull Earlswood Rd. Cricket Club: **Para-Unit**
Southend Top Alex: **Steve Hooker Band**
Taunton Cellar Bar: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Thame Rycotewood College: **Corkscrew**
Truro Punchbowl and Ladle: **Lip Service**
Watford Mex's: **Mexie Wexie Band**
Watford Red Lion: **The V.I.P.'s**
Weymouth Cellar Vino: **Thieves Like Us**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wombwell Reform Club: **Juno's Claw**

Sunday

Amersham The Crown: **Celebrated Ratcliffe Stout Band**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **The Scabs**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Ponder's End**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Hoi-Polloi**
Birmingham Odeon: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Carol Grimes Band/Tour de Force/ Soulyard/The Spoilsports**
Bournemouth The Pinecliff: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Bracknell Festival: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Chelsea**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Piranhas**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido: **The Members/Sussex**
Guildford Wooden Bridge (lunchtime): **Opposition**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **Static**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Cowboys International**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Red Eye**
Leicester Braunston Club: **The Kidda Band**
London Acton Kings Head; **Rednite**
London Acton The Windmill: **The Rest**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The V.I.P.s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Charlie Bravo**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **Panties**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Weather Report**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Duffo/The Carpettes**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Le Sage**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Quads**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The B-52s/Fashion**
Macclesfield Bears Head: **Miami Beast**
Newcastle Quayside Redhouse: **Hot Snax**
Norquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Whites: **Frequency Band**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE: CHAPTER TWO

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Plymouth Guildhall: **Sponooch**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Therapy/Mike Canavan**
Ramsbottom Grant Arms: **Pat Halcox All-Stars**
Reading Target Club: **Zilch**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Tunes/The Donkeys/C.P. Lee/Gordon The Moron**
Stratford-on-Avon Ettingham Park: **The Distrainers**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Kidda Band**
Birmingham Odeon: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Birmingham Thursdays Disco: **Sweet Sensation**
Brighton Dome; **Weather Report**
Chester Smartyz: **The Pretenders/Interview**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Zones**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Joe Jackson**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **I.Q. of 0**
Leicester Adam & Eve: **UK Subs**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Gerry & The Pacemakers/Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders/Dave Berry & The Cruisers / Merseybeats / Fourmost Swinging Blue Jeans**
Liverpool Romeo & Juliet: **Gonzalez**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Barnet Middlesex Polytechnic: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **T.C.O.J./Lizzie Christian**
London Charing Cross Vespas (at Global Village): **The Purple Hearts/The Mods-/Sta-Prest**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bobby Henry**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Resistance/The Balloons**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Starjets**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Don Shepherd**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Joe Pass/Tete Montolio (for a week)**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Dave Meadows**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Perfect Strangers**
London Walthamstow Saxon House: **Beggar**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mark Andrews & The Gents/Again Again**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Delta**
London W.14 The Kensington: **London Zoo**
Newcastle The Red House: **The Weights/Nod**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oundle Red Lion: **The Scabs**
Ripley Talbot Hotel: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **Zones**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Mr. Sam's: **XuX**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Gypp**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Pretenders / Interview**
Brighton Sherry's: **Gonzalez**
Cannock Star & Garter: **The Rezizters**
Chester Smartyz: **Zorro**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **The Monochrome Set / PragVec / Manicured Noise**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Vesuvius**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Joe Jackson**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Specials**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Stress**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Duffo**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Southend Photos**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Realists / Perfect Strangers**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Thieves Like Us**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre: **Alex Atterson**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dave Chambers Quintet**

Not going on the road just yet, but determined to make an early start, is your compiler's son Philip Johnson (aged six). Picture by the other offspring David Johnson. Everybody wants to get into the act!

London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Parking Lot**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Lightning Raiders / Necromats**
Midhurst The Crown: **The Scabs**
Newport The Stowaway: **Voyager**
Norwich Boogie House: **Tribesman**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Gerry & The Pacemakers / Dave Berry & The Cruisers / Merseybeats / Fourmost / Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders / Swinging Blue Jeans**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Pure Hell**
Sheffield The Marples: **Still Earth Alaska**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Alton The Centre: **Pat Halcox All-Stars**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogart's: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Streetband**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **Voyager**
Brighton Dome: **Gerry & The Pacemakers/Dave Berry & The Cruisers/Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders/Fourmost/Merseybeats/Swinging Blue Jeans**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Double Vision**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Tubes/Starjets**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Yakety Yak**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Gravesend Prince Of Wales: **Rednite**
Halifax Civic Theatre: **The Monochrome Set/PragVec/Manicured Noise**
Hazel Grove Youth Centre: Armed Forces
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **The Ambitions**
Leeds Roots Club: **Joy Division**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Cool Hand**
Lincoln Flying Bowman: **Pressure Shocks**
London Camden Brecknock: **Geneva**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Chords**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sussex**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bruce Woolley/Red Tape**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Tennis Shoes**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Skeat Quartet**
London Southall White Hart: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Michael Mack and Stardust**
London Tooting The Castle: **The V.I.P.'s**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Pure Hell**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Duffo**
Manchester (Eccles) Talk Of The North: **Sponooch (for four days)**
Middlesbrough Maddison's: **Soul Direction (for four days)**
Midhurst Youth Club (lunchtime): **The Scabs**

GIG GUIDE LOOKS AHEAD

Hot Chocolate : 43-date tour

HOT CHOCOLATE, currently celebrating a decade of chart hits, are to headline a massive 43-city tour of Britain in mid-autumn. It will cover the whole two-month period of October and November — and, with dates at present being finalised, full details of the itinerary are expected to be announced shortly. Meanwhile their new single 'Going Through The Motions' is released this weekend by Rak Records, followed by their album of the same name on July 20.

TAJ MAHAL returns to Britain later this month to headline two nights at London Victoria The Venue — on Thursday and Friday, July 19 and 20. Among other new July bookings at The Venue are a Brighton Rock night with The Piranhas, Nicky & The Dots and The Executives (10), The Tourists (12), Planxty (13), John Stewart (21 and 22) and Maddy Prior (29).

MATCHBOX have called off all their scheduled gigs through until the middle of this month, in order to routine and rehearse a completely new stage act. They are now being lined up for a full-scale British and European tour starting on July 22, and all cancelled gigs will be re-arranged and taken into the new itinerary.

GLORIA MUNDI are to undertake a comprehensive 40-date tour of Britain, starting in mid-October and including a major London venue. This will follow tours of Holland (August) and Scandinavia (September), and a visit to Japan in being arranged for later in the year. As reported last week, their new single 'YY?' is released by RCA tomorrow (Friday), with their album 'The Word Is Out' set for later in the month.

THE SINCEROS have lined up an extensive gig series for this month, with 18 dates set so far and more to come. The tour promotes their current Epic single 'Take Me To Your Leader', as well as their upcoming album 'The Sound Of Sunbathing' due out on July 13. They play Barnsley Civic Hall (tonight, Thursday), Dudley J.B.'s (Friday), Jacksdale Grey Topper (Saturday), Leeds Fan Club (July 12), Sheffield Limit (13), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (14), Dumfries Stagecoach (15), Edinburgh Tiffany's (16), Scarborough Penthouse (17), Liverpool Boat Trip (18), London Kensington Nashville (19 and 26), Nottingham Sandpiper (20), Norwich Boogie House (21), Swansea Circles (23), Neath Talk Of The Abbey (24), Lincoln A.J's (27) and Birmingham Barbarella's (28).

JENNE HAAN, ex-lead singer with Babe Ruth and her own band Lion, is currently getting together a brand new band in readiness for a major autumn tour. Jenne has just signed a three-year deal with Quarry Management — who also represent Status Quo and Rory Gallagher, among others — so it's likely to be a tour of some significance. Known as the girl on the BASF Tape commercials on TV, she is also busy preparing a new album.

MIKE HARDING headlines his eighth national tour this autumn, opening at Southport Theatre on October 21 and finishing at York Theatre Royal on December 11, taking in about 35 concerts along the way — full details to follow shortly. His double live album 'Komic Kutz', recorded during his 1978 UK tour, will be issued by Phonogram to coincide with his latest outing.

AFTER THE FIRE have added another five dates to their current tour — at Slough Blues Club (July 11), Nottingham Sandpiper (18), London Hounslow Red Lion (22), Gt Yarmouth Stars & Garter (24) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (29). Their projected gig at Farnborough Technical College this Saturday is cancelled; their July 14 venue changes from Melksham Assembly Rooms to Yeovil Johnson Hall, and Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre moves back a week from July 18 to 25. The band are also completing their debut CBS album, for September release, with Muff Winwood producing.

MARK ANDREWS & THE GENTS have gigs this month at Portsmouth Locarno (tonight, Thursday), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (July 9), Gosport John Peel (18), London Harrow Road Windsor Castle (19 and 26), Petersfield Royal Oak (20), Guildford Wooden Bridge (28), London Fulham Greyhound (30) and the Moonlight Club again (31).

THE CROOKS stick to the London area for their July gigs, visiting Islington Hope & Anchor (tonight, Thursday), Enfield Hop Poles (13), Deptford Albany Empire (14), Fulham Greyhound (20), Harrow Road Windsor Castle (27) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (29). More are being set.

BOBBY HENRY plays three successive Monday nights at London Clapham 101 Club — on July 9, 16 and 23. He also promotes his new Oval Records single 'Soho Sad Show' at two other London gigs — Covent Garden Rock Garden (tomorrow, Friday) and Islington Hope & Anchor (July 12).

BRIANB'S PAGE
For full details
ring 01-261 6153

THE LITTLE ROOSTERS
WILL BE PLAYING
R & B
OF THE MAXIMUM KIND
AT THE
HOPE & ANCHOR
THIS FRIDAY
JULY 6th
ADMISSION 75p
DOORS OPEN 8.30

A. J.'s CLUB
HIGH STREET, LINCOLN
Tel. 0522 30874
Friday July 6th
CUDDLY TOYS
Friday July 13th
ACCELERATORS
Friday July 20th
THE ZONES
Friday July 27th
THE SINCEROS

CAROLINE Roadshow
Friday July 6th
CHANCELLOR HALL
CHELMSFORD
Saturday July 7th
DORKING HALLS
DORKING, SURREY
Saturday July 14th
DREAMLAND
SEAFRONT, MARGATE
Friday July 13th
BRAINTREE
INSTITUTE
Saturday July 21st
RHODES HALL,
SOUTH ROAD,
BISHOP'S STORTFORD
BRITAIN'S TOP HEAVY ROCK MUSIC SHOW!
Doors open 8 pm. Bar. Admission to all.
Caroline Roadshow is a mere £1.50

THE TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE
Southmill Road, Bishop's Stortford
Celebrates
on Sunday July 8th
100 years since the start of the Suffragette Movement
with
CAROL GRIMES
SWEET F.A.
TOUR DE FORCE
Soulyard
Spoilsport
Female D.J., Female Barstaff, Female Bouncers!!
Admission £1.20 - Doors open 6pm. - Close 12 midnight

PANIC PROMOTIONS PRESENTS
AT THE NOTRE DAME
LEICESTER PLACE, OFF LEICESTER SQUARE
(next to Prince Charles Cinema)
WIRE
+
SUPPORT
THURSDAY 19th and FRIDAY 20th JULY
Doors open 7.30pm. Two bars till 11pm. Adm £2.00
Advance tickets from Rhodes Music, 22 Denmark Street, WC2.
Postal applications include SAE, cheques and POs
payable to Panic Promotions.

Rema Rema
8pm Thursday July 12th
Good Missionaries
Albany Theatre Creek Rd SE 8
SITUATION ONE PRESENT:
GOOD MISSIONARIES
£1.50 TICKETS FROM BEGGARS BANQUET EARLS COURT ROUGH TRADE & ON THE NIGHT

STAN'S BLUES BAND
RESIDENT EVERY —
Monday APPLES & PEARS
Rotherhithe, New Road, S.E.16
Tuesday THOMAS A' BECKETT
Old Kent Road, S.E.1
Also
Wednesday July 11th
101 CLUB, St. John's Hill, S.W.11

GLASTONBURY TOWN HALL
Saturday July 7th at 8pm
NIGHTFIGHTER
+ Support and Rock Disco
Admission £1.00 at door

TWIST & SHOUT PRESENTS
V.I.P.'s
Wednesday July 4th
Bishops Stopford, Triad
Leisure Centre
Saturday July 7th
Watford, Red Lion
Sunday July 8th
Clapham Common, Two Brewers
Wednesday July 11th
Tooting, The Castle
SQUIRE
The Face of Youth Today
July 6th — 20th
Tunisian Tour
Sunday July 22nd
MARQUEE
Bookings: 01-223 6481

WATFORD PALACE THEATRE
Clarendon Road, Watford
Friday 6 July at 8pm
64 SPOONS
"One of the bands that will mould the future of British rock" MM
and
THUMPER
All seats £1.50
Tel. Watford 35455 to reserve
your tickets in advance

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)
Thursday July 5th
BACKLASH
Friday July 6th
JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
Saturday July 7th
DOG WATCH
Sunday July 8th
RAM
Tuesday July 10th
MEDIA

L V P G R N B I N 0 2 1 1 3
I E A E. I G R Å B 1- 6 6 5

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday July 5th 50p
SPECIAL BRANCH
Dave Flett, Matt Irving, Mark Pinder + The Shakers

Friday July 6th 60p
JACKIE LYNTON'S BAND H.D.
with new guitarist Graham White (Ex Krazy Kat)

Saturday July 7th 60p
THE BLUES BAND
featuring Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness, Hugh Flint, Dave Kelly, Andy Calhoun

Sunday July 8th 40p
R.D. B.
+ Riff-Raff

Monday July 9th 50p
Mods Monday with
SMALL HOURS
+ 6 More Prophets

Tuesday July 10th 40p
SOUTHEND PHOTOS
+ support

Wednesday July 11th 40p
SUSSEX
+ support

Thursday July 12th 50p
SPECIAL BRANCH
Dave Flett, Matt Irving, Mark Pinder

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
WILD HORSES
GIRLSCHOOL
SAMSON
+ NEIL KAY BANDWAGON ~ HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 22nd JULY at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.
Tel. 0777 704981.
Friday July 6th
PURE HELL
Saturday July 7th
DEF LEPPARD
+ Tour De Force

TOUR DE FORCE
Thurs July 5th WINDSOR CASTLE, Harrow Road
Fri July 6th HOP POLES, Enfield
Sat July 7th PORTERHOUSE CLUB, Retford
Sun July 8th TRIAD LESIURE CENTRE, Bishop's Stortford
Enquiries: 01-892 9462.

THE Venue
160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500
Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing.
7pm — 3am.
Tickets and Postal applications from The Venue

Wednesday July 14th £4.00
Independence Gay Special
SYLVESTER

For 2 Nights £3.25
Thursday July 5th & Friday July 6th
JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
+ Soulyard

Saturday July 7th £3.00
GONZALEZ
+ The Blurters

Tuesday July 10th £3.25
Brighton Rock featuring
NICKY & THE DOTS
THE PIRANHAS
THE EXECUTIVES
Free Hamburger with each admission

Wednesday July 11th £3.25
DARLING

Thursday July 12th £3.00
THE TOURISTS
+ The Photos

Friday July 13th £3.35
PLANXTY

Wednesday July 18th £3.50
LEON REDBONE

For 2 nights £3.75
Thursday July 19th & Friday July 20th
TAJ MAHAL
One Stage Times for be announced

For 2 Nights £3.50
Saturday July 21st & Sunday July 22nd
JOHN STEWART

EARTHBOUND
THE LIBERATED LADY will see for herself it's the Italian Latin Lover or the ROBOT to win the race! During her concert tour of Italy, she will be supported by Italian Band CACAO.

July 6th Crestallo Theatre, Milan
12th Palasport, Genoa
13th "2000", San Remo
14th Brescia
15th "Rock 'n' Rollers", Rome
22nd Aula Di Trevano, Lugano (Switzerland)

Tuscany dates to be confirmed.
If you are on holiday come along and bring a bottle.

ARCHWAY RECORDS
01-203 4632
(7" SINGLE OUT NOW)

GENEVA
APPEARING AT
Fri July 6th
Basildon
DOUBLE SIX
Wed July 11th
Camden Town
BRECKNOCK

FOR FULL DETAILS OF ADVERTISING
Ring Brian B on
01-261 6153

STEVENAGE RAR PRESENT
scritti politti
+ ACME SEWAGE COMPANY
8 o/c FRIDAY 6 JULY
HITCHIN COLLEGE
£1.10 (90p RAR)

PINK PROMOTIONS PRESENT
LEYTON BUZZARDS
TICKETS
39 STEPPES
FRIDAY JULY 6th at 8.00pm
ACKLAM HALL, PORTOBELLO RD.,
(under the flyover)
TICKETS £1.75 ON THE DOOR, £1.50 IN ADVANCE FROM SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORDS.

WINDSOR CASTLE
309 HARROW ROAD W9

Thursday July 5th
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Support
Adm. 50p Open till 12 p.m.

Friday July 6th
LIGHTNING RAIDERS
+ Support
Adm. 50p Open till 12 p.m.

Saturday July 7th
LIVE WIRE
+ Plain Characters
Adm. 50p Open till 12 p.m.

Monday July 9th Free
THE HEARTBEATS

Tuesday July 10th Free
'THIEVES LIKE US

Wednesday July 11th Free
COMMERCIAL RADIO

Thursday July 12th
ZORRO
+ Support
Adm. 50p Open till 12 p.m.

WESTBOURNE PARK TUBE 01-286 8403

A MOD NITE AT
THE ALBANY THEATRE
Creek Road, Deptford
THE CROOKS
THE MODS
THE SMALL HOURS
Saturday 14th July
Doors open 7pm. Licensed Bar. Tickets £1.50

THE Venue
160 VICTORIA STREET
S.W.1 (opposite Victoria Tube Station)
01-834 5500
Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing

ONE NIGHT ONLY
THE TOURISTS
THURSDAY 12th JULY at 9.30
Tickets £3

DE MEL ZAS
The Promenade, Penzance
(formally Winter Gardens)
THURSDAY JULY 19th
ALVIN STARDUST
THURSDAY JULY 26th
MUD
SATURDAY JULY 28th
GRANT SANTINO

dog watch

Thursday July 5th
GRAVESEND
Woodville Halls

Friday July 6th
OXFORD
Corn Dolly

Saturday July 7th
NEW BARNET
Duke of Lancaster

Sunday July 8th
EAST HAM
Ruskin Arms

Wednesday July 11th
WANDSWORTH
Nero's Palace

Agency: Soundscene Ltd., 01 261 9741/9744

THIEVES LIKE US
for the rest of your life?
Band Enquiries: 0962 62581

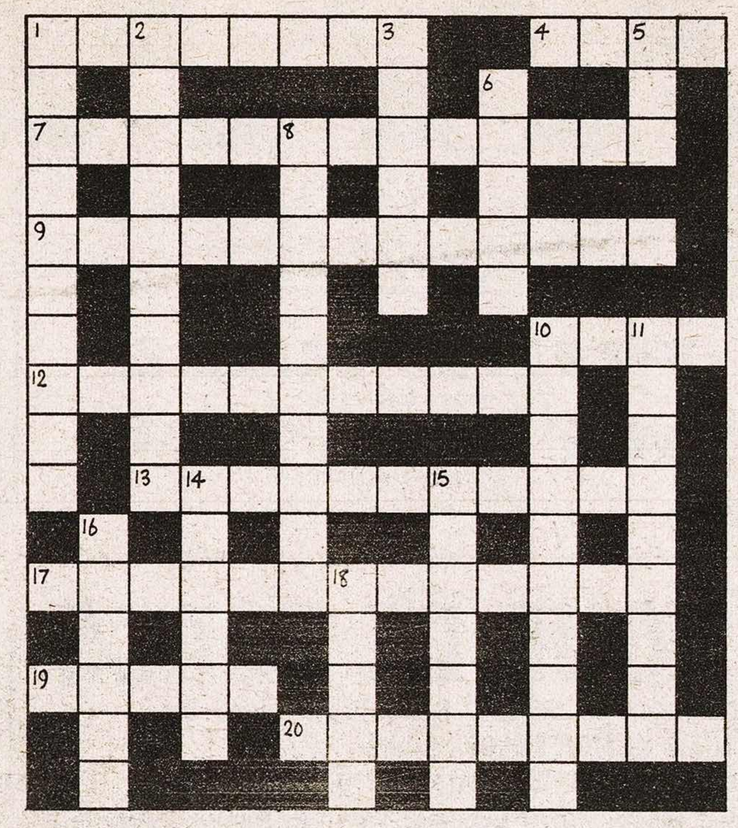
July
Thurs. 5th Old Mill, Holbury
Sat. 7th Cellar Vino, Weymouth
Tues. 10th WINDSOR CASTLE, Harrow Rd., London (Absolutely, Definitely, Positively, Certain)
Fri. 13th Pinecliffe, Bournemouth
Sat. 14th The Plume, Hungerford, Berks
Sun. 15th The Three Lions, Farncombe, Nr. Guildford
Wed. 18th A Secret Location in Winchester
Thurs. 19th Joiner's Arms, Southampton
Wed. 25th Fagin's Kitchen, Taunton
Thurs. 26th Crown Hotel, Eastleigh
Do It Do It Do It Do It Do It Do It Do It

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
THURS 5
FROM U.S.A. SUN RECORDS ROCKABILLY NIGHT WITH
BILLY LEE RILEY
SUN 8
LEW LEWIS REFORMER
TUES 10 WED 11
DUFFO CHORDS
THURS 12
GEORGE MELLY
COMING SOON: TUES 17 & WED 18
FAIRPORT CONVENTION

PTARMIGAN
"IF SUMMER STAYS FOR LONG ENOUGH"
Dates
This Week —
Saturday July 7th, 10 pm
PRIORY PARK, CHICHESTER
(in association with Chichester Gala)
IF REASONABLE WEATHER FAILS TO APPEAR
SO WILL THE BAND
(Enquiries: Emsworth 3537)

DUBLIN CASTLE
CAMDEN TOWN
THE COAL BIN
Wednesday July 11th
THE CROOKS
+ JUMP

PATRIK FITZGERALD
MUSIC MACHINE
Thurs 5th July
Album · Grubby Stories
Single · Improve Myself



ACROSS
1 Carbons of the Tubeway Army LP
4 See 3
7 An everyday story of Sarf London life (2,3,8)
9 Ban Chic here OK (anag. 2 words)
10 Thrash the musician!
12 Don McLean's Greatest Hit (8,3)
13 Flings loner (anag. 2 words)
17 Wh was that masked man? (3,4,6)
19 Something septic in the Police?
20 Veteran R&B guitarist who created a much-imitated rhythmic trademark (2,7)

DOWN
1 Premier new wave distributors, and home of the Fingers (5,5)
2 'In The Skies' is his comeback album (5,5)
3 & 4 *Cold as ice cream but still as sweet . . .*
5 U.S. Mael
6 See 16
8 The poor man's Elvis Costello? (3,7)
10 Motown founder and mainman (5,5)
11 Animal who went soft on the road to Jarrow (4,5)
14 Chris Blackwell's label
15 Trevor or Gerry (or the geezer in Quo)
16 & 6 Blockhead armament?
18 Belt once, he's in there!

ANSWERS
ACROSS: 1 'Do It Yourself'; 7 Eddy Grant; 9 (Jerry) Hall; 11 Young; 12 (Peter) Gabriel; 14 Rockpile; 15 Soft (Machine); 17 'In The (City)'; 18 Crickets; 19 Jerry (Hall); 21 '(Long Tall) Sally'; 25 '(Jumping Jack) Flash'; 26 RAK; 30 'Hurry Up Harry'; 31 'Night Fever'.

DOWN: 2 'Old Siam Sir'; 3 (James) Taylor; 4 Randy; 5 Feargal Sharkey; 6 (Micky) Dolenz; 8 Roger (Chapman); 10 'Jumping Jack (Flash)'; 13 'Long Tall (Sally)'; 16 Focus; 20 (Gerry) Rafferty; 22 (Peter) Asher; 23 (Soft) Machine; 24 '(In The) City'; 27 Apple; 28 (Robert) Wyatt; 29 James (Taylor).

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

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Rates: UK Addresses — year £15.50; six months £7.75.
USA & Canada — year $52.00; six months $26.00.
Other countries — year £16.50; six months £8.25.
Cheques payable to IPC Magazines.

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

A FRIEND and I are hoping to set up a Mobile Disco. Could you provide some info on how to get a licence — plus anything else that might be useful. **STEVE BOOTH, address lost in the wash.**

● **We asked John Martland of West London's Allsounds Mobile Disco to provide the answers — the reason being that he's an old mate and didn't require a supply of readies!**

Says John: "Obviously the first problem that any would-be disco operator comes up against is buying equipment at a reasonable price. I always advise newcomers to scout through *Exchange And Mart* and look for a console with two turntables, a mixer, a mono amp rated at around 100 watts, a mike and two loudspeaker cabinets, each containing a 1 × 12" plus horn.

"Also, lighting of some kind is essential these days, the simplest form of sound to light being two boxes, each containing a set of red, blue and green spotbulbs, plus a light controller which links between the speakers and light boxes. You could also get an oil wheel projector of course, but, as I've previously stressed, *some* form of lighting is essential.

"On the desk side of things, it's worth keeping in mind that slide faders are much better than the rotary type, while it's nice if you have separate equalisation for basic sound and mike. Usually, you'll find that the turntables on offer are either BSR's or Garrard SP25s, the latter being preferable in my opinion — and while on the subject of turntables and pickups, it's worth remembering that all cartridges used should be of the magnetic type."

Martland reckons such a set-up could set you back around £400 new and nearer £300 secondhand. To this must also be set the cost of discs, transport etc.

"In short," adds John Martland, "it's an expensive game and also damn hard work. To succeed as a mobile disco operator you've got to be dedicated and be prepared to put a lot into it — otherwise it's just a waste of time and money!"

On the subject of licences, it seems that no such document is required by a DJ, the British Performing Rights Society stating:

"A DJ is required as a performer and is, therefore, not required to obtain a licence, the copyright act of 1956 stating that the onus to obtain such a document rests with the owner of the premises where the disco is to be held. However, if a DJ works at a club, pub or hall where the owner has failed to obtain the necessary licence, then he can be deemed party to the infringement and could be in trouble."

So just check and see if the venue where the disco is to be held is properly licensed. This restriction does not, on the other hand, apply to discos held at weddings, birthday parties and so forth, these functions being considered as family or domestic functions and not constituting public performances. If you have any further doubts then contact the General Licensing Department of the PRS at 29/33 Berners Street, London W1P 4AA (01-580 5544). They're quite a helpful lot and will only be too pleased to sort out your problems.

COULD YOU tell me the makes of keyboards played by Dave Greenfield of The Stranglers. Also — how tall is he? **STRANGLERS FAN, Sheffield 8.**

● **Greenfield, who could only afford an ancient Hohner piano and a Hammond L100 organ less than two years ago, now has a Yamaha CP30 piano, an Oberheim synthesizer, the same old Hammond L100 plus a Wasp and a Mini-Moog. Normally he's around 5'11", though he recently increased this measurement by some 1,050' by standing on top of the Eiffel Tower during recording sessions at Paris' Pathe Marconi Studios. Sitting at the keyboards he seems much shorter, tinier in fact than even the late Errol Garner. But then, Errol cheated by always hoisting his backside several inches into the air with the aid of a Manhattan telephone directory.**

Strangler Dave Greenfield (see keyboards query). Pic: Gus Stewart.

Disco Do's And Don'ts

I WOULD like to know if any keyboard player can help me with my Korg Mini-Preset Synthesizer. I have been attempting to play the instrument for the past year but had no musical training, which is why my progress has been limited. Also, are there any books which would be of use to me? — **ROBERT SNEDEN, Motherwell, Lanarkshire.**

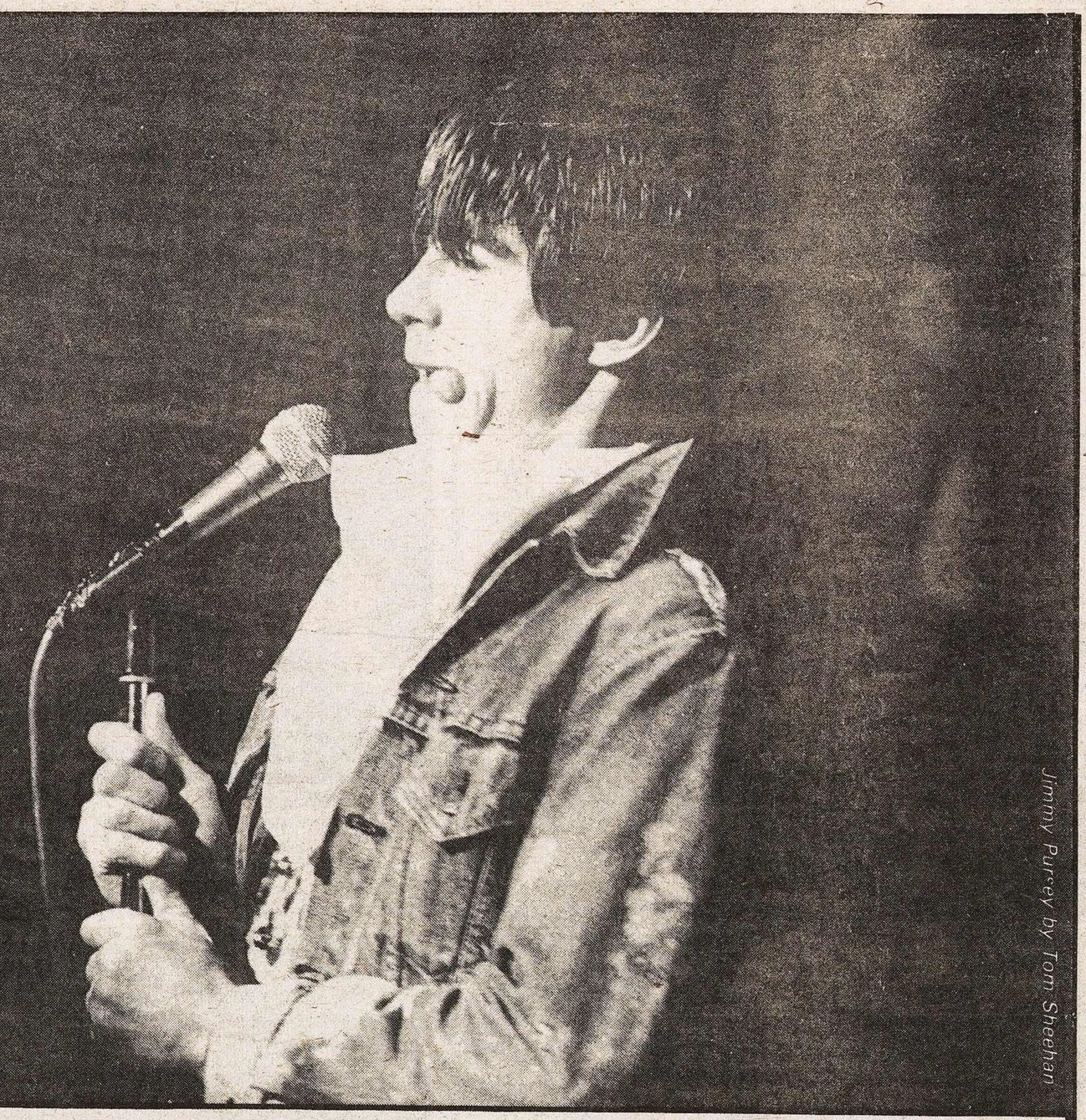
● **I had a chat with the lads down at Rod Argent's keyboard shop and they reckon there are no books available on the Korg, which is a relatively simple instrument of its kind. Their advice is to direct all problems to distributors Rose-Morris of 32-34 Gordonhouse Road, London NW5.**

I COULD recently be spotted at a cinema in Burnley, viewing the Mel Brooks film *Looking For Mr Goodbar*. Could you tell me who wrote and performed the beautiful theme music and where I can obtain the soundtrack album? **JANE COSGROVE, Burnley, Lancs.**

● **Mel Brooks!!! Now look what you've gone and done. Poor Monty Smith is choking on his bottle of Tizer! Thing is, the film was actually written and directed by *Richard* Brooks, a name associated with such movies as *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof, Elmer Gantry, In Cold Blood* and *The Blackboard Jungle*. Of course Brooks R. once wrote a novel called *The Producer*, while Brooks M. wrote, produced and directed *The Producers;* but I guess that's only confusing things further.**

To answer your original question, the theme music for the film was penned by Artie Kane, who conducts the orchestra on the soundtrack album. The album, which also includes items performed by Donna Summer, The Commodores, Diana Ross, The O'Jays, Bill Withers, Boz Scaggs and Marlena Shaw, was released on U.S. Columbia JS 35029 and is available on import only.

LIVE!



Jimmy Pursey by Tom Sheehan

The Last Of The Holy Innocents

Sham 69
The Valves

Glasgow

It starts quietly. Outside in the queue, a lone voice sings "Glasgow kids are innocent," but soon stops, having failed to ignite the crowd with community spirit.

In the Apollo box office only two cans of lager and two small whisky bottles have been confiscated. The usual boxes filled with chains and other unacceptable accessories are noticeably absent. I can only guess reasons: Sham's audience are talented smugglers who think chains are for pseuds and weekend punks; after losing miles of chain the consequences have finally registered; or it's some kind of intuitively acknowledged token of respect.

After all, this is a special occasion. This is Sham's last gig.

Later, Pursey announces, "This is Sham's last gig in *Scotland*." Later still, there is talk of a gig in Finland and, possibly, one in London.

But everybody *thinks* this is the last time.

The foyer is full of English voices, and London journalists mill around in the dressing rooms. Whatever it is that Jimmy Pursey has achieved a lot of people are grateful for it.

Edinburgh's Valves play to an audience who show little interest. A few people at the back jump around, but the Valves aren't raucous enough for a Sham crowd.

But their performance sparkles with wit and vitality, which makes them much better live than on record. Their favourite joke is the surfing music backing vocals used in nearly every song. If that and the several joke-songs are used more sparingly they could earn an enviable live reputation.

'Also Sprach Zarathustra' ends with an explosion which hits you between the eyes like a dumdum bullet. Throughout Sham's opening number 'What've We Got?', everyone watches with two blurred circles floating in the air like inter-dimensional gateways.

The band are magnificent.

Since an early encounter at the Vortex I've been avoiding them (still bought the records), since nobody could be worth having to stand amongst the hot, heaving mobs they attract. When my vision clears up and I can drag my eyes from the stage, the crowd are on their feet, the wilder elements crushed down the front and the outright maniacs fused into a throbbing mass beneath Pursey's microphone.

From our position in a lower box, 15 feet away and level with the PA stage-right, the volume is so great that you can almost feel tiny pieces of flesh being ripped from your face by the more abrasive vocal moments.

After the first song, Jimmy Pursey stands in a cone of light and speaks to us. He tells us about this band he formed and how much it meant to him.

"We feel we have done everything we could for punk," he says.

The implication is that Sham 69, the ultimate people's band, are obsolete. All that remains to do is have one last celebration; indulge ourselves in a little nostalgia.

Except that later he says things like "There will always be Sham 69 . . . This is for The Angelic Upstarts and The UK Subs, another band that's still doing it." And, when playing with Cook and Jones, he declares, "People who think punk is dead — we're gonna bring it back alive again."

This device of intimate revelations from the cone of light is used between every song. Pursey is very sincere and says a lot of very naive things, though I'm inclined to believe that a man who can unselfconsciously write such simplistic, idealistic lyrics really is the last of the holy innocents.

The first 20 minutes of the show are intense, compelling and exciting. Pursey, aside from anything else, is a rivetting performer. The vision of Pursey, singing shirtless amidst a stage full of fans is as much an eternal rock 'n' roll image as Iggy Pop singing while walking onto his audience's hands.

The performance is split into three parts: first, basic Sham with favourite songs; next, Sham with the drummer from the new album playing newer songs, including a tedious version of an old Yardbirds song and a fine 'Joey's On The Street Again'; lastly, Cook and Jones join in for 'Pretty Vacant' 'White Riot', 'If The Kids Are United' ("This song will always be the greatest song in my heart") and 'What've I Got — I Got You'.

In retrospect, at 90 minutes the show was probably too long. The only difference I can see Cook and Jones making is that people will remember more than just the singer's name.

Glenn Gibson

Ian Dury And The Blockheads

Leeds

Three hours before this show, Ian Dury went on prime-time local TV and shocked Yorkshire viewers by telling them that he couldn't sing, traded only in monologues and couldn't hide any of his deficiencies.

Typical of the guy's almost irreverent honesty and his 'massive heart', it was a good scene-setting omen for what was to happen later on — a show of the 'best-gig-I-ever-saw' order that really did challenge you never to say those words again. If Ian Dury really would like to be 'less famous', then concerts of this grandeur are manifestly not the right way to achieve that end.

This one, opening with a fly-blown jazz preamble, by way of setting the scene for Dury's 'reluctant' walk-on, found our ravishingly truculent fairground hustler sporting a subtle patterned jacket, poster red kegs, monochromatic gloves and a straw hat, the Max Miller of the '80s indeed as he wandered across to begin this evening's love affair with his mike. 'Wake Up And Make Love' he monologued, The Blockheads instantaneously gelling into a distinctive wall-of-sound.

With the passing of 'Clevor Trever', 'Mischief' and 'Inbetweenies', it soon became evident that the democracy at work within The Blockheads, tastefully supervised by Chas Jankel, pays immeasurable aesthetic dividends — succinct jams being set-off by brief contextual solos mostly from freshly-cropped, shaded saxist Davey Payne, and the wild, always economic guitar of John Turnbull.

Wearing shades and white winkle-pickers, Payne emerged as the musical star, later switching to clarinet mid-number ('Don't Ask Me'), doubling-up on sax ('Rhythm Stick'), even proving himself mean on maraccas ('What A Waste') and generally hitting more upper-register notes than any sensible punter would have thought possible.

All the while, the musically direct Chas Jankel looked happy and high, switching between rhythm and keys (where he issued recommendations to Mickey Gallagher), while Dury alternately broke off and resumed his affections for assorted stage props, had a seated breather, or else looked out for handler Fred, who held the fort stage-left, lit his Guvnor's cigars and swigged the occasional Vichy, implaccably exclusive.

The one-man-one-vote (near enough) set-up of The Blockheads encouraged confidence, freedom and mutual respect of the kind that made every number a technicolour picture show, so that even throwaway one-offs like 'Taxi' became multi-dimensional and, with lights and sirens, *multi media*. Every song was a 'biggest number' in any case, but with Dury handling the visuals and Jankel orchestrating the sounds, the whole thing transcended anything we have previously billed under the banner of 'rock and roll'.

Ian Dury by Dave Sivour

Introducing his band on two separate occasions (during 'This Is What We Find' and 'Blockheads'), Dury was the first to give credit where due, braving the excruciating heat (Fred had to send semaphore signals for S-A-L-T tablets) as the show reached total momentum with 'Rhythm Stick' and 'Sweet Gene Vincent'; the latter incidentally, finding Payne in characteristic petrific shape, as if rehearsing for future Tussaudian recognition.

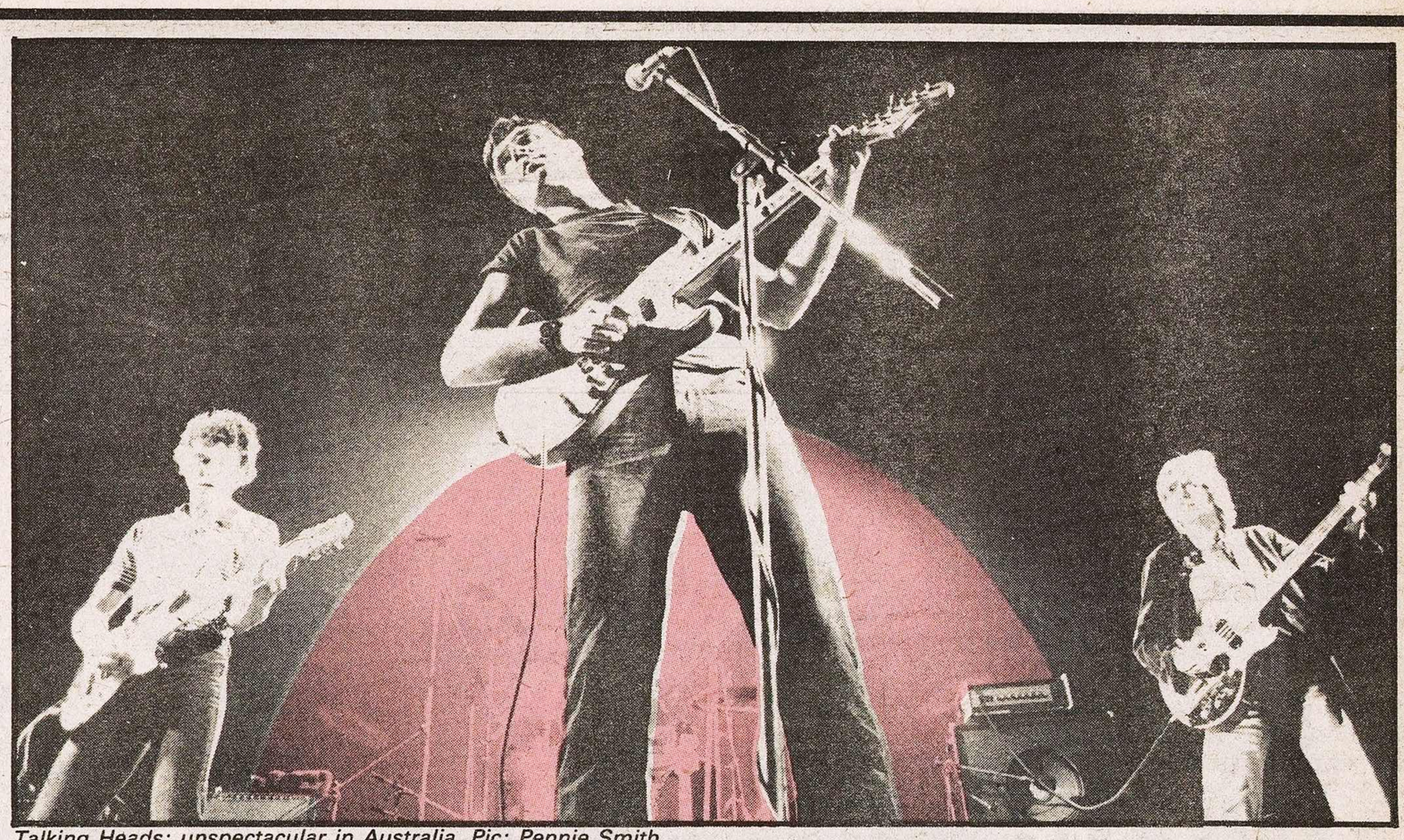
From there on in, there was really nowhere to go but 'Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll', augmented here by The Sex Change Band.

After that, Dury awarded some chocs to a girl the spotlight had favoured, returning ultimately for a lengthy, brilliantly laid-back treatment of 'Lullaby For Franci/es', possibly the ideal way to symmetricise things and a beautiful testament to the emotion Dury's undoubted massive heart generates to all who will embrace it.

How can he *ever* be denied?

Emma Ruth

Sydney starved of Head



Talking Heads: unspectacular in Australia. Pic: Pennie Smith.

Talking Heads

Sydney

David Byrne appears to be living somewhere between Anthony Perkins' *Psycho* character and Robert de Niro's *Taxi Driver*. You know, the awkward, clean cut guy whose mind is just a little frayed underneath.

At least that's what he would've liked us to believe, and while Byrne carried himself with the shy anxiety that the roles required, it's a pity that the same tension didn't surface in the music.

Talking Heads' Sydney gigs were frustrating. I'd gone expecting to see the tight, jagged nervousness of their recorded work reflected on stage, but what I got was four well-fed Americans who delivered little of the inspired mania that their songs require.

They opened oddly with a very loose rendition of 'Big Country'; a strange choice because while it's one of their better known numbers, its long loping construction isn't designed to start the set off with a bang. From there through a selection of their repertoire — 'Warning Sign', 'Love Goes', 'The Book I Read', 'Stay Hungry' — they still failed to deliver.

Where was the tension, the cornered aggression?

Here were these people who've put down a couple of albums full of wonderfully crazy songs giving us a perfunctory work-out of their track record.

Byrne helpfully announced the titles of their new songs: 'Electric Guitar' and 'Paper' mystified me; 'Mind' was a conventional love song about a guy looking for a present for his girl-friend so she would change her mind about him.

The most interesting songs were 'Heaven' and 'Memories': the former comparing Byrne's view of a boring, static Heaven with boring old sexual relationships; the latter about someone with an unbalanced, obsessed mind — *"There's a party up there all the time, I just can't quit ..."* But all the new songs carried the Heads' trademark of chopped rhythms and some lovely chordings.

They wound up the show strongly with a powerful version of 'Found A Job' and a manic performance of 'Psycho Killer'. Really the whole show should have sounded like that souped-up closing coda.

The encore was a superbly greasy 'Take Me To The River'; 'Thank You For Sending Me An Angel' provided a crisp conclusion to what was essentially an unspectacular concert.

Apart from 'Psycho Killer' and an occasional highlight, they failed to play with the urgency and breathlessness that's so much a part of their recorded work — and *that's* why I'll look forward to their next album more than their next tour.

Stephen Dowse

Joe Jackson

Liverpool

The world's most playable estate agent has come for our cash.

Honest Joe Jackson, the lovable, cuddly, baby-faced charlatan whose horizon once stretched as far as the girl at the bus stop, has Seen The States. Now, the love-bitten cynic with his heart on his sleeve and his bookmark in Mills & Boon For Men flicks through his new personal column of Songs For Swinging Legal Separations.

Just like Elvis C, Joe's been unlucky in love: all naughty girls. It's the unique vision of late teens romance as seen by a non-photogenic Harpers & Queenophile. I love the sound of breaking hearts.

Joe Jackson and his trio of pubrock relicrollers storm roguishly (ho hum) through their compositions, sweating as though the BO would show up on the mythical goodvibeometer. The reception is hot and cheery, new numbers like 'Geraldine and John', 'Get That Girl' rivetted endearingly between "ones you'll all know cos you've got the album".

Standard ringing beefiness from the bass and guitar clobbers the "colonials" and puts the flab on Joe's tales of the office party or *"Girls who put their tongue in your ear when they're on the phone"*. 'Sunday Papers' is wry, remodelled reggae; 'Friday' is the retrodden, Put Down Your Spanners, Your Pens And Your Hammers clocking-on rock that was eclipsed out of existence by '48 Hours'.

Look out, jackets are coming off . . .

Now the real heartbreak will start pouring out; an ocean of upset and angst which Joe rides defiantly on his emotional raft made of clean shirts and shoes. Dressed To Kill, the sexual safari hunter who shoots blanks at the Big Game Babes or who tends the innocent prey, offering Luv And Protection with the I-Have-Snogged-In-The-Eye-Of-The-Overdraft bravado we've come to expect from our wound-licking loving bards like JJ, EC or, to a less contrived degree, GP.

If Passion is the Fashion, then Emotion is the Cash.

Now that the Instalment Plan album has ground to a bankrupt, inevitable halt, Joe's NEXT album will be all about "consumers". The Man in the street, the late 20's r'n'b pickers and buyers. The title will be 'Alibi'.

The dread(ed) doubleheaded encore was 'Pressure Drop' (I doff my red, white 'n' blue tam to ya, Joe) and 'Ain't That A Shame', from the teenage years of the 1947 Baby Boom Wave here tonight. This club was full of music fans of long standing, who've listened to the same bass-based, toothless, impotent stuff for a decade or more without waking up. But Joe Jackson loves them all.

The Rumpelstiltskids are alright?

Kevin Fitzgerald

This new 200cc flier nudges 80 miles per hour. Flick it through the bends and you'll realise that this is no souped-up lawn mower; this is the genuine article.

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GT 200

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STUDENTS!!

AFTER YOU HAVE READ THIS PAGE, TURN TO

PAGE 65

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

THE DONKEYS DEBUT SINGLE

WHAT I WANT

FOUR LETTERS

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A&M RECORDS

Lowell George

New York

Lowell George didn't so much leave Little Feat as fade out of it, gradually reducing his writing for the group and his participation in the albums.

The reason, as he told the *New York Times* recently, was that he had promised himself "not to write anymore junk." But George wasn't saving his good songs for his solo album: he just wasn't writing that many.

His new live set found him leaning heavily on the catalogue of proven Little Feat hits, or else on various reliable standbys, such as Allen Toussaint and Howlin' Wolf, to provide the show's highlights.

All of the Little Feat numbers — from the opener 'Fat Man In A Bathtub' through 'Rocket In My Pocket' and 'Dixie Chicken' to an encore of 'Willin' ' — were greeted rapturously by an audience who made it clear these were the songs they had come to hear.

The numbers were little changed, just transported to a different band, the arrangements punched-up with more emphasis on a sax and trumpet. Backing vocalist Maxine Dixon added some high-register harmonies; the *only* interesting departure form the Little Feat style.

George's blend of country swing, blues and funk had a perennial appeal, and he was probably the best man to bottle this particular brew. Wth his beard and cover-alls he personified the laid-back, slightly-beat-up country-hippie character that inhabits his songs.

He lumbered around the stage like a cow-poke, smoked a lot of cigarettes, and played his guitar just when he fancied.

While the renditions of the old hits offered no surprises, they were done with finesse and the feeling of an ensemble swinging together. George's seven-piece band (two keyboards, guitar, sax, trumpet, bass and drums) are accomplished at such old-fashioned virtues as understatement and taste.

The set was like a ride in the country in a big plush car — smooth, no bumps, a real pleasant cruise. But after a while began to feel too insulated and you wish you could get out and stretch your legs.

George didn't play a whole lot of guitar, but when he did it was all Mississippi slide and blues phrasing, and it cut through the instrumental mix like a knife through butter.

But George's greatest asset was his voice. It was a bit gruff and nicotine-stained, but it had convition and expressed emotional depth without veering off into corn.

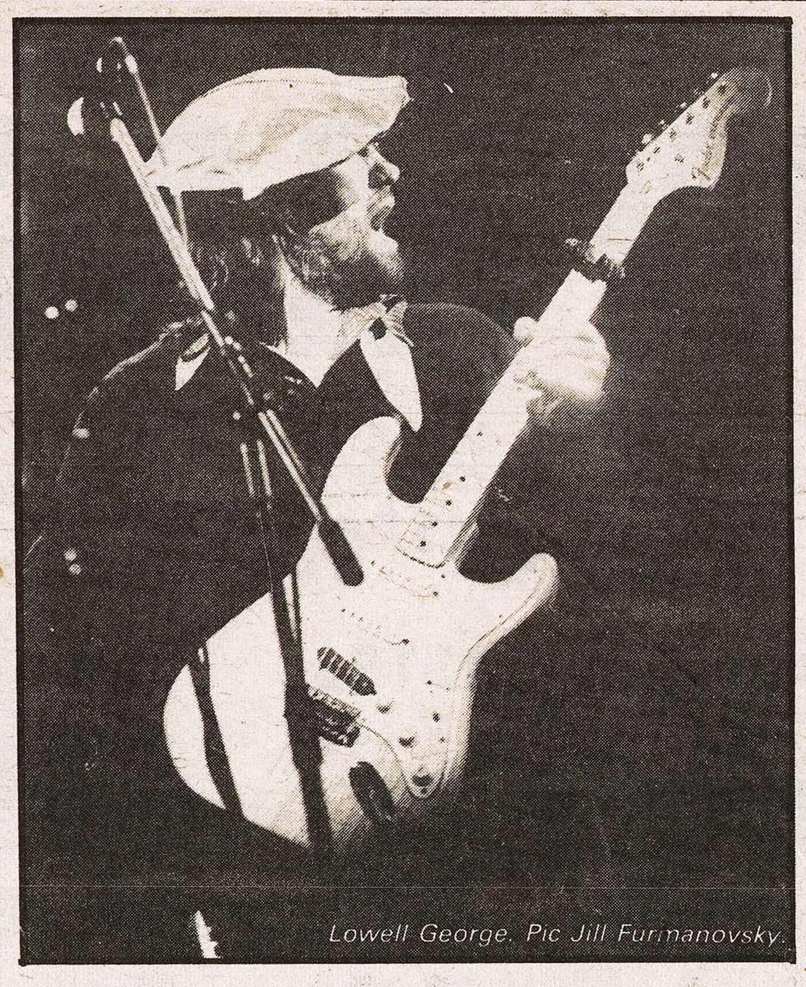
So What Do You Want The Girl To Do' — done to death by Toussaint, Boz Scraggs and Bonnie Rait — still sounded like a new discovery. Another cover, Rickie Lee Jones' 'Easy Money' also benefitted from a truly interpretative reading. And the horn section of Jerry Jumonville and Lee Thornbert also deserved credit for pushing the song higher.

'Dixie Chicken' got bogged down in the middle by a slow and uninspired piano solo, but was saved at the end by a come-back vocal from George that was both soulful and rocking.

Lowell George's swinging Americana was pure and unchallenging entertainment. There were moments when one could envisage the fulness of this band's sound transferring easily from the clubs to the arenas.

Sadly, that is never to be.

Richard Grabel



Lowell George. Pic Jill Furmanovsky.

Lowell's last great stand

Tom Waits. Pic Chris Horler.

Tom Waits

Shepherd's Bush Theatre

Of course, once you get over the self-congratulatory pleasure and smugness of being someplace not usually open to you, a 'live' gig in a TV studio is nothing more than a big, fat pain in the neck.

What you actually get is a converted theatre all strung out with bright, intrusive lights, busy cameras and a whole crew of flapping, middle-aged men decked out in corduroy and faded denim rushing round, frantically waving clipboards.

So there we were sitting on the front row, commanding a wonderfully panoramic view of the stage and waiting for Tom Waits to come out and create some vital magic. Memories of the stunning Palladium performance were still fresh and clearly defined.

But no sooner did the band neatly back into the swirling undercurrents of the wilfully restrained 'Wrong Side Of The Tracks' — give or take a false start — than our field of vision was greatly reduced by cameras zooming all over the place. Anybody who actually wanted to see anything more than Waits' legs, a bass drum and other superficial bits and pieces were forced to gaze at the bank of TV monitors suspended above the stage, relaying close-ups and fade outs.

In terms of song content, the set was much the same as the Palladium show — a warm and totally compelling, personal view of lives and life, situations and actions.

Unfortunately the band recruited (presumably by Waits) for this one-off occasion in no way came close to matching the sinewy persuasiveness of his seedy and seasoned Palladium cronies.

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BARCLAYCARD VISA ACCESS WELCOME

Status Quo. Pic Chris Harter

The pop writer bites a dog with four heads

Sadly, the most charming and soulfully open moment of the whole evening will not be seen when the show is finally screened on BBC2 later this month.

Coming out onto the stage sometime before the show was due to start Waits wandered in his peculiarly naive and comradely fashion to the edge of the stage and talked to the audience — most of whom, he realied, were only there for the free ride and had no idea who the hell this madcap American beatperson was. Joking and teasing, smoking and drinking, he talked about the television shows he'd been watching, some shopping he'd done, the songs he was about to play.

"Don't be too hard on me, I'm a long way from home," he smiled sillily.

Maybe it was all craftily reahearsed, but if it was I hope I never find out.

John Hamblett

Status Quo

Hammersmith Odeon

Status Quo are a placid and stable enigma and it shocks me to realise that they say as much about the '70s as Deep Purple and Abba: the professional, puritanical side of the '70s.

The groomed four-piece have smoothed and shaped their successful gritty formula to such perfection they are unbelievably appalling, and their audience's mindless submission is total. It has to be.

Status Quo's thoughtful, businesslike rock dilutions and blues derivations are brittle and emaciated, but most importantly finely functional. The beat may be casual but it's relentless; the guitar noise may be comfortable but it's efficiently histrionic. The Quo embrace is a competent embodiment of the lowest limited forms of rock unsubtlety embroidered with the attractive stitches of selfless intimacy. Dazzlingly blue. Benevolently effusive. Good pals.

To view Quo in action is as repulsive and yet horrifically fascinating as watching any similarly retarded and cheerlessly vigorous heavy metal act.

The show is an eerie ejaculation of numbed elation and submission, controlled with detectable smugness by the performers and accepted with heady delirium by the audience. Quo will be somewhere deep in the midst of a colourless boogie chug — guitars gurgling, voices rasping in tinny parodies of passion and pain — and the standing masses will be caught in graceless compromises between the glazed pogo and the frenzied neck shake.

The Critic, the voyeur foolish enough to venture inside the chapel to savour the oppressive purge, can only wonder if this is the ultimate sanitised hedonism, or an unasked for glimpse into a possible hell?

Whatever it is, such an occasion has to be one of the world's wonders; one of those unknown and timeless objects of attraction massively but perversely impressive. And Quo, incidentally, fall well within the unspoken rules of what must be rock'n'roll not for what they are — flat and ridiculous — but for what they are not, and thus what they symbolise.

Quo have a kind of inverted importance — whether you want to be intellectual or mythical about the rock'n'roll pursuit — because they are the absolute blank space; and with their plain glorification of absolute futility, peculiar partners of Iggy Pop and Neil Young: as predictable as death. Rock'n'roll heroes!

Onstage Quo look like a pack of dogs frolicking about on a patch of wasteland.

The stage layout leaves masses of space for the Quo men who handle guitars to play straightfaced doggie games as they churn through the motions. When they're not singing they stand menacingly with legs spread three feet apart, wishing they were burying bones maybe. The denim chums will rummage, sniff each other, cock legs and leap playfully onto the drum raiser as if to tease the immobile drummer.

They stand behind each other and fiddle about, chase each other into corners, charge gleefully around the stage and scratch themselves. Guitars are wagged in lieu of tails.

After two preposterous hours of muzzled doggie boogie the Quo creatures stroll jauntily off-stage, and the ritual enters its most precarious and absurd section.

The lights dim. For a while there's moderate applause, then a deep rise and fall rendition of 'You'll Never Walk Alone'. Then everything settles down and the inevitable Quo return is patiently awaited.

The machinery creaks back into motion; Quo bark and scuffle for 20 more minutes; the audience let their tongues hang out and then they all go home.

Status Quo and their audience have discovered their perfect happiness and search no more. The fragility of this apparent happiness is obvious because the band are unable to communicate with those who don't share or appreciate these revelations.

The Status Quo phenomenon is impenetrable, self-perpetuating and totally selfish — in fact, perfect. I'm just glad I don't find it so easy to discard reality.

Paul Morley

DEBUT UNITED ARTISTS ALBUM...VITESSE
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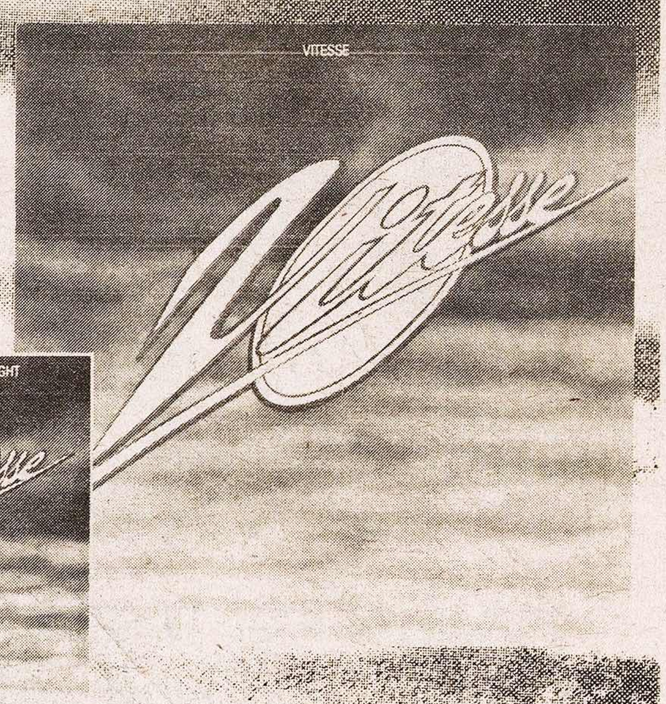
Vitesse



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Echo And The Bunnymen

Manchester

Tonight marks the opening of Gaetano's Restaurant as a live music venue. A quid for three bands (well, two and half) and a plate of sausage and chips thrown in doesn't seem a bad idea. But the point is: how long will the free meals last? Will the menu extend to egg and chips and even baked beans and chips? And why does the lad next to me have *three* sausages when I've only got two?

First on stage come the Beat Silhouettes led by Bob Dickinson who is promoting these Thursday night gigs and who offers a little surreal poetry to a sub-'Murder Mystery' accompaniment. His act could be regarded as esoteric and at least it beats having to pay a support band. As does allowing Bill Drummond, amiable entrepreneur of Zoo Records, the Bunnymen's Liverpool-based label, a few minutes of onstage lunacy under the guise of 'Danger, Quentin There's A Dog Behind You'.

The room is full of loyal Liverpudlians, and the chat between band and fans once Echo And The Bunnymen arrive compounds the general youth club atmosphere.

It's all very matey — the way playing smallclubs was supposed to be before everyone started doing it and the clubs became big business and far too crowded anyway. The stage is about six inches higher than the dance floor and so small that it's doubtful any band with a drummer could play there at all.

In any case, the drum machine is adequate for the Bunnymen. The music is so basic that only a strong beat is necessary. The guitars are little more than strummed, but the effect is a compelling and insistent rhythm owing a lot to the Velvet Underground. Admiration for both them and The Doors is evident, but the sound is more innovative than copyist.

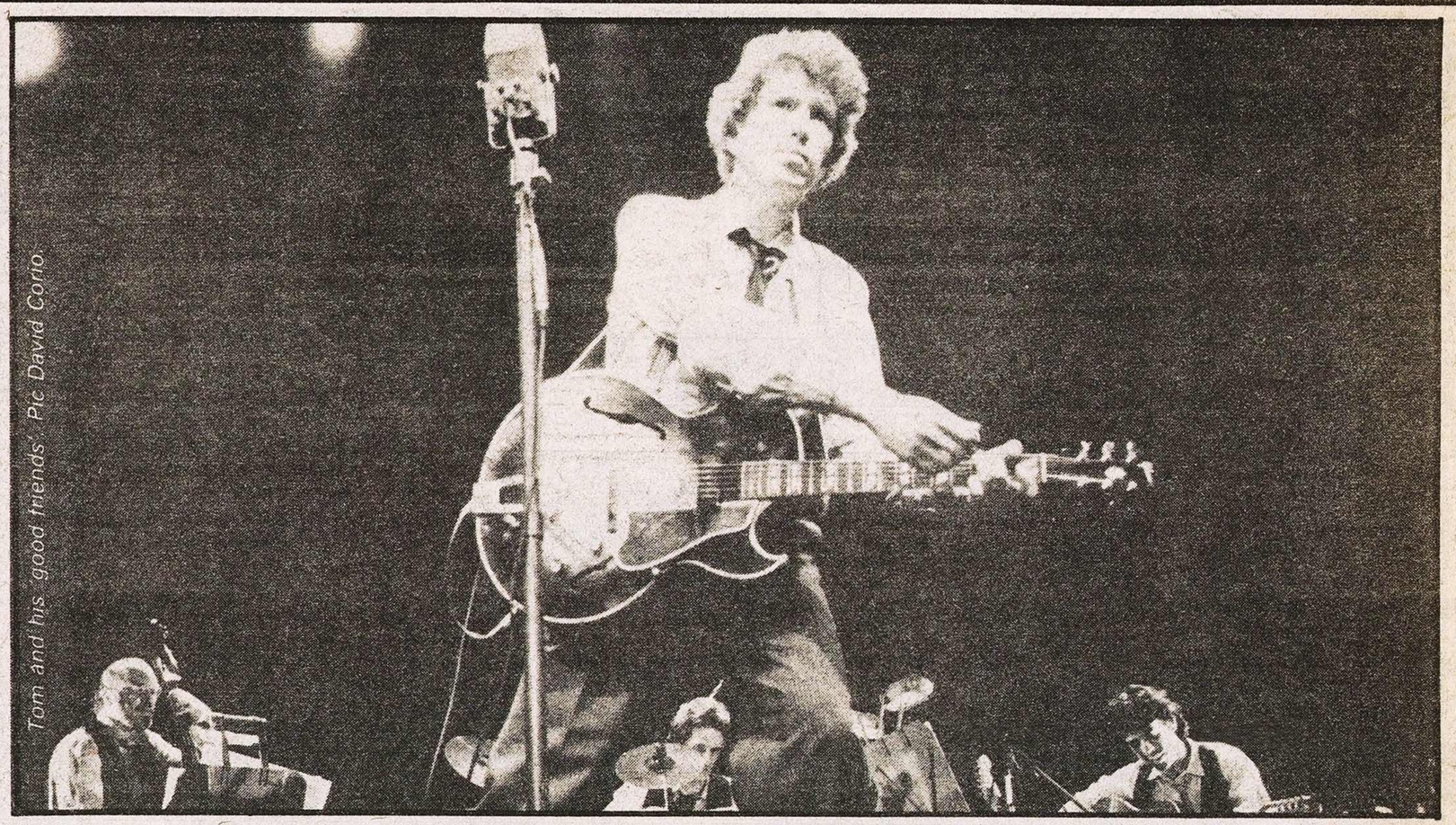
Youthful lyricist Ian McCulloch controls vocals with strength and individuality, but unfortunately he's reminiscent of Neil Young. 'Read It In Books', the flip side of their first single (indisputedly worthy of interest) is quite a strong song and by the time 'Going Up' is repeated (due to lack of material) one realises just how much one liked it the first time.

The main fault of this band is that having arrived at a sound, albeit initially impressive, they seem content to settle within this format and reluctant to attempt any modification, and the result is a general sense of unrealised potential.

Echo And The Bunnymen, with some more material and a little in the way of variation, could well become one of the most genuinely interesting new bands around. They have not been together long but already the signs are there.

As for Gaetano's, the evidence of two late comers with runny eggs on their plates proves the wisdom of an early arrival. It looks as though the decision to patronise this place could well be a case of not only who is on the stage, but also what's on the menu.

Susan Fletcher



Tom and his 'good friends'. Pic David Corio.

What a gay week it's been

Tom Robinson

Collegiate Theatre

Tom Robinson has occasionally felt the need to perform outside of the TRB set-up. An opportunity arose with the recent Gay Pride Week, resulting in a series of late-night shows that featured Tom and an informal assortment of musicians, under the heading of "Just Good Friends".

Being a small, plush venue, the Collegiate was well suited to the relaxed atmosphere of intimacy which Robinson worked to achieve. If this kind of setting only served to expose his limitations as a performer (as a vocalist, expecially) then it did also highlight the strength of his personal appeal. He might even make an all-round entertainer.

Sprinkling the set with solo pieces, whimsical or reflective, which have never found a place inside the regular TRB repertoire, Robinson used the show to illustrate the projects he's been involved in over the years, and displayed more personal facets of his character, some way removed from the big-beat agit-proppery of TRB's mass appeal.

But even if the show emphasised humour (whether satirical or knockabout vaudeville) and Tom's skills as a story-teller, there were enough unsettling references to the world outside to stop the night subsiding into self-congratulatory cosiness.

Lining up behind Tom were TRB's Ian Parker on piano and Charlie Morgan on drums, with Graham Collier playing double-bass, guitarist Jeff Sharkey and Jeff Daly on sax. Against a plain stage-set of stacked-up bar chairs, the band laid down a lazy, after-hours sound, allowing full rein to the frontman on semi-acoustic guitar.

After Robinson's solo opening came a loose reading of Dylan's 'Ballad Of A Thin Man', featuring some sly lyrical inversions as well as a fine sax piece from Daly. Robinson's own 'Baby You're An Angel' failed to impress, only consolidating my doubts as to his capacity for producing strong material, while 'Easy Street' remains more memorable for Tom's mischievously grinning allusion to Daly's clarinet: "I've always been fond of that instrument..."

'1967 Seems So Long Ago' and 'Truce' are two cute tunes but the first is essentially lightweight — a sentimental instalment in the 'Martin' myth — whereas 'Truce' has more substance to it, a bitter commentary on the undeclared war that's waged on homosexuals, arising out of Robinson's stint on the Gay Switchboard. In fact, the gigs were benefits for various gay organisations.

A solo piece by Ian Parker followed whereupon he was joined at the piano by Robinson, complete with Noel Coward

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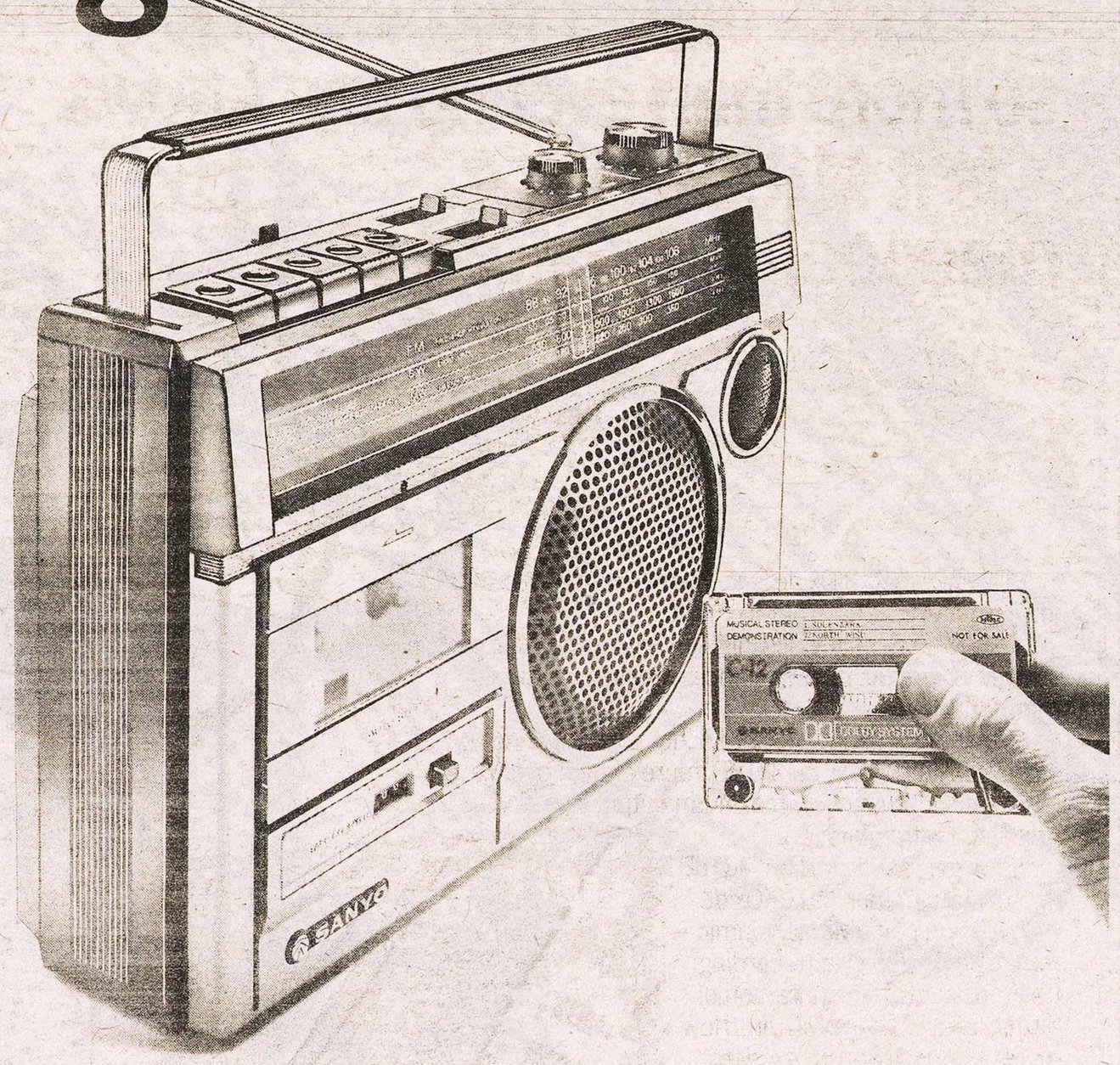

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Van Halen: hate to hear the sound of making cash. Pic Al Johnson

smoking-jacket and mannerisms, for 'Mad About The Boy' — camper than the proverbial row of pink tents, and another example of the man's theatrical talent.

Rejoined by the boys in the band, he re-lived his Cafe Society period with that frankly naff cover of Dr. John's 'Such A Night', followed up with the no-joke realism of 'Coldharbour Lane'. 'Getting Tighter' came next, first done with the Hot Peaches theatre group and now B-side to the current low-key Robinson single 'Never Gonna Fall In Love ... (Again)'.

And they rounded off with the withering irony of 'Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay' and the anthemic defiance of 'Hold Out'.

Slowly, Gay Pride changes from slogan to reality.

Paul Du Noyer

Van Halen

Birmingham

I stand at the back of the balcony. Rows of hair and denim sweep down to the stage. A spotlight fingers the flying V of the Van Halen symbol.

There is anticipation in the air. As if attuned to some aural signal that I can't hear, the crowd scrambles over seats to the front.

Sure enough, a guitar belches out from the darkened stage and someone shouts, "VAN HALEN!" in a voice which must have ripped his lungs. The lights dim, the curtains part and there they are: four young men in coloured clothes on a well-lit stage.

'Light Up The Sky' is a thin little song to cause such applause.

They are backed by black banks of amplification. Edward Van Halen skips about the stage with his striped guitar; David Roth wriggles and leaps and prances, hair floating around him in a well-washed cloud; Alex Van Halen is enthroned on a plinth amongst his drums. Lights flash and throb along the base of this edifice so that I fear he is about to be propelled skywards — a close encounter with the ceiling.

Edward solos soullessly. There are bouts of banging and clouting from the indefatigable Alex. Roth launches into a meandering monologue *". . . woke up early . . . felt real hot inside . . . hot under the covers . . ."* Then as the bass starts to chunter in the background *"I'm On Fire!"* he shrieks.

Would it be uncharitable to wish he was?

Alex's alien craft emits a thick screen of dry-ice which occasionally clears to reveal Michael Anthony thrusting his bass about and producing loud primeval rumblings.

I descend wearily to the ground floor. In the foyer a chandelier hangs in a blissful semi-silence. Inside, Edward is making wretched, retching noises which show just how you can abuse an instrument. 'Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love' is wrecked by a stretched middle during which Roth tells *"Buurminghaam"* that part of the show is taped: ecstatic applause.

During the second encore a strobe light probes the crowd. The uplifted arms in front of me are transformed into a frail, flickering forest that sways as if in some slow subaqueous dream.

Then Alex's drum sticks *are* on fire. The End.

The kids crowd out, happy and excited. Van Halen are by no means the worst of their kind — at least they have a sense of physical fun.

It's the emptiness of it all that appals me.

Edward Van Halen gives interesting glimpses of classically-influenced guitar but is content to stick to his mindless twiddlings. David Roth's voice is the standard wail that transmits nothing but a sense of its own importance.

"Just one more time for the tapes," he earlier demanded. "Who likes rock and roll?"

They are an anachronism: a dinosaur that won't lie down and die; a baggy, blaring thing that has learned absolutely nothing from the past three years; an evolutionary mistake that is pumped so full of money that it bounces and bangs along regardless; insensitive, unfeeling and why should it care?

After all, Van Halen must be making enough cash to see them safely into the next century.

Lynn Hanna

Madness

Hope And Anchor

Like The Specials, the music of Madness is rooted firmly in the ska and rock steady traditions of the '60s. Their moniker is swiped from a classic Prince Buster tune on the Bluebeat label — which they also cover — and it fits them perfectly.

There are six of them, fronted by singer Suggs, who looks like a youthful Joe Brown and sounds like Ian Dury. He is the real character of the group. Before the set had even begun, he was on the stage dishing out vinyl goodies to the winners of the previous week's 'dancing competition', while the majority of his stage raps comprised a series of wacky dedications to various mates in the audience, it's the type of party approach that works a treat in the intimate confines of the Hope.

Alongside 'Suggsy', cheeky bassist Mark Bedford, guitarist Chris Foreman and impish drummer Woods lay down an insistent, bouncy offbeat rhythm that makes dancing compulsory.

But musically, the real centres of attraction are keyboardsman Mike Barson and the beefy Lee Thompson, who fleshes out the sound magnificently with searing yakety sax. These two handle all the brief lead breaks and, between them, make Madness a rich, enticing aural proposition. The heavy monster sound!

They cover two Buster originals, the opening instrumental 'One Step Beyond' and, naturally enough, 'Madness', as well as doing a ska version of the 'Swan Lake' theme! Also included is their own tribute to Buster, 'The Prince', scheduled as their debut single.

But like The Specials, Madness are strictly a 'renewal' rather than a revival thing. Rather than duplicate the straight ska of the '60s the reaping, sleazy sax edges them closer to a sound with heavy undertones of the original New Orleans R&B of Fats Domino and his contemporaries.

And then there's their own songs. About a dozen in all, they range from the autobiographical 'Nutty Theme' to the heavily ironic borstal song 'Land Of Hope And Glory' to 'Stepping Into Line', a song about fashion.

By the time they encored with Smokey Robinson's 'Shop Around' and the straighter rock 'n' roll of Bazooka Joe's 'Rockin' In A-Flat', the cramped cloisters of this Upper Street basement were converted.

And, as the Prince Buster song says — it's gonna be rougher, it's gonna be tougher.

Adrian Thrills

Ella Fitzgerald

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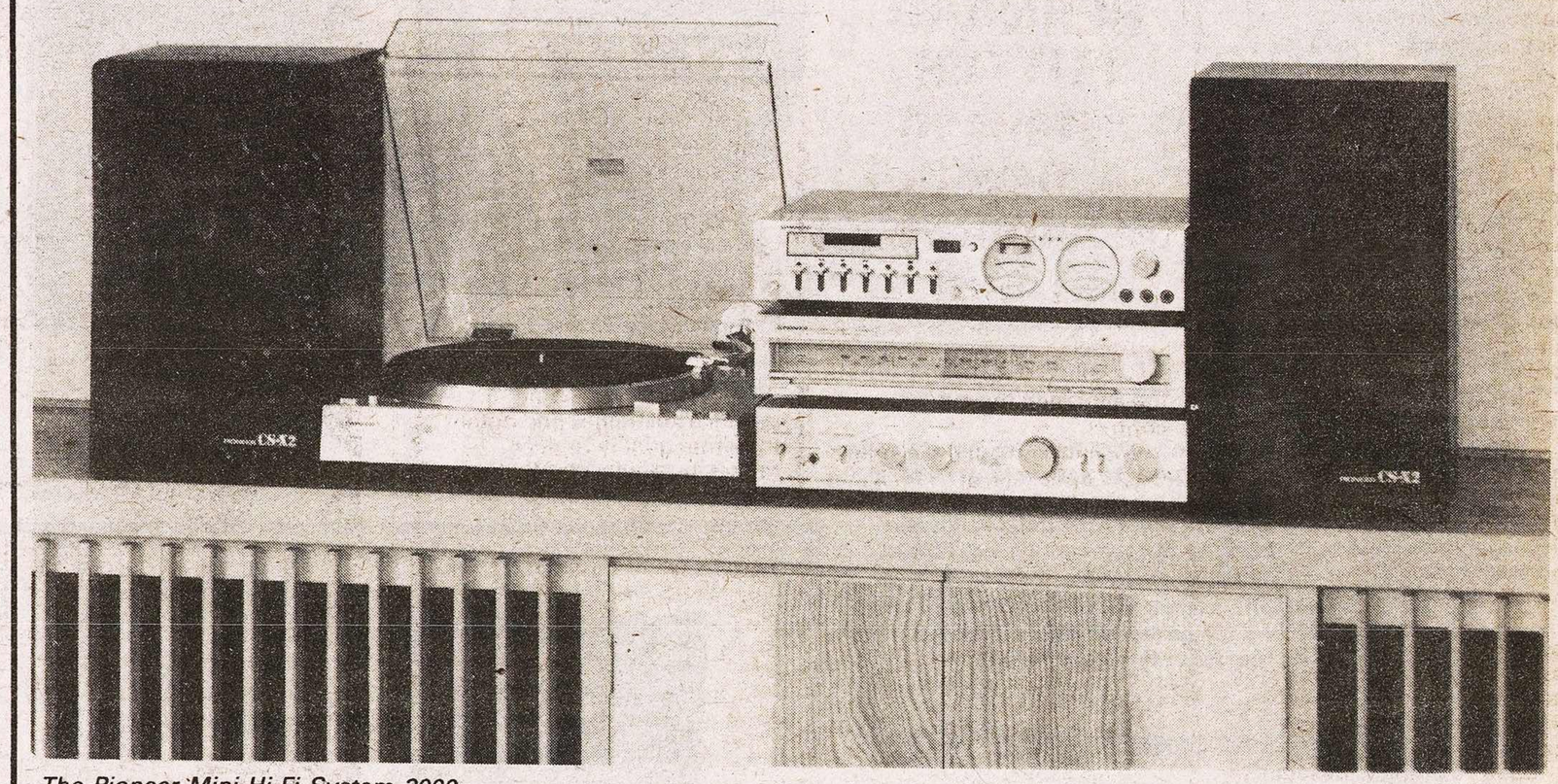
DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

Pioneer, thinking small...



The Pioneer Mini Hi-Fi System 3000.

WHEN PIONEER UK let it slip that they had something really new in the offing, it was our grubby hand that was fastest on the draw to score the very first UK review.

Unfortunately, our normal auditioning procedures had to be somewhat curtailed because there was a growing queue of hopefuls developing for future honours.

Well, why get into a lather about the word "new" you may be tempted to ask? After all it's about the most devalued and abused word in the world of hi-fi.

What makes this hardware from **Pioneer** fully merit the word is its ultra small size?

It's called the **Mini Hi-Fi System 3000** and comprises an amplifier, tuner, cassette deck and turntable which collectively take up less space than many amplifiers.

There is also a rack and the choice of three pairs of speakers as optional extras.

Pioneer claim that this is *not* the precursor to a general miniaturisation process (which is a pity), but rather designed for people looking for a quality system with particular limitations on space.

But with a selling price of about £632 for the basic system, speakers extra starting at £104 and the optinal rack housing at £74, I would dispute Pioneer's claim that System 3000 will find a ready market with the student population.

To set things in perspective price wise, it is possible to piece together a good system for a bit under this outlay. 'Piece', being the operative word. It's exceedingly doubtful if you would end up with a system with the same integrated design and stunning visual appeal of the Pioneer 3000 line up — and take up such a small amount of space.

The individual units of the 3000 system are not just slightly scaled down versions of conventional units. There really is a quantum reduction in size. Taking the amp, cassette deck and tuner they each check in at a mere 3¼" high and 15" wide. 'Slimline' would probably be a more accurate description. They would not look too conspicuous in any domestic situation — even when stacked together.

A lot of attention has obviously been paid to the design. All the units (except the speakers) are strikingly finished in mid-grey with silver aluminium fascias. Styling is refreshingly innovative — the 'port hole' and meters on the cassette deck particularly — and will do much to restore Japanese credibility in this area. (Can there *really* be more than one Japanese hi-fi factory, mummy?)

Also encouraging is the absence of superfluous controls and facilities, no doubt in this case, forced on Pioneer by the limited size of the fascias. Redundant most of them may be but they all have to be paid for.

Starting with the amplifier, the SA-3000 has a power rating of 40+40 Wrms, which is certainly adequate for pumping out some pretty realistic sound levels. Most of our listening was carried out with the volume control at halfway and there was plenty of power in reserve. Special protection circuitry is claimed to protect speakers in the unlikely event of a malfunction and also serves to prevent the irritating 'bump' heard within most amps at switch on.

Only basic controls/facilities are offered,

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which include switching for two sets of speakers and a headphone socket. All controls tracked in a very positive and reassuring manner indicating very high quality construction.

Designed to take advantage of the best FM stereo broadcasts now available is the TX-3000 tuner. An AM section provides a bit of distinctly low fi versatility.

Novel feature of the TX-3000 is a tuning meter in an illuminated window which also doubles as the more conventional pointer. This is an excellent configuration as it is not necessary to refer to two scales for optimum tuning.

Station selection was a delight with the exceptionally smooth travelling tuning knob.

Cassette capability comes from the super looking CT-3000. It's a front loader and overcomes the problem of inserting a cassette into a depth only slightly longer than itself with a unique horizontal 'push tray' cassette holder.

This method was found to be very convenient in operation. Cassette label and tape run scale are just visible through a window in the cassette holder.

Head cleaning is possible by removing a small panel in the top of the unit. Apart from the inevitable Dolby noise reduction system, the CT-3000 features switching for the three most popular tapes, a headphone socket, tape advance meter and full auto-stop.

The direct drive PL-3000 turntable moves away from current thinking in offering fully automatic as well as manual operation. This was found to be very accurate.

Manual cueing capability enables tracks to be selected in mid-side. Traditionally, non-auto units are to be preferred as they have less mechanical linkage and as a consequence lower arm friction.

BERNARD FUTTER listens to new developments in hi-fi

The PL-3000 comes with a prefitted magnetic pickup cartridge, strobe speed indicator and fine pitch control.

We checked out the all black CS-X2 speakers, at £104.50, but there are also the CS-X3's at £117 and the more conventional walnut finish HPM 40's at £124.

The CS-X2's are, as you would expect, a very compact design measuring just 8¾" x 15" x 8". They are a two way design with a 7" bass/mid-range and a 1" treble unit, particularly suitable for bookshelf or wall mounting.

Completing the Pioneer mini-system is the two piece audio rack (B-3000) available as an optional extra at £74.25. Solidly constructed of angle steel and glass, it allows the hardware to be shown to particular advantage plus providing record storage capacity.

During the few days available the Pioneer Mini System 3000 acquitted itself with distinction. All the units performed well, particulary the CT-3000 cassette deck.

Even the speakers, which are generally not something the Japanese excel with, had a pretty natural sound balance overall.

I must admit that I would almost be seduced by System 3000. Since my living room is dominated by electrostatic speakers that look like storage radiators and bits of valve gear all over the place, its neatness and styling does have considerable appeal.

Certainly anybody looking for a high priced music centre for the reasons of domestic harmony owes it to themself to check out this new gear. If ultimate performance is the most important aim (and System 3000 won't let you down), I think you could sacrifice aesthetics and obtain the same quality for less money by buying separates (also there's the problem of adding or upgrading to such a unified looking system.)

Pioneer's marketing policies have an uncanny knack of paying off and I'm sure System 3000 will be no exception. It makes an interesting proposition for anybody in the market for some sound.

PIONEER MINI SYSTEM 3000 SA — 3000 Amplifier; TX — 3000 Tuner; CT — 3000 Cassette Deck; PL — 3000 Turntable/Cartridge; £632.75.

Items not available separately at current time: Optional Speakers — CS — X2, £104.50; CS — X3, £117.90; HPM — 40 £124.90. Optional Rack: B — 3000, £74.25. Details from Pioneer UK, The Ridgeway, Iver, Bucks.

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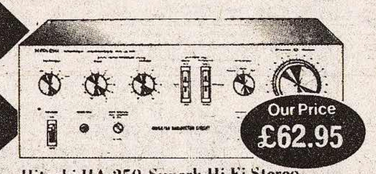

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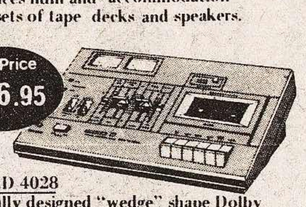

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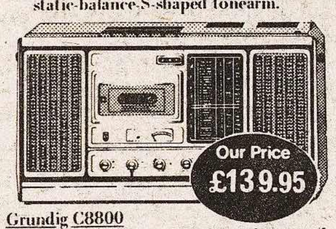

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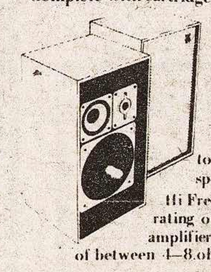
Grundig C8800 Superb quality 4 band Stereo radio recorder with S/M/L/VHF (FM) stereo radio, Fe/FeCr/Cr tape facility, fast forward & fast rewind, pause, auto stop, tuning/battery meter, battery/mains operation.



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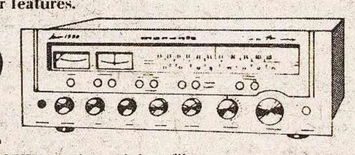

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Ian Dury — Do It Yourself ... 3.29
New England — 1st ... 3.99
Queen — Live Killers (dble) ... 6.49
The Knack — 1st ... 3.99
Records — Shades in Bed + 12" E.P. ... 3.99
Manchester Collection — V. Art (object music) ... 3.69
Voltage 78' — Various Brighton Bands ... 2.99

* SCOOP SCOOP SCOOP *

Buzzcocks — Pulsebeat 12" (clear vinyl) (pic) ... £10
Graham Parker — Mercury Poisoning 12" promo ... £15
Graham Parker — Pink Parker EP 12" (pink vinyl pic) ... £7.50

PICTURE DISCS (singles)

Rick Wakeman — Animal Showdown ... £1.79
Iggy Pop — 5 Foot 1 ... £1.79
Jane Eyre & The Belvederes — Call Me (Akron Magic!) 99p
Roy Wood — We're On The Road Again ... £1.69
Tycoon — Such a Woman (nude pic) ... 1.99
Ami Stewart — Light My Fire ... 1.60
Max Webster Band — Paradise Skies ... 1.29
Foodband — Send Me Up To Mona ... 1.69
Fischer Z — The Worker ... 99p
Liner — You & Me ... 1.40
Manfred Mann — Don't Kill It Carol ... 1.60
Linda Ronstadt — Alisan ... 1.99
Johnny Cougar — Miami ... 99p
No Dice — Come Dancing ... 1.29
Sniff'n' The Tears — Drivers Seat ... 1.69
Mick Jackson — Married Men ... 1.60
Andrew Matheson — True Romance ... 1.69
Fabulous Poodles — Worksby ... 1.60
Nick Straker — A Walk In The Park ... 1.79

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Flying Lizards — Money ... 90p
Undertones — Here Comes The Summer ... 90p
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Prag-Vec — Expel ... 85p
Destroy All Monsters — The Creeper ... 85p
Crass — Asylum ... 45p
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999 — I'm Alive ... 90p
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Gloria Mundi — Y.Y.? ... 90p
Airmail — No Human Feeling ... 85p
Monochrome Set — Ein Symphony ... 85p
Oil City Sheiks (Dr Feelgood!) — Don't Take But A Few Minutes ... 90p
The Cigarettes — They're Back Again (Great!) ... 90p
Shake — Culture Shock 10" (Ex Rezillos) ... £1.99
Walter Stebbing — Get Ready (US Imp) produced by Kris Stein ... £1.50
Reptile Ranch — W.T.B. ... 85p
Missing Presumed Dead — Say It With Flowers ... 85p
Mumps — Rock'n'Roll This'n'That ... 95p
Def Leppard — E.P. (Thunderous!) ... £1.50
Teardrop explodes — Bouncing Babies (pic) ... 80
Teardrop Explodes — Sleeping Gas (pic) ... 80
Ruts — Babylon (pic) ... 90
Ruts — In A Rut ... 90
Gang Of Four — Tourist (pic) ... 90
Public Image — Death Disco (pic) ... 90
Sex Pistols — C'mon Everybody (pic) ... 90
Stiff Little Fingers — Suspect/Ulster/Gotta Gettaway (pic) ... 90
Specials — Gangsters ... 90
Wire — Question of Degree (pic) ... 90
Penetration — Come into the Open (pic) ... 90
Pink Military Stand Alone — Buddha EP (pic) ... 1.15
Echo & The Bunnymen — Pictures on the Wall (pic) ... 90
Shapes — Batman EP (pic) ... 99
Brian James (ex Damned) — Ain't That a Shame (pic) ... 90
Adverts — My Place (pic) ... 90
Kleenex — You (pic) ... 90
Denizens — Ammonia Subway (pic) ... 90
Raincoats — Fairytale in the Supermarket (pic) ... 90
Leyton Buzzards — Hangin Around (green pic) ... 90
Karel Fialka — Armband (pic) ... 90
The Tools — Gotta Make Some Money (pic) ... 90
The Idols — You (X Dolls, Nolan & Kane) (pic) ... 90
Television — Little Johnny Jewel 12" (pic) ... 1.79
Siouxsie & Banshees — Playground Twist (pic) ... 90
Siouxsie & Banshees — **Metal Postcard/Love in a Void (German pic)** ... 1.60
Visitors — Electric Heat (pic) ... 90
Reuions — The Way (Ork Wild) (pic) ... 90
Protex — I Can't Cope (pic) ... 90
Kirsty McColl — They Don't Know (stiff pic) ... 90
Tours — Language School (pic) ... 85
Vice Creams — Danger Love (pic) ... 85
Llygod Flyrnig — NCB (pic) ... 85
Johnnie & The Lubes + The Executives — EP (Attrix) (pic) ... 99
Generation X — Fridays Angels (red, pic) ... 95
Cash Pussies — 99% Is Shit (feat. Sid Vicious — pic) ... 90
The Cure — Boys Don't Cry (pic) ... 90
Earcom — V/Art (fast label — 12") (pic) ... 1.99
Minny Pops — Kojak EP (Dutch Imp) (pic) ... 1.10
Family Fodder — Playing Golf (pic) ... 90
The Knack — My Sharona ... 90
A Certain Ratio — All Night Party (factory — pic) ... 90
Com Sat Angels — Red Planet EP (pic) ... 85
Devo — The Day My Baby Gave Me A Surprise (pic) ... 85
Monte Cazazza — Mothers Day (Industrial — pic) ... 90
Records — Teenerama (pic) ... 85
Metal Boys (½ of M Urbain) — Sweet Marilyn (pic) ... 85
Cabaret Voltaire — Nag, nag, Nag (pic) ... 85
Piranhas — Jilly (pic) ... 85
Dr Mix — No Fun (pic) ... 85
Simple Minds — Chelsea Girl (pic) ... 90
Murder The Disturbed — Genetic Disruption (pic) ... 85
Crisis — No Town Hall (pic) ... 80
Molesters — Commuter Man (pic) ... 80
Malcolm McClaren (Sex Pistols — French Imp) — You Got Hands (pic) ... 1.25
Agony Column — I Had It All Worked Out (pic) ... 85
Mekons — Where Were You (pic) ... 85
Monitors — Telegram (pic) ... 90
Stickers — Shake Me (pic) ... 90
Dalek — Freedom Fighter (Great!) (pic) ... 90
Pretenders — Kid (pic) ... 90
Cowboys International — Nothing Doing + Free Flexi 45 (pic) ... 95
Tea-Set — Cups & Saucers EP (pic) ... 95
The Pack — Brave New Soldiers (pic) ... 90
Another Pretty Face — All The Boys Love Carrie (pic) ... 80
A.B. Energy — Eighteen (pic) ... 85
XS Energy — Use You (pic) ... 85
Xdreamysts — Bad News (pic) ... 90
Orchestral Manouvres in the Dark (factory pic) ... 90
Interview — You Didn't Have To Lie To Me (pic) ... 90
Police — Can't Stand Losing You (blue — pic) ... 90
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David Bowie — Breaking Glass (blue — imp pic) ... 1.50

12in OF HEAVEN

Television — Little Johnny Jewel (pic) ... 1.79
Public Image — Death Disco (pic) ... 1.70
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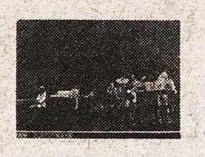
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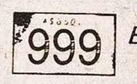

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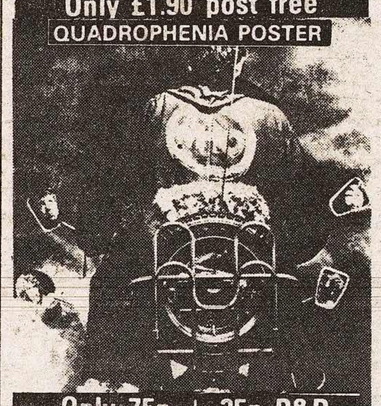

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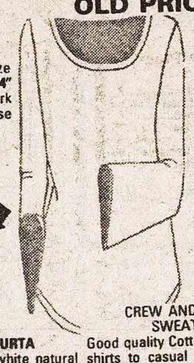

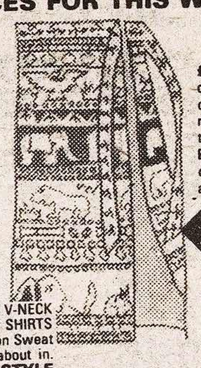

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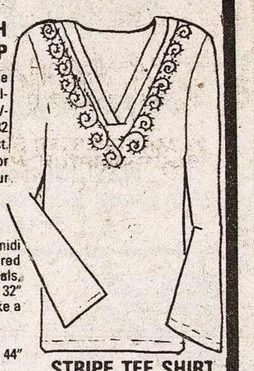

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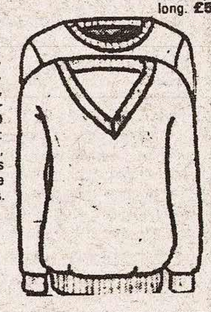

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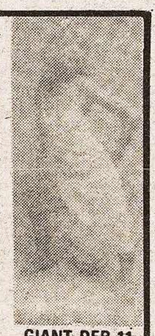
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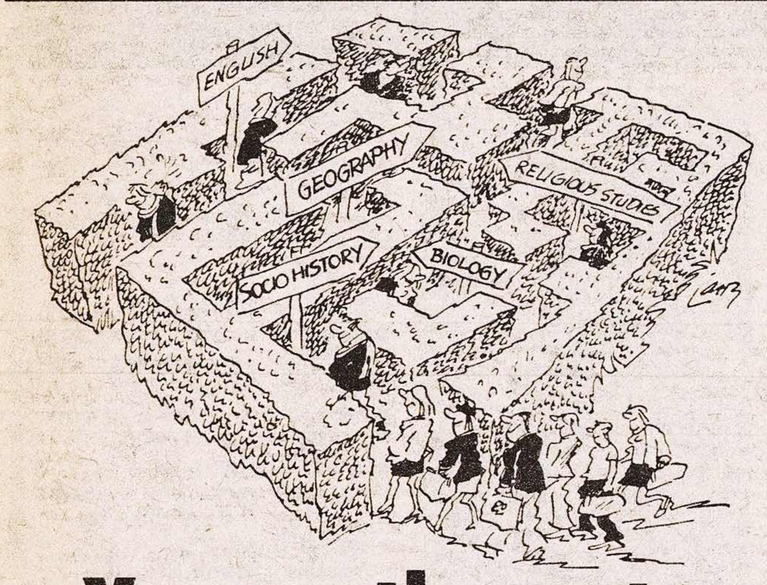

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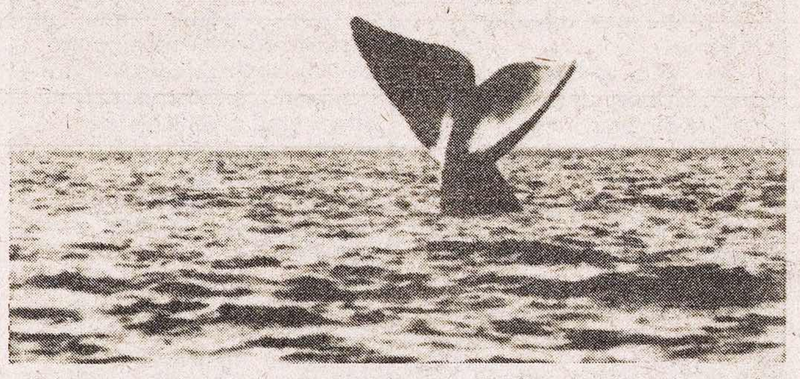

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On July 8th the International Whaling Commission meeting will open in London. And for the first time ever, three nations have put down motions for the abolition of commercial whaling.

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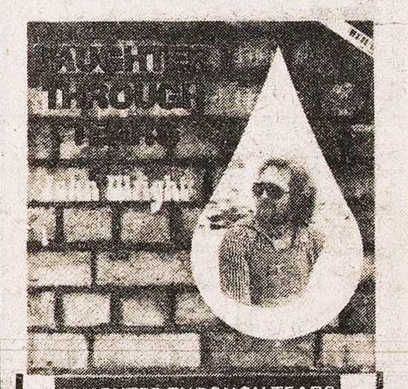

LAUGHTER THROUGH TEARS

JOHN WRIGHT

describes the songs on his debut album as "Cameo's of Glasgow Life."

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GASBAG

I am going to let you in on *the* new craze which is catching on fast. It is called 'Casually Posing'. Forget skateboards, pogoing, spitting — this one beats the lot. It can be done anywhere at anytime by anyone.

Yes, you can become a 'casual poser'. It may help to look in a magazine first before attempting the following casual poses:

The first is the 'leaning against an imaginary wall' 'casual poseur'. It may help to your legs and extend your left hand to the left and pretend you are leaning against a wall; when you have mastered this one, you are on your way to becoming a casual poseur. Simply cross your arms, or put your hands in your pockets, stand with your legs apart slightly, one foot in front of the other. This is a very good pose for doing anywhere, without feeling uncomfortable.

If you want any more information on casual poses, just write to us including a crisp £10 note.

Jo. V. Al and 'The Casual Poseurs', Aylesbury, Bucks.

As far as we can ascertain, this is a genuine letter and not a hoax — INSPECTOR GULLIBLE

The current prices of LP's and singles makes them too expensive for many people — especially teenagers and people on low wages. Soon the only people able to afford LP's will be executive management types. They'll only buy MOR rubbish, thus the record companies will only put out MOR rubbish. And to make matters worse, the radio will only play MOR rubbish because that'll be in the charts. Once in this spiral, there will be no escape. Rock and roll will be dead.

There are alternatives. For a start, the record companies could cut the price of records:

1) By stopping the use of coloured vinyl/picture discs, which sound crummy and are a waste of money.

2) By reducing the number of 12 inch singles made — these are a waste of vinyl.

3) By stopping picture sleeves.

4) By reducing the number of free records, t-shirts, posters etc. given away to the music press/disc-jockeys.

5) By reducing expenditure on shipping DJs abroad to interview groups.

To help the above measures they should:

a) Introduce a special low price for records from new groups — this would ensure more new groups on the music scene for the future.

b) Introduce the flexi-disc. Cheap, disposable and sounding virtually as good as a normal single — we don't all have £9,000 hi-fi systems.

Still, what's all the fuss about? The world's going to end in 10 years.

Andy Orr, Huntingdon, Cambs.

I would like to dispute this — A SCIENTIST

Me too — MARKETING MAN

All punk bands have sold out! Sold out to the likes of Gibson, Fender etc. It is a result of their psychological conditioning that they seem to consider it essential to buy instruments. It is all a set up by big business of which the kids of today pay the price.

The only true band is Bolton's Redundant Physiology, of which I am a member. We have beaten the system. We play no gigs, we have no instruments. We do not promote our songs. They either float or sink on their own merit.

Wake up punk!

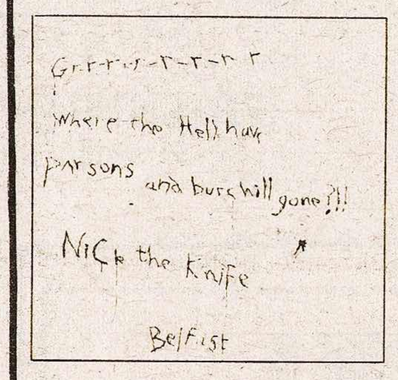
Mart Physiology, Bolton.

Sign 'em up! — JIMMY PURSEY

Andy Warhol said that one day everyone would be a star for fifteen minutes. It happened to me: I got a letter printed in *NME*, went up to my local on Thursday night and as soon as I walked through the door all these people I didn't know started talking to me, buying me pints and asking me the meaning of life.

So overwhelmed was I at this new found recognition that I didn't have the heart to tell them the letter was a load of contrived bullshit. So I got pissed and started laughing at them.

Sigmund Fraud (one who knows).



I have discovered how to make money off gullible people. The method is quite simple:

1) Release an album which reviewers think is so different it has to be good.

2) Release a second album which, though not as good as the first, still has tracks that are meritable.

3) Whilst these albums are selling, release numerable singles in strange covers, which convey no relevance to the material on vinyl (always a good selling point).

4) The most important point — three months (give or take a few minutes) before releasing your third 'stupendous' album, go on tour and play sets that sound as though you are making up both words and tunes on the spot. Although bewildered, the crowd, who have paid to come and see you, will go away thinking you were brilliant.

Unfortunately, there is a drawback. Some people will see though this facade and write letters to well-known papers telling the truth. So Wire can be said to be nothing more than money-grabbing bastards. Their set included two numbers I knew (whoopee!).

Sid (the live one)

Bit of a fly in the ointment situation with regards to this one — A NYLON IN A SMOKE SCREEN

Recently I had a problem which unfortunately my doctor couldn't cure, so in a panic I rang your newspaper for help. Straight away I was calmed and advised by your wonderful fab receptionist who consoled me immediately. He is a truly wonderful person and your newspaper is very lucky to have him. He is friendly, witty, intelligent and everything else a receptionist should be, so I would like to take this opportunity to thank him for giving me the Max Bygraves fan club address so promptly. I think I love him.

I think he deserves a rise. He seems such a hard-working young chap, not like some I could mention. Well done.

Housewife, Mooney Ponds, Australia.

P.S. The girls are nice as well.

Now this one's definitely a hoax, right? — NOTSOBA SPOKESPERSON

I read your amusing comic every week, and up until now I had an unaccountable illusion that you knew vaguely what you were on about. But some git on the staff blew your cover, viz: Yes' 1972 LP called 'Yessongs' was *triple*, not double, and it was *live* not knocked up in a studio. Got it?

Let me have this chance to say that for all your cock-ups, your paper is still the best in the shops — when there is one . . .

Nick the Dick, Tewkesbury, Glos.

Yes, it's yes. But sometimes no. — M.S.

At first I thought that Max Bell's review of The Cramps *(NME* 16.6.79) was one big send-up. Slowly it dawned on me that he seriously liked them. Admittedly I did not see them at the Marquee, but as support band to The Police at the Lyceum. This loud, unmusical bunch of poseurs (The Cramps, that is) soon had everyone bored and had to resort to willy waggling to stimulate some kind of interest.

Mr Bell concluded: "Whatever it is, The Cramps are it."

I think an "sh" could fairly be placed in either of two strategic spots in that sentence.

Robert Barratt, Ashford, Kent.

I've just seen The Cramps and they're at that funny stage. This is the kind of group that start revolutionary outrages and all that.

Steven Morrissey, Manchester.

You can edit this to "I think The Cramps are crap" if you like.

Scrubber, Cheshire

Well, no one's got much to say about *them,* have they? Aren't we twigging something? — M.S.

I would like to reply to the 'Know all from Lancaster'.

Fact one: Fossil fuels. His point is irrelevant as fossil fuels are fast running out and the issue about nuclear fuel is what happens when they run out, not in replacing fossil fuels now.

Fact two: Solar power. The sun may go out on earth, but it does not in space where any large scale solar power stations would be sited. These stations would be able to transfer the energy to earth to small receiving stations and not take up valuable agricultural land.

Fact three: Wave power is the most efficient energy source yet known, and the coastline would not be littered with big floating devices, as 'wave barriers' are small and just a few miles chain of them can produce a vast amount of energy. The problem of a decrease in water oxygenation is pure technological speculation thrown up by those with vested interest in present technology.

As for wind-mills, no one has ever said they were the total answer, but they can and will work. They will be part of an energy programme that does not rely on one source, which is what we need, not a slavish reliance on one source, nuclear or fossil.

There *are* practical alternatives to nuclear power but unfortunately the vested interests of international capitalism will not let society know of these alternatives. This is why it is so vitally important that the *NME* with its wide circulation keeps letting tomorrow's generation know what today's are preparing for them — and long may they continue to do so.

Peter Clarke, Ecology Party, South London Branch.

Is there anyone out there as pissed off with exams as I am?

A. Swot, Gosport, Hants

No. — A SKIVER (our man in the school bogs with a soggy Woodbine)

I just want to say a big thank-you to the organisers, performers and everyone else who turned up to the Glastonbury Fayre, for making it the most enjoyable festival of mind, body and music I've ever been to. Nice one. Whalemeat again some day.

Eric (the half a log), London NW1.

I can feel a few letters from old hippies coming on. — C. AUNTS (on a wet afternoon)

Pete Stride still has the Donovan LP I lent him when I was at school. Give it back you bum.

Acker Bilk, Bristol

I have just read Danny Baker's single review of The Enid's 'Dam Busters March/Land Of Hope And Glory'.

I suggest Mr Baker does not know anything about The Enid or their supporters when he made such a libellous comment as "The Enid have nothing to show but their undisputed ugliness". Undisputed, eh! I for one dispute this claim (and I know hundreds of others who will). I, indeed, find their music and philosophy beautiful.

Ian Oakley, Westcliffe-on-Sea, Essex.

OK, OK, you've won me over you ugly old bastard. — DANNY BAKER

Introducing the Casual Poseurs. It's an easy enough art to acquire (see lead letter), but to give you a few clues here's (clockwise) The Lurkers, Phil Lynott, Brenda and Phil — undisputed champs — and those perennial bandwagon jumpers The Jam.

Eric Shun displays ignorance and prejudice in his letter about Rock Against Sexism (23.6.79). Sexism degrades both sexes. Both men and women are imprisoned by the sexual stereotypes of our culture. Men are not supposed to cry when relatives or close friends die, for example.

Anti-sexists argue that it should not matter what one looks like — it is the qualities and skills of the individual that count. A male rock artist has great freedom as to how he looks, but women are forced to look 'pretty' in order to sell their records. This discriminates against those who are 'ugly'. The music is what counts, not the physical appearance of the musician.

John Jones, Harlow

We certainly agree with that last bit. — THE ENID

Dear Eric Shun,

Yes, I do get deep gratification from sexism and the pleasure men get from it. I love it when male strangers grab my tits as I pass them on the streets. My greatest satisfaction would come from giving men the pleasure of beating me up, raping me and, best of all, murdering me. It's great to be just a consumer object, to be bought, used, abused and thrown away when my usefulness is past.

I was going to write a letter like that but a stupid shit like you wouldn't realise I was being sarcastic.

Note to *NME:* I've got hairy legs. 90% of all women have. But of course it's unfeminine. Strange — that makes 90% of all women unfeminine. With all my hate,

Melanie

Sex between two people can be a very wonderful thing . . . providing you get between the right two people. — WOODY ALLEN

While we're on the fascinating subject of women shaving, I would just like to say that I actually shave more often than my husband.

A Very Hairy Girl.

Truly fascinating. What is *your* favourite shaving story? 2p for the best letter printed. — M.S.

May I congratulate you on the high standard of journalism to be found in your paper.

Le Nuty of Watford.

Now *that's* what I call sarcasm. — M.S.

It's time for some common sense in this *Bag* of yours. I'm referring to those particularly annoying, mindless letters which sing the praises of one type of music and decry another. I've given up defending my particular tastes in music to the people who attack it. If you think something is shit, then it *is* shit to you.

So let's not have the *Bag* cluttered up with any more of these nonsensical letters, once and for all.

Neil Spencer's No.1 Fan (Phil McNeill is quite good, too).

God, you're so damn reasonable. But you're right. We'll cut it out beginning now. — M.S.

To Dave Turnbull and his weak-bladdered boys *(Gasbag* 23.6.79): Always knew you Led Zeppelin bastards couldn't hold you beer. So we won't be seeing you at Wembley on August 18. Long live The Who!

Boris The Spider, Cowplain, Portsmouth.

Dear Mister, I have read in *NME* which you have been editing a thing about Led Zeppelin but I don't know why because I'm not very good in English. Sorry! Please tell me what it is exactly you have about them. I am very interesting. Please answer to me.

Alain Fernandez, Saint Etienne, France.

Well, Al, me old son, it's like this: some people like 'em and some don't, but Zep keep rolling along. OK? — M.S.

Dear Jock MacDonald, do not give us any more shit about your poxy disorganised demos.

Kings Rd: Bit of a laugh, but pointless. Buckingham Palace: Stood in Trafalgar Square for two hours then some poof comes along and mutters "Jock's been arrested." Brighton: Washout.

So Jock MacDonald, please piss off.

Egor of the Merton Parkas Fan Club.

What's a Parka?

Lord Snooty.

It's where the bambinos playa their gamesa. — PAUL RAMBALI.

If you don't print this letter I'll kill myself.

An extremely frustrated person, Suffolk.

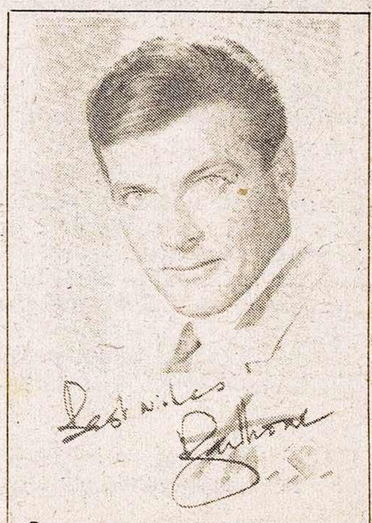
There, who says we never do any good? — M.S.

Can I just say that I thought your review of 'Man Who Sold The World' was rubbish.

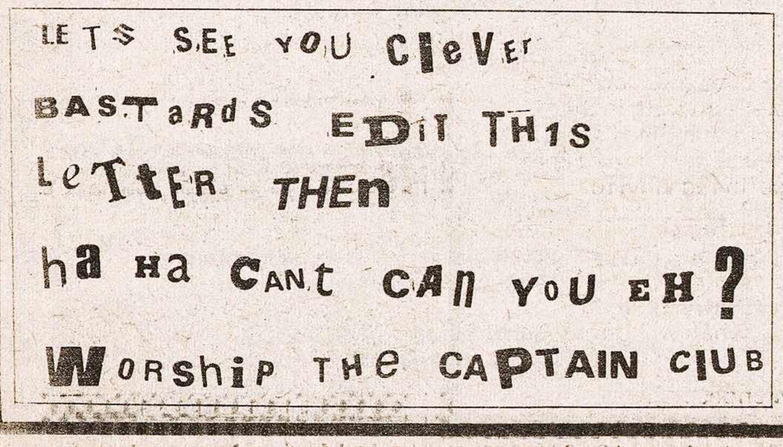
And that I was right about the postal service.

Andy Kent, Bracknell, Berks.

Right you are. And that about wraps it up for now. — ALAN SMITH.



Come on you poseurs — write to Gasbag, NME, 5/7 Carnaby St, London W1.



T-ZERS

JUKE Box Jury? **John Lydon** on *Juke Box Jury?* And you missed it? That's what you heard, oh you unbelievers. Smack snug next to **Elaine** 'Evita' **Page** and resplendent in deep red suit and bow tie was the nation's most moody mug. Under the name 'Johnny Rotten' he failed to be impressed by but one of the 45's plugged, though the studio audience was ready to cheer anything the lad uttered. Not that much was said, most appraisals being confined to a few adjectives and puzzled stares. "Rubbish" **(Showaddywaddy)**, "Mediocre" **(Donna Summer)**, "Weedy" **(Abba)**. The rugged host of the show, one **Noel Edmunds,** became quite irritated by JL's refusal to play the gushing game. "Look," retorted the ex-Pistol, "it's either good or bad, I'm not gonna ram it down your throats like before."

Nor was the ex-Pistol impressed by the way a Beeb Jobsworth removed the lager he had stashed below decks halfway through the show.

Another of the panel, **Alan Freeman,** 86, apart from making yet another stab at 'credibility' by having a rant against Disco, told the big PiL to 'shut up, will you' during 'Fluff's' hilarious defence of **The Monks'** single. "I think it's happening for these boys," said the ancient one. Rotten could stand no more, "Boys? Boys? They're old men!" In the ensuing slang our man won by several lengths of the tongue. The Monks were then wheeled out to shake hands. "Nice to meet me," quipped Old Sulphate. At the summing up, Mr R gave a short speech on how irrelevant the exercise was, "You're saying hits are what is going to be broadcast, not what the public want to hear . . ." And he left his seat shortly before the show wound up. The only really shaky point for his ass came when he was asked for a thumbs up or down on the **Banshees** new disc. He merely asked the audience what they thought and then held the hit/miss disc sideways. Bit of a cop out that, we fancy. (Two whirs on the klaxon) . . .

No such culture shocks for comfortable old **Steve Cook** and **Paul Jones,** who were noted avoiding **The Records** at the Marquee. In turn the punters ignored the duo and thus honour was satisfied . . .

And we can firmly announce the Next Big Thing. It's **Rupert The Bear,** and if you wanna know why all you need know is that **Paul McCartney** owns the exclusive rights to the little tartaned wimp *(No Les McKeowan gags please — Ed)* thus turning him into solid gold . . .

Les McKeowan *(Watch it — Ed)* is struggling to get back into business. After quitting the **Rollers** a year ago he is *back* and dishing out interviews full of his fabulous wisdom. "I can see my career stretching out to perhaps 30 years. Y'see I'm talented . . . and that's different from people who are untalented." He really shouldn't blab his gate off — doesn't he realise that should information like that get into the wrong hands we'd all be doomed? . . .

Why doesn't he stick to the type of comment **Tom Robinson** can dish up? Tom tells *Gay News* that 1979 is the year of GSF. He goes on to explain those initials but *T-Zers* is far too shy and chaste to reveal the full disgusting horror beneath. I know! Let's hold a competition. *(No thank you — Ed)* . . .

Suit yourself. But just a quick one. **The Bee Gees** are to produce the next album of which famous artiste? Is it a) **Barbra Streisand** b) **Chas and Dave** c) **Skrewdriver?** . . .

If you answered (a) then you are fully entitled to the **Joni Mitchell** *T-Zer.* Our Joan made a rare public appearance when, accompanied by **Herbie Hancock, Jaco Pastorious and Tony Williams** she performed five tracks from the 'Mingus' LP and a couple more, including 'Woodstock'. The set itself though totalled no more than 45 minutes, and as they trooped off there was much booing the whoops of glee. A spokesman for the crowd said, "With regard to this one I feel we were forced into a short change situation . . ."

All this becomes but irrelevant phooey when you consider that **The Damned** are in the States. During a gig at Hurrahs club in New York, it came to the attention of **Captain Sensible** that the gathered watchers were decidedly unmoved. Stamping his foot he let 'em have it. "You people think you know what punk is. You think it's a fashion. If **Ted Nugent** cut his hair short you'd think he was a punk . . ." **Rat Scabies** got to sit in with **The Heartbreakers** at The Mudd Club during their auld lang syne affair which had been rumoured throughout the 52 states as a possible **New York Dolls** reunion. **Johnny Thunders** told fans "He tried for our band once — we were playing 'Chinese Rocks' and he was playing 'Toad' . . ."

Not playing much but playing about are **Squeeze,** whose all boy shenannegens got them chucked out from a recent *TOTP* session . . .

How unlike perfectionist **Neil Young,** who has scrapped previews of his 'Rust Never Sleeps' movie because he is dissatisfied with the sound quality, despite **Nick Kent**'s LP review. We asked Nick to comment but he just waved his finger and got stuck on the first syllable . . .

Prepare to have the cockles of your heart truly warmed. New York's new wave fraternity scheduled a Father's Day benefit at Max's Kansas City in aid of long hospitalised soul giant **Jackie Wilson.** There's nothing quite like hot cockles is there? . . .

Slightly luckier than Wilson is **Jeremy Spencer,** founder of **Fleetwood Mac** and long time lost to the Children Of God bizzarro's. He is hard on **Peter Green**'s heels and is set to bounce back on Atlantic records with an album called 'Flee' . . .

Luckiest of all comes **Muddy Waters,** the legendary oldest man alive. Under his real name of McKinley Morganfield, the 64-year-old rake has taken himself a bride, one **Marva Jean Brooks.** A source close to the Mud claims that "This time it's for keeps. A divorce would be absurd at his age . . . besides, it'd never stand up in court" . . .

One of those Mods that we're all reading about, Mr **Roger Daltrey,** is to play the armed robber-turned-professor and lecturer **John McVicar** in an upcoming film. The famous mane has already been snipped . . .

Whilst we have the Vicar syndrome rolling we may as well let you know that ex-**ATV,** ex-**Cash Pussy** and currently boss of **Programme Alex Fergusson** was, the other day, knocked down and hospitalised by a motor cycle which was being jockeyed by a man of the cloth. Bit of a mug-up for a rock'n'roller, though, what? Ho! Ho!

Even if he'd snuffed it we dare say some society or other would've kept his name alive. Like what they're doing to **Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran** and **Elvis Presley** down in Wandsworth. Promoter **Eddie Moran** has hired doubles of the famous stiffs and will have them running through the paces of the deceased's greatest hits. The curio show will blow at Wandsworth Town Hall next month . . .

Public Panic Anouncement! A band name of **X Films** recently involved in a narrow escape whilst playing The Green Man Pub in Plumstead. The boys were on-stage when a leaking roof made parts of the stage go liver than you'll ever be. X Films lost two amps through electrical tomfoolery. The crux of the matter is that this is not altogether unknown at the venue in the past.

Indeed, Plumstead's Environment and Health inspectors have still to give the place a final OK after they'd been down to check it all out . . .

Can we believe this? A shady caller identifying himself as 'a friend of Glenn's' rang us to give the following line up: **Jake Burns (Stiff Little Fingers)** guitar, **Danny Kustow (TRB)** gtr, **Glenn Matlock** bass, **Glen Riley (SLF)** drums and **Terry Sharp (Starjets)** on vocals. Nothing more was uttered but we watch, we watch . . .

Obligatory Cock-Up Corner: The photos in last week's **Pop Group** feature were by **Mike Laye** . . .

To get the correct sound for some halfassed scheme or other, **Pink Floyd** recorded the sound of the demolition of a few massive cooling towers in Coventry. Onstage, the sound will be assimilated by a tape of the awful crash made by the album sales of **ELP** plummeting . . .

In the land of the killjoys, **Walt Disney** have slapped an injunction on **Essential Logic** forbidding them from reproducing that bunny type creature which featured on the current single sleeve. **Laura Logic** snapped the thang herself whilst it strode the pavement outside Disney's Film Theatre in London's West End . . .

Notice that despite **Jimmy Pursey**'s heart rending, near blood and thunder denials of a link up with **Tom Jones** and **Captain Cook,** it happened anyway . . .

Fact: **Lowell George** made his career debut at the age of 7 when he did a harp duet with his brother on 'Ted Mack's Amateur Hour' in the U.S.

Starting the '80s off right: our friend and yours **Mick Farren** wed New York belle **Betsy Velck** on Wednesday June 27, and the happy couple celebrated their linkage amidst a star-studded gang of everybody who was anybody in the — uh — youth culture of the late '60s and early '70s, including a dapper **Richard Neville** and the staggeringly elegant (read that how you like) **Lemmy.** The Farrens will be relocating to the Big Apple v. shortly, and all us sentimental dots wish them a life packed with niceness (petrol shortage permitting) . . .

And we hear that **Slade's** elegant lead vocalist **Noddy Holder** put his money where his mouth is and got t'umped for the trouble. Seems that Holder took offence at some over exhuberant bouncers during Slade's recent Porthcawl concert. Nod harangued one chap, saying "You must be a big boy' picking on people half your size" and was, allegedly, followed to the dressing room by said moron who did his dirty work, damaging the handsome nez badly, it'll have to be re-set and Holder has taken the bouncer to court, where the case continues. There is no truth in the rumour that Slade are re-releasing 'C'mon Feel The Nose' in red vinyl to commemorate the event, nor that **Ken Russell** is making a five hour long musical called *Mute Nostril Agony* starring **Roger Daltry** as Noddy . . .

And when will **Danny Baker** (7) stop buying these absurd new shoes . . .

Pic: Tom Sheehan.

A working class tosser is something to be. Cooke Jones and Pursey after their first gig together. Full report: page 51.

The new look Cher, requested by reader G. Lock of Penge.

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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Publisher: Eric Jackson
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BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	Rock Against Thatcher	(1)
2	Ruts	(8)
3	Specials A.K.A.	(—)
4	The Undertones	(5)
5	Clash Police	(7)
6	S.L.F.	(9)
7	U.K. Subs C.I.D.	(—)
8	Jam (All Mod Cons)	(2)
9	Jam (Tube Station)	(3)
10	P.I.L.	(—)

New Releases: 20p Specials AKA, Rude Boys, Radio Activity, Computer Rock Bye Bye Turpin, I'm An Upstart, Swell Maps, Edge Downhill, The Chords, The Mo-Dets, Shoes For Industry
25p Rock Contra Le Travail, Spherical Objects, Mo-Dets

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Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., SE1. Printed in England by EMAP Provincial Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd., Publishers.

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